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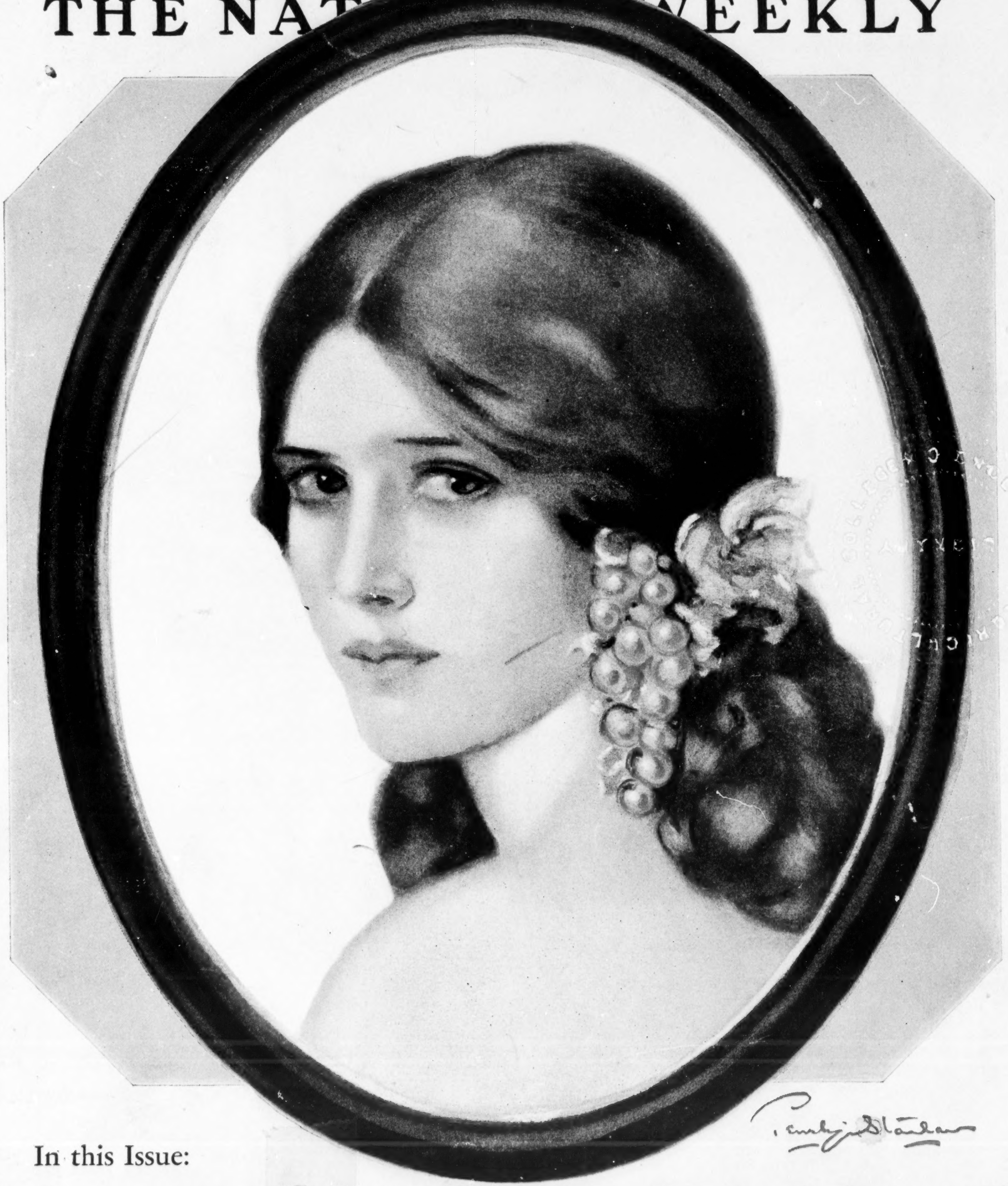
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In this Issue:

Love and Let Love

By H. C. Wi

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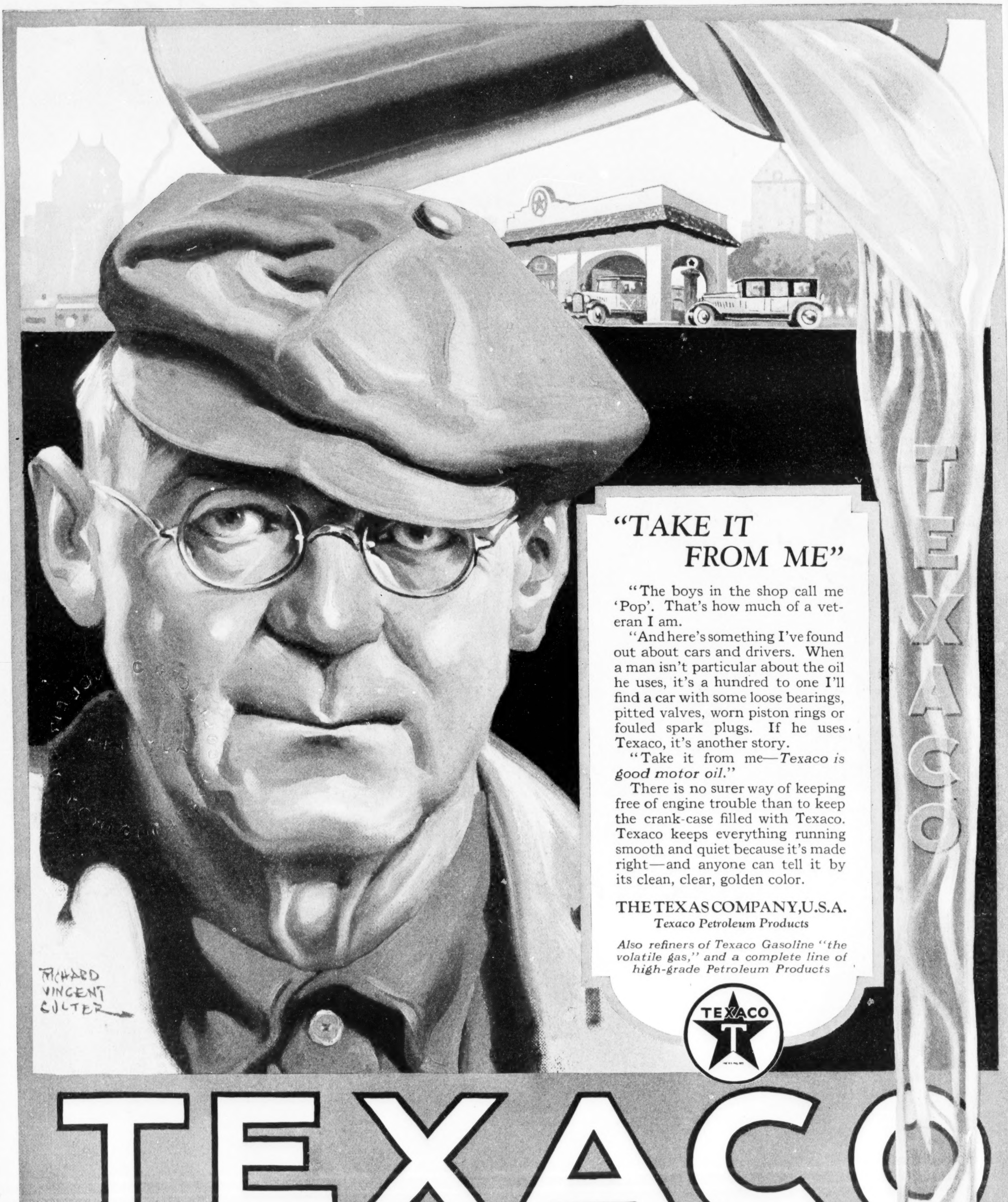

"TAKE IT FROM ME"

"The boys in the shop call me 'Pop'. That's how much of a veteran I am.

"And here's something I've found out about cars and drivers. When a man isn't particular about the oil he uses, it's a hundred to one I'll find a car with some loose bearings, pitted valves, worn piston rings or fouled spark plugs. If he uses Texaco, it's another story.

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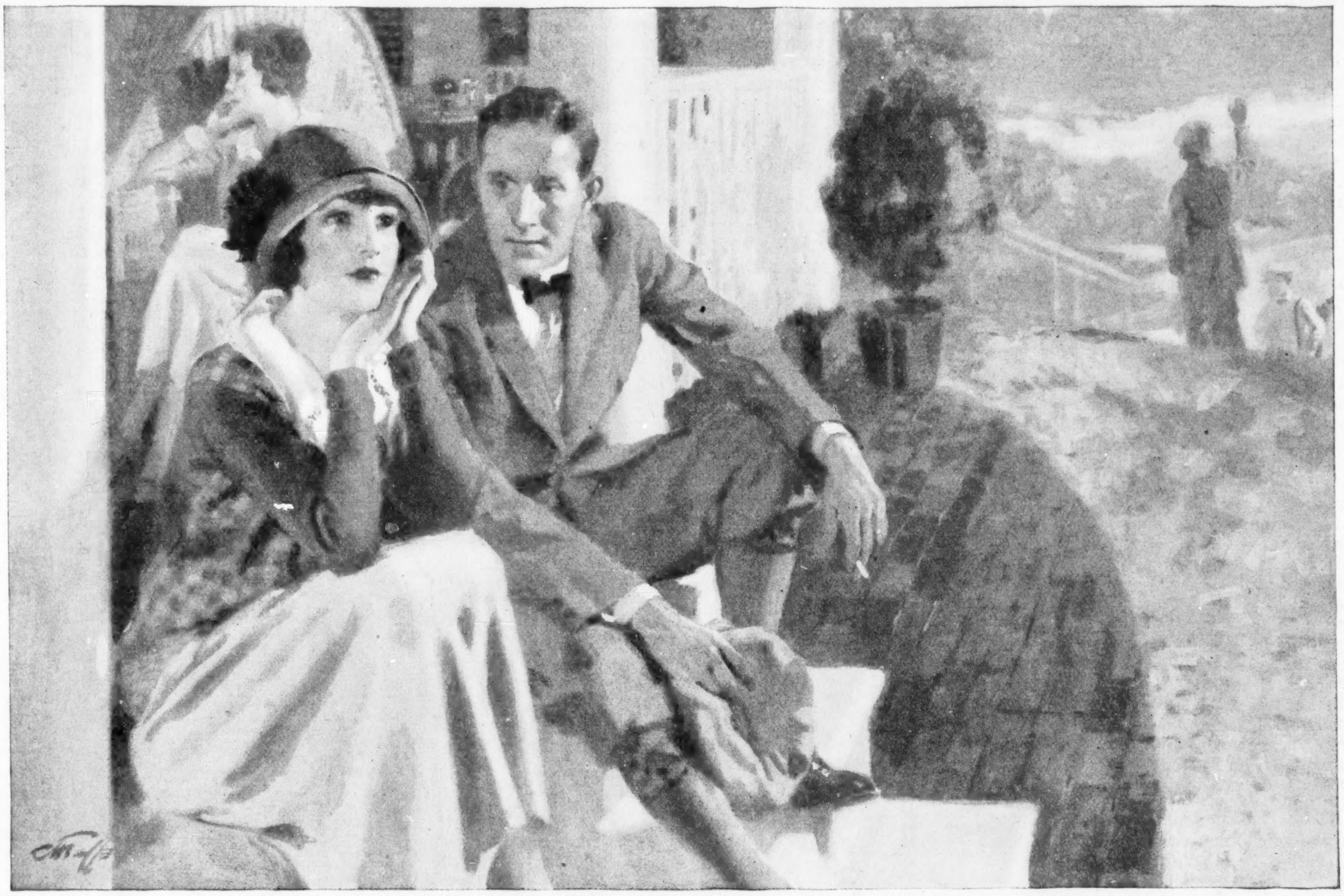

They sat on the clubhouse steps and gazed down over the valley. "What's the initiation fee down here?" Grant asked

The Man Without a Country Club

By Charles Divine

Illustrated by C. H. Taffs

THE horror of his situation burst upon Grant at noon of a certain day. Until that hour he had supposed that the lack of a country club in his life was more of a pastoral hardship than a penal offense. But at midday came the realization of his criminal dereliction. The dastardly truth was thrust upon him. Mr. Trenholm did the thrusting. He did it with a heavy hand, for Mr. Trenholm was a heavy man, both in avoirdupois and address.

At the moment when the courthouse clock left twelve ponderous notes floating down over the hum of Main Street, Mr. Trenholm's voice left as many notes, equally ponderous, echoing in Grant's office overlooking the square.

"I hear," were Mr. Trenholm's words, "that your country club is pretty exclusive here."

Grant hadn't suspected the import of these notes at first. In fact, his mind had thrown off grave and oppressing thoughts, for the time being, and, until Mr. Trenholm's coming, he had been standing at his window occupied in another vein. He had forgotten that his office door bore the sign "Grant Seely, Architect" and his office files no record of a client yet. He had given himself up to a series of sensory impressions engendered by the state of that section of the cosmos outside the open window.

It was a special state. It was the first day of spring! Not the one marked on the calendar as such—the calendar was prose; this day was a poem. April's warm sunshine gladdened the city. The air was ethereal, scented; paradise was on earth, and overcoats were off. Brampton's trolley cars came singing up Main Street with their windows open, and, swooning slowly around the city's principal corner, glided languidly up State Street with conductors lounging on the rear platforms like Spanish guitar players. Brampton's limousines shone like new dragon flies. The policeman in Brampton's only traffic tower—patterned after New York City in intent if not in sublimity—leaned out of his window at this important intersection and remarked: "It feels like spring, Ed, don't it?" The budding elm trees in Courthouse Square might have said the same thing. The sparrows in the trees did say so, in fact, and in a perfect din of twittering traffic. At the northwest corner of the square (where Court Street contributed to Main Street's congestion, and the granite portal of the Guardian Savings and Trust Company frowned over the sidewalk, as much as to say, "If I don't know you financially, I don't know you at all"), Brampton's business men passed and repassed. Strangely enough, some of these tight-lipped faces smiled to-day. Plunging in and out of doorways, Brampton's go-getters were go-getting with such a noticeable retardation of gait that it seemed as if it were only a five-thousand-dollar proposition they were go-getting. Brampton's hard-boiled magnates melted. They nodded to mere acquaintances in passing. Brisk clerks issued into the streets no swifter than a Memorial Day parade. Something was wrong. Grant Seely could discern it from his window. Something revolutionary was taking place. It was the first day of spring!

Looking down on the well-dressed crowds, he forgot that he was a stranger—for a moment that Brampton had been cold to him. He forgot that he was a stranger in a strange city. He was in tune with the infinite traffic, vehicular, pedestrian, or lyrical. And Brampton was beautiful to-day. He looked over the roof tops to the west and saw the rolling hills renewing their crazy-quilt patterns.

Then he looked down into the street again—and caught his breath. A yellow roadster slipped up to the curb outside the Guardian Savings and Trust Company.

GRANT was particularly in tune with the occupant of that roadster, though he had never told her so, this slim girl in a maroon suit who stepped to the sidewalk, wheeled about, and, catching sight of him at the window,

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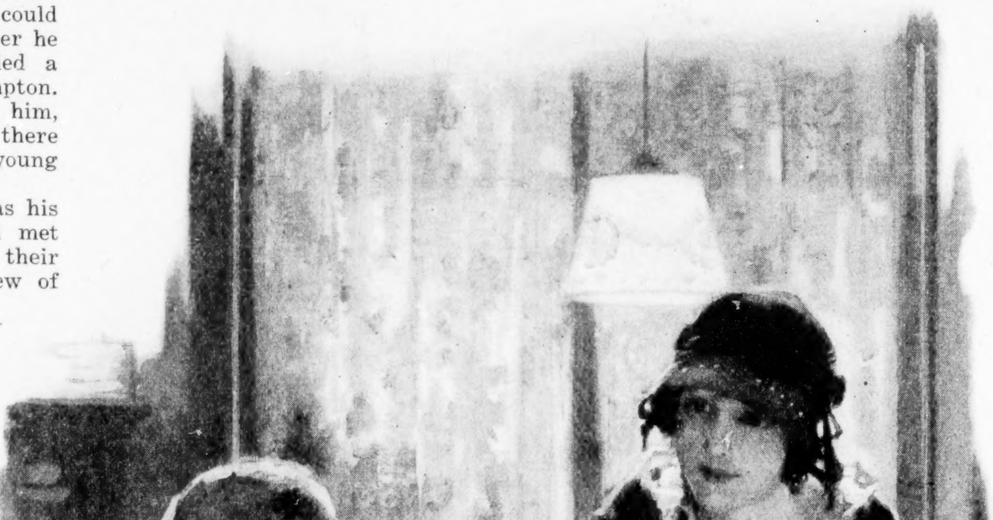
waved her hand in greeting. He could see Muriel Vance's warm smile even at that distance.

The next moment she vanished from view into the bank building, but Grant's eyes remained bright long afterward. Muriel Vance was one of the reasons he had come to live in Brampton. The other was Harold Eckland, an old friend of his father's, who had assured him that in Brampton business was bang-up good—it had returned to 99 per cent normal, as near perfection as anything could be this side of the millennium; that in Brampton the building boom was the biggest of any city in that part of the state; that Brampton was just the place for a young architect, and that he, Mr. Eckland, would introduce Grant to the men who were back of the building boom. Mr. Eckland meant well. He began by making Grant acquainted with Mr. Trenholm, the owner of a big canning factory fifteen miles out of Brampton, and with Mr. Coulton, one of Brampton's conservative business men, who had large real-estate holdings, but before Mr. Eckland could carry out his promises any further he fell sick of pneumonia. He died a month after Grant settled in Brampton. The fates seemed to be against him, Grant was forced to conclude; there was no archangel watching over young architects.

But there was Muriel. She was his only remaining friend. He had met her at college, where some of their classes overlapped and not a few of their interests. In the few years since graduation, when he was studying abroad, and later when he had returned to Harper City, he kept up an agreeable correspondence with her in Brampton, and when he left the former city for the latter it was as much the lure of being near Muriel again as it was Mr. Eckland's promises that drew him.



Muriel had it out with him. "I know you're the one who blackballed him," she said. "You can't deny it, dad! One of the committee told me"

UNTIL he arrived in Brampton he hadn't known that Muriel's father, Ira C. Vance, was as prominent a man as he proved to be—the president of the Guardian Savings and Trust Company, the president of the Vance Lumber Company, the president of the Brampton Country Club. He was local mogul, dictator, satrap, viceroy. All that Grant had known of Muriel Vance was that she was a glorious creature whose eyes were dark and long-lashed, whose lips were red and perfectly shaped, whose mind was alert, and whose companionship was frank and inspiriting. How was he to know that her father was a doge in a dogedom? Muriel proclaimed no opulent parentage. She carried no banner except her beauty. But here in Brampton, he found, she was a princess, an infanta in an exclusive kingdom composed of families that had more motor cars than babies.

At the moment when he was pondering this at his window, Muriel was inside the trust company's frowning portal talking, no doubt, with her frowning father. Not that he frowned at Muriel, but he did at young men outside the pale—a severe manner which seemed to be more than professional. There was great pride of family in it. A Vance was a Vance. It was a question in Grant's mind whether the façade of the Guardian Savings and Trust Company took its austerity from the architect's plans or from the frown of Mr. Vance.

Mr. Vance, in truth, was indeed frowning at this moment. He would have frowned more, and for the same reason, if he had seen his daughter as she quit the bank and paused at the curb and looked up at the window across the street in which stood the figure of a tall young architect in a blue-gray smock. The young architect did a surprisingly unarchitectural thing. He constructed a kiss out of thin air and blew it to Muriel. She laughed. He stood watching her as she disappeared in her roadster down Main Street, trailing gasoline smoke like clouds of glory.

IT WAS at this period of the day that Mr. Trenholm had come, and, instead of deciding definitely to give Grant the job of designing his new canning factory that was to stand beside the old one in the village of Leeville, toyed with the architect's sketch and made his heavy-handed thrust: "I hear that your country club is pretty exclusive here."

"Yes," replied Grant, bending over his desk, "I believe it has that reputation."

In the next room, behind the partition, the office boy had discreetly retired to the unoccupied drafting table with his detective story magazine. Here, in the outer office, Mr. Trenholm sat in a room that was furnished simply and yet artistically, with Grant's best renderings hung on the walls. Mr. Trenholm sat at the side of Grant's desk, a bulky man under a limp, broad-brimmed hat, and inserted the pudgy thumb of his right hand into a vest pocket. In the other hand he still held the architect's sketch. Grant was waiting anxiously, hoping to hear him announce: "Well, I approve of this sketch, young man. Go ahead and make the plans." Instead, Mr. Trenholm said: "You're a member of the country club, of course."

"No, I'm not," replied Grant promptly. He became aware that his response had a surprising effect upon the other.

"You're not!" echoed Mr. Trenholm. His large and obvious face wasn't made for deception; a look of distinct disappointment spread over it. He had supposed that Grant Seely was the sort of snappy young man who would be knocking off work every afternoon to run out to the country club; besides, he had been a friend of Eckland's, and Eckland always played golf there.

"I understand," said Mr. Trenholm generously—and Grant felt that he was being apologized for—"you've only been in Brampton a short time, haven't you? I forgot. Of course! Of course! You still belong to the club in Harper City. Nice people in Harper City."

Grant smiled to himself. He knew that Leeville, where Mr. Trenholm had his home and business, was midway between Harper City and Brampton, and that Leeville was all country and no club, all sociables and no society.

"No," said Grant. "I wasn't a member of the Harper City club either."

"Thasso?"

It was a rather stunned comment, but it was all Mr. Trenholm could make at the moment. The last ray of sympathy flickered out of his face. He let Grant's sketch drop from his hand to the desk.

"What do you think of the sketch?" asked Grant.

"Ah—ah—" Mr. Trenholm was palpably evasive, unable to readjust himself to the question. "I'll have to—have to think it over a little more," he said, rising. "I'll let you know my decision later."

The next moment he was gone, leaving Grant staring out of the window, enlightened but not enlivened. He saw his late caller cross the street to the courthouse curb and climb into a car which moved out into the traffic. Grant suddenly caught his breath. In the back seat he saw the end of a sack of golf clubs projecting! . . . There was no doubt about it, concluded Grant. "He expected me to take him out to the country club. He doesn't want an architect to construct a factory for him; he wants one to build a social stepladder with the rungs made of golf sticks."

GRANT was amused and yet annoyed. There was a great moral lesson in Mr. Trenholm's departure — namely, the stigma of being a man without a country club. For some time Grant had begun to suspect this. He had seen that all the big men—big in pomp and circumstance—were members of the Brampton Country Club, and he knew that the best way to get their ear, architecturally, was to meet them at the country club, socially. Every successful man ought to have a country club. There were arguments in its favor, conceded Grant. Though golf might be, in the words of a critic, a little onion chased by a big one, yet there was the pastoral appeal of the countryside—landscape, light, air, a chair on the veranda, and a heavenly view at sunset far down the valley and the winding river. He had seen it one evening with Muriel.

He had another chance to view the scene that very evening when Muriel invited him to be her guest for dinner and dancing, and at six o'clock they were sitting on the clubhouse steps gazing down over the valley. In the west a pink sun was dropping toward a niche in the hills. Across the smooth undulations of the golf course fell long shadows from stately poplar trees.

As golfers in straggling couples came up the hill toward the clubhouse, Grant told Muriel about his disappointing day at the office and the ingenuous attitude of (*Continued on page 24*)

The Patriot

To Hear Him Tell It, He Has Never Done Anything For His Country

By Earl Derr Biggers

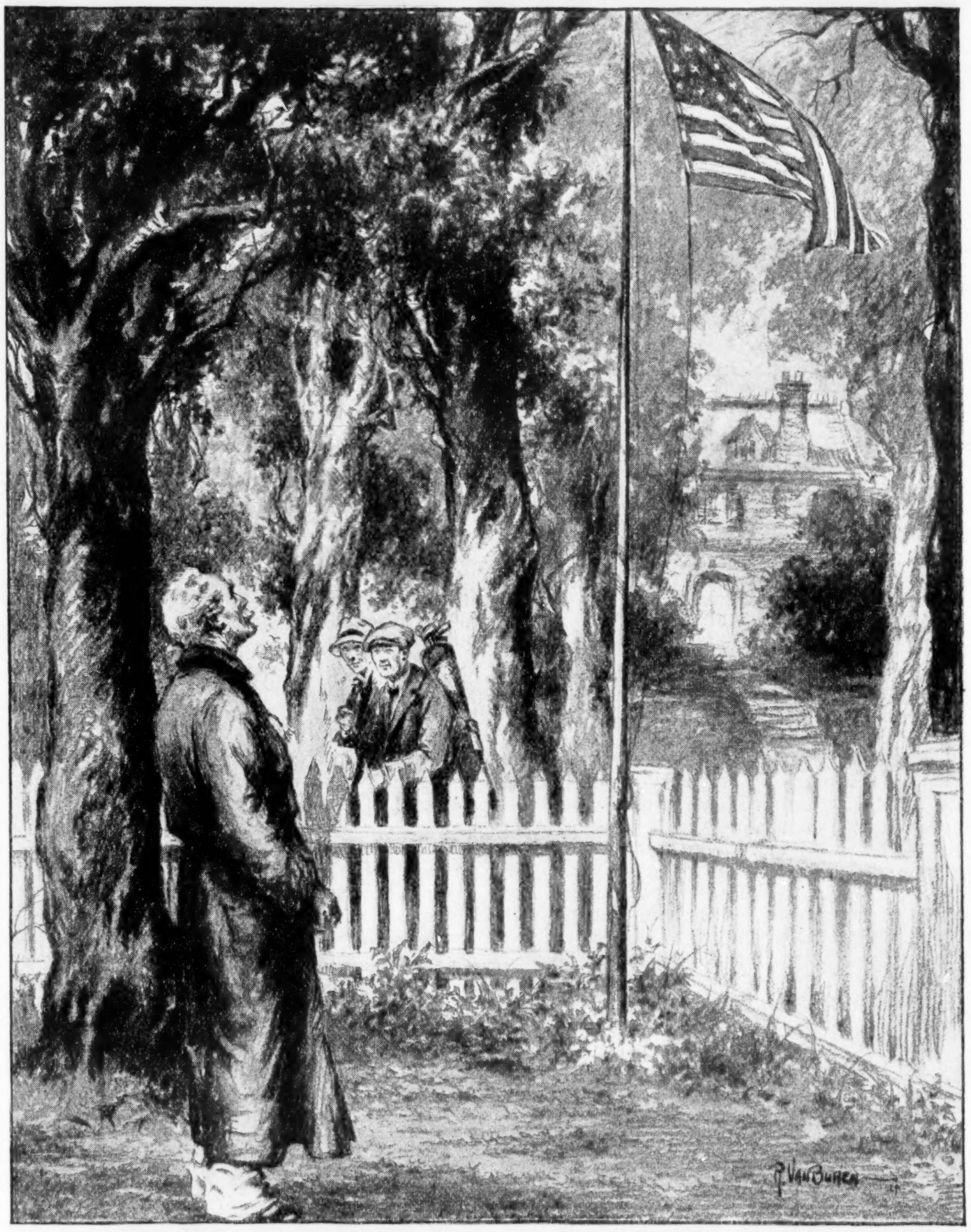
Illustration by R. Van Buren

"SPEAKING of patriotism," began the man who lives in the suburbs, "speaking of that sort of thing, as I presume we are all doing at the moment, what with the Fourth of July orators spouting and the firecrackers popping—of course, it's a more or less delicate subject just now. I'm thinking of these investigations, and the great wave of cynicism that swept over us after the war and hasn't spent itself yet. But—

"As I started to say, I've got a neighbor. Lives next door to me on the modest little suburban street where I bought a house. Just an everyday sort of fellow—lots like him, I suppose. A small, pudgy, tired man a little over seventy, not at all a romantic figure, not even very interesting. Some people would consider him a bit—well, naïve. Old-fashioned, I'd rather call him. Yes—that's the term for him—old-fashioned.

"I know how it will be on the morning of the Fourth. I know how it has been on the morning of every holiday in the past. First I'll hear his phonograph playing. And I'll know that he's there, in front of his bedroom window with not much on, taking a tip from the tiger—and Walter Camp. Trying to get his trunk muscles into condition by means of the Daily Dozen. Seeking to add years to his life—and I hope he does. I like him, and I sort of feel we need him around. Need him more all the time.

"When the phonograph stops playing I'll get up and go to my own window to witness the ceremony. I always do. Somehow, I like to see him out there with that flag. He sort of takes care of that business for the whole street. We used to have a flag at our house, of course—I wonder what became of it? When I saw it last it was folded up and lying in a chest in the attic—but no matter.



I'll see him, on the morning of the Fourth, out there in his slippers

"I'LL go to my window and look out. My neighbor will come through his front door with a flag in his arms. He'll attach it to the big white pole in his yard.

"Only pole on the street, by the way. Then he'll pull the rope and watch the flag go up. Stand there a minute in his slippers on the dewy lawn, staring aloft. Staring as though he could see something none of the rest of us could see. More than a piece of bunting—a symbol; a thing beloved.

"Probably out in the street the golf players will be rushing by for an early start on the links. They'll see that pudgy, unromantic little figure standing there in his bathrobe under the flag—and they'll smile at him. I suppose he is amusing—to some people. Old-fashioned, as I said. Crazy about his country. Always wanted to do something for it, and never has—to hear him tell it. Something spectacular, you know, in a uniform—glory, medals. But he never got the chance. He's told me all about it.

"When the Civil War came along he was a very small boy. Lived on a farm near some little town in Illinois. Small as he was, he heard the far-off roll of drums, and he wanted to beat one of them. That was the big idea among the kids at that time—to be a drummer boy.

"So he ran away one morning—down the dusty road at dawn. But somebody picked him up in the town and took him back. The next dawn found him in the fields again, hard at work. It seems that Fate had picked his rôle for him, even then.

"Years later we got involved with Spain. Not much of a war, but full of jazz and thrills. My neighbor tells me he wanted to go. But he had a wife and two young children, and his duty was clear. Sometimes, during his noon hour, he'd stand on the sidewalk while the boys marched by. Stand there wishing while the band played 'A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.' Then he'd look at his watch and hurry back to the office and open his ledgers. Back to his job!

"He did that job well. When the World War came he was pretty near finished with it; his family was grown up; there was nothing to keep him at home.

"The old dream came back—able to do something for his country at last. He saw himself in a uniform, on the seas, in France. But he couldn't fool the Government. They knew him for what he was. They gave him work to do. So he hung out a flag with two service stars—for two of his boys had gone—and went down to Washington to tackle a tough job in the Ordnance Department.

"I saw him in Washington occasionally during the war. He was working his head off—in civilian clothes. Going at it with all his heart and soul, living in a dreary little furnished room, eating round haphazard at restaurants.

"Not an easy sort of life for a man of his years. I noticed new lines of care about his eyes. But he did his job faithfully. He wouldn't have known how to do it any other way.

"Well, the war ended, and patriotism became unfashionable. But not with this neighbor of mine. His business was practically running itself, so he began to hunt around for favors he could do his community. You know—making America more livable—the sort of thing most of us haven't any time for. Committees that meet at evening in some dusty room at the city hall. He's very much interested in schools, and what's being done for the children. Spends one night a week trying to Americanize the foreign element out our way. Busy all the time. The rest of us side-step all that kind of thing—you know how it is. We just pile it on his shoulders and hurry back to our own selfish interests.

"Seventy-two years old, he is now. Always wanted to wear a uniform, win glory and medals, and never got the chance. Thrilled to hear the band playing—and then went back to work. Over sixty years of it—hard, grueling work.

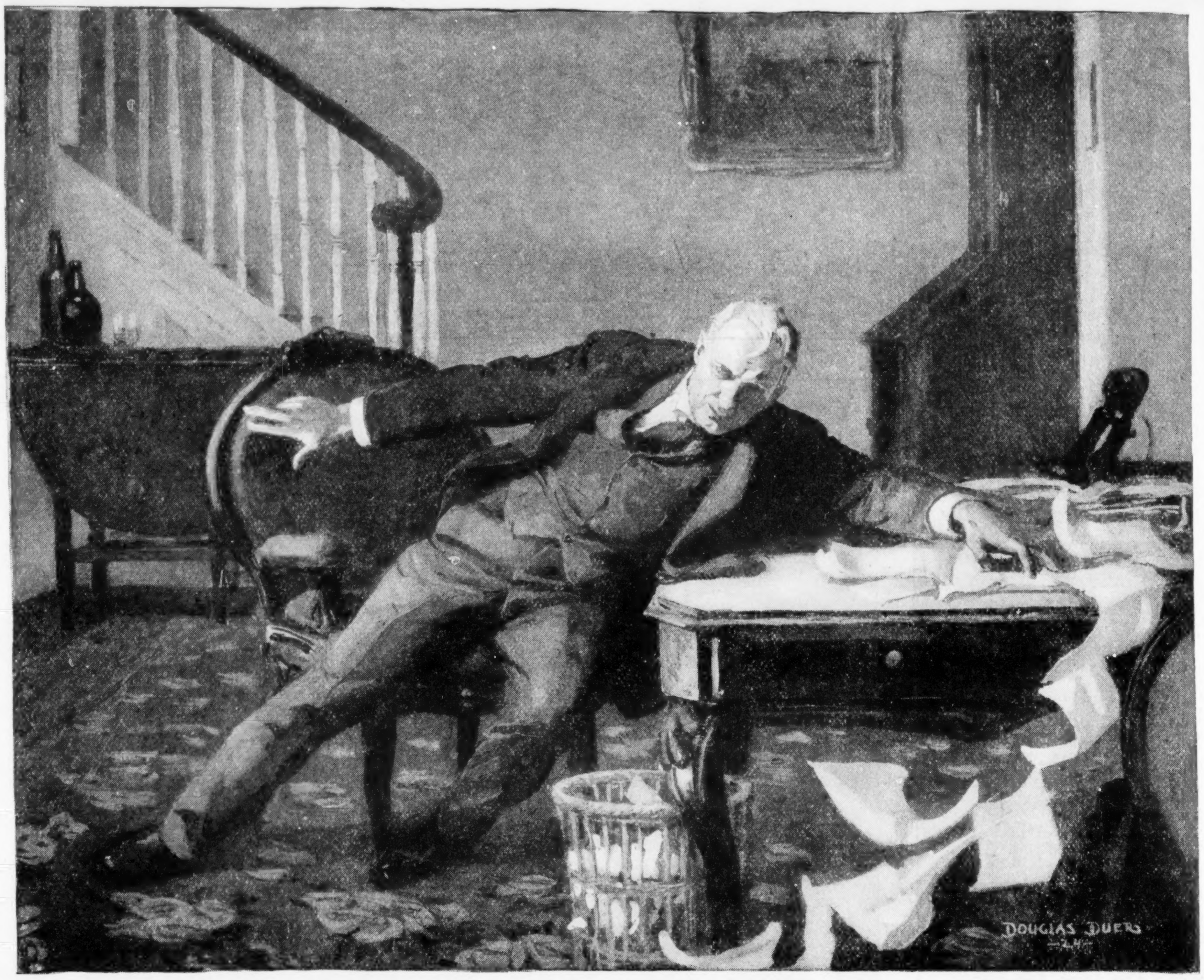
"I'LL go to my window and look out. My neighbor will come through his the wet lawn. Sort of tending to the patriotism for all our street. My daughter, who reads radical magazines and thinks it bourgeois to love your country, will sneer at him. But not in my presence. She tried that once.

"You see, I'm for him. And on the morning of the holiday I'll watch him out there on the lawn with his flag. In his heart he'll be wishing he might have done something to serve it—in a uniform, you know. He won't remember those sixty-odd years of work. But I'll be thinking that I don't know any man who has a better right to fly that flag."

Trial by Ordeal

By Austin Parker

Illustrated by
Douglas Duer



Then Garvin's body slipped down limply to the floor, while O'Ryan, in a daze, watched it stupidly

IT WAS difficult for David O'Ryan to stir himself from his own thoughts and listen to the words of the chairman who was presiding at the weekly luncheon of the Winton Commercial Club. All that old Mr. Herrick said seemed to apply to some other man, some other guest of honor.

Yet it was necessary for David O'Ryan to listen, to pick up little cues so that he could respond to them aptly. He looked out over the three long tables, found countless eyes drifting from the face of the chairman to his own face—and he allowed a slight, friendly smile to come into his expression.

". . . And so I find it a great pleasure," droned the voice of the chairman, "not to introduce, but to welcome home again, this illustrious son, this fellow townsman, to Winton. Just nineteen years ago his friends here congratulated him upon his opportunity of going East to study law in one of our great universities. Then, fifteen years ago, his friends congratulated him upon the brilliant record which won for him his degree. And it was with genuine sorrow that we learned that he planned to take up his life's work in the metropolis of another State. We wanted him here. We needed him here. But the opportunities were larger for him there, and we admired him for having that spirit which leads men to the accomplishment of great things.

"Another five years passed by, and once again we had cause to congratulate him. And I'm afraid"—Mr. Herrick beamed—"that some of you younger men did it with heavy hearts." The members of the Commercial Club chuckled and moved in their seats. David O'Ryan, without letting that friendly smile escape him, felt his heart tighten and ache.

"That was when he returned to claim as his bride one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls Winton has ever known. Since then we hadn't seen him, until yesterday—but we've heard of him. Heard splendid things! Of his election to the office of district attorney. Of his devotion to public welfare. His integrity, his ceaseless fight against the evil forces which menace life in the great community which honors him and trusts him!"

There was a clatter of applause. Mr. Herrick's voice dropped as he went on, leaning over the table:

"And I've just heard recently—I'll pass it along to you as a secret—that the day isn't far off when we will be talking about *Governor* David O'Ryan!"

The hammering of hands became a tumult. Mr. Herrick patted David upon the back, motioned him to his feet. There were calls of "Atta boy, Dave!' "You show 'em, Dave!"

As he waited, flushed, still with that engaging smile pulling at his lips and bringing little wrinkles about his eyes, perverse thoughts shot through his mind like little stabs of lightning, each of them leaving a wound.

What if these people, these dear friends who rejoiced so generously in what they believed to be his success, knew the truth? What would they think if they knew that at this very minute Joan—Joan Webster, "one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls"—was in New York, waiting for a boat which would take her to Paris, there to divorce him?

He hadn't wanted to come back to Winton to be fêted, honored. In the tumult of his thoughts, Winton had just been a quiet, friendly, unquestioning home town, where his soul could find in tranquillity the new strength it needed to go on with the game. He had been too sick at heart, too tired and battered, to foresee this.

APPLAUSE died away, and he saw the innumerable white ovals of faces turned to his. "I'll have to go through with it!" he said to himself. "Oh, Lord—if I were only what they think I am!"

"Mr. Chairman and fellow townsmen," he began. A frantic impulse to say "I'm a fraud—I am not worthy of a single decent thought from any of you!" trembled within him, and he overcame it in a pause which added only graciousness to his bearing. He went on deliberately:

"I think that every small boy who leaves his own home town dreams of coming back again—successful and prosperous." The smile broadened, became infectious. "Even as youngsters each of us has thought how fine, how splendid it would be to venture out and fight dragons; then to return home again—a living, glorious reproach to the school teacher who prophesied a dismal future for him. . . ."

David O'Ryan was an accomplished speaker: words came easily to him, grouped themselves in pleasing, delightful phrases which gently tugged an audience into a half-humorous, half-serious mood. People were malleable under that steady tapping of words. Given the measure of his audience—and David O'Ryan could gain that in a few brief minutes—words came instinctively.

He was tall, straight, with just a suggestion of the Irishman in his dark, forceful countenance. His jaw was lean, and when he went into action in a courtroom the jury saw a fighter before them, fighting every inch of the way, blue eyes gleaming, sometimes with just wrath, sometimes with the quick flash of humor. He knew how to be quiet and how to roar. It was not often that David O'Ryan pounded the table, but when he did every one in court, including the judge, jumped. Every one jumped, that is, except O'Ryan, and he had known, possibly the day before, that he was going to pound the table at that particular moment.

Never, in speaking, did he lose in the least degree his possession of his own thoughts. For him speaking was like surgery—an operation to be performed upon men's minds.

To-day he presented himself whimsically as a small boy who was being brought to account by his elders. The idea—he told them—of his returning to Winton as a successful man was just another juvenile outrage, comparable only to the time he had whitewashed the legs of Mr. Blinkenhorne's black horse.

"Did you ever know, Mr. Blinkenhorne, that I was the one who did that?" he asked suddenly.

Mr. Blinkenhorne's hand smacked down upon his knee, and he doubled over laughing. Everyone laughed.

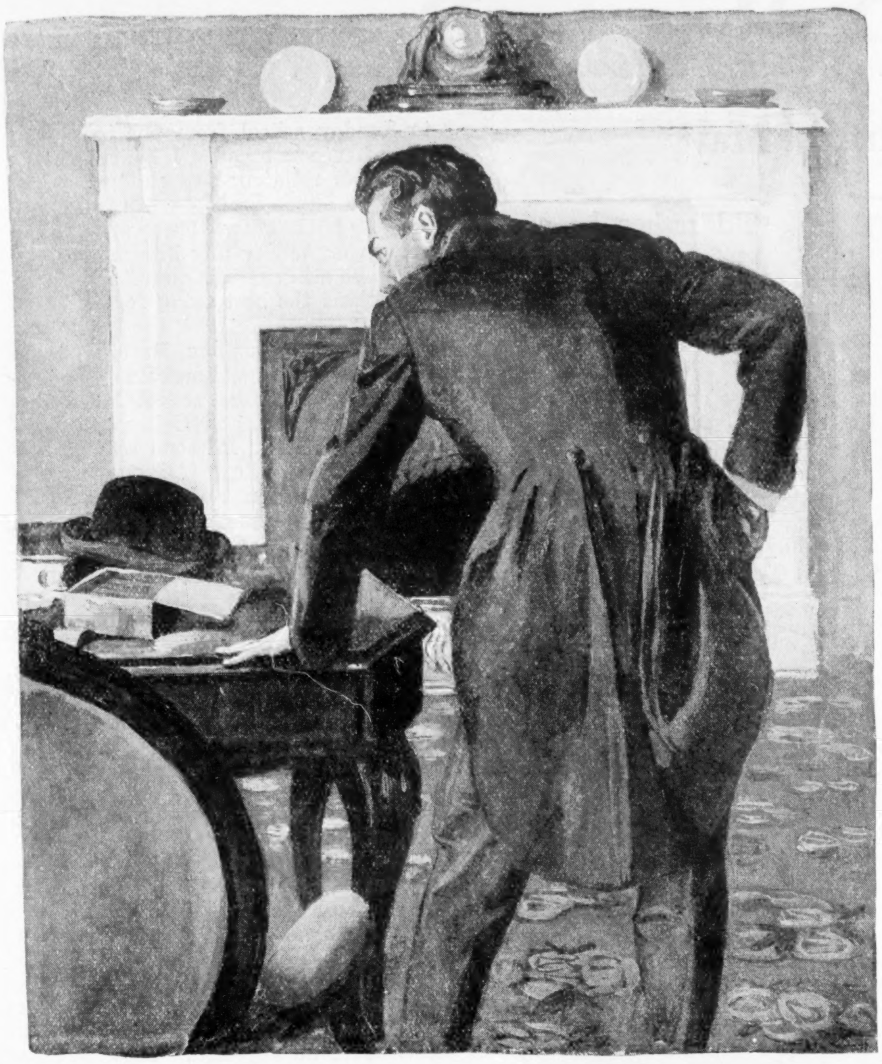
Then, with that quick transition from humor to pathos, he continued: "I'd willingly take the switching I deserved for it, if only Mr. Blinkenhorne could go now to my father and tell him that I was the culprit. But, alas, time is irrevocable, and I have no father now who can love me and switch me when I fail to live up to those high ideals which he set for me. I wish he could be here to-day," he added simply.

At that moment David O'Ryan gave fervent thanks that his father was not alive to see the wrecking of that castle of ideals. He continued speaking, but his mind went to Joan in New York. And once more his thoughts circled that panorama of his thirty-eight years, bringing him to the desperate fury of the past week.

DAVID O'RYAN had often wondered whether or not he would have married Joan Webster if she had not had a small fortune of her own. Not that he wasn't deeply in love with Joan, but that he had seen too many young men just a few years out of college sink under the burden of a wife and family. He always told himself that he would have married Joan if she had been penniless, yet he was thankful that he had escaped that bitter struggle between love and ambition.

Far from being a brake on ambition, Joan had been a spur to it. She too wanted to get ahead, to find a constantly growing pride in being "Mrs. David O'Ryan." And how they had worked, plotted, schemed to get him that position as assistant district attorney!

Then the Potter trial, when his chief had collapsed before the prosecution was half completed! That



He wondered why the gun had made no noise, had not jerked

night when David O'Ryan had persuaded his chief to let him carry on the state's case! He had returned to Joan, breathless with the news, and she had tumbled him into bed so that he could sleep and store every bit of strength against the ordeal of court.

Potter, who had been a political power in the underworld for years, was on trial for his life.

"You have heard the learned counsel for the defense say that I am out to *get* Potter," David O'Ryan told the jury. He leaned forward, clenched fists pressing down hard upon the railing. He raised his voice: "That I am out to *get* Potter!" Silence came over the courtroom. "Gentlemen of the jury"—his arms went up, and his voice mounted to a triumphant cry—"I *am* out to get Potter!" His fists crashed down upon the rail.

As the electric effect of it subsided, the jury found Potter, cringing, sweating, under the brilliant stare of David O'Ryan's eyes. Potter, in that instant, must have heard the trap sprung, the rope jerk his neck—just as it was to happen two months later.

David O'Ryan became known as the man who "got" Potter—the man who was a sworn enemy of all the nasty corruption that Potter and his gang stood for. Those days were filled with magic. Each day ended with the warm consciousness that his smile, his tongue, his willingness to work and to fight had sent him forward irresistibly.

Joan went forward with him, lovely to look upon, gay, resourceful, tender. Three years of marriage had given her maturity and poise. She was a tall, slender blonde, with large violet eyes through which she looked out confidently, proudly upon a world which appeared to wheel about David O'Ryan.

They had no children. "We'll have to wait, dear, for that," he told her, and she agreed with him solemnly, impressed by that grave earnestness with which he spoke. "There's so much that we have to do—together," he explained. "Children—now—would just be a handicap. Later—of course."

Having "got" Potter, it was inevitable that he should be mentioned as a candidate for district attorney. Just when the contest for nominations was gaining heat, an attempt was made upon his life by one of the underlings of the old Potter gang. The bullet went wild; O'Ryan caught the man with his fist, dropped him, and with his own hands bundled him into the patrol wagon.

This was a fighting man, one who wasn't afraid to use his fists as well as his brains. There were no party lines at that election. He went into office with banners flying.

IT WAS at this time that Joan began to cement an acquaintance with the Garvins. Joe Garvin was a tight-jawed, sagacious old-timer who had seen many men move in—and out—of many offices, generally knowing why they moved.

"His reputation is pretty ratty," observed David O'Ryan. "Be very nice to him—but at the same time be very careful. We can use him, but—" He finished the sentence with one of those boyish, disarming smiles.

He thought of it later that in the dozen times he was thrown in with Joe Garvin, the older man let only one piece of political advice pass his lips. Then it was only a mumble to the effect that "a young fellow had a damn' sight better tie up while the tying's good."

It was probably Joe Garvin's reluctance to talk politics that piqued Joan's interest in him. Several times she tried to draw him out, and his attitude was that of an old uncle who is watching a clever youngster play a difficult game. But each time he gave her a bit of advice, so direct and so accurate that the results, when she followed his bidding, left her breathless. It was as though a tiny miracle had been worked. And Joe Garvin acted as though her surprise entertained him more than anything else in the world.

"You're a nice kid," he grumbled, chuckling. "Well—whenever you need me, sing out. Guess I can stop playing golf long enough to help anyone that's as pretty as you are."

Joe Garvin seemed to have just one serious problem in the world: his doctor had been warning him that his heart couldn't stand any more violent outbursts of passion at a refractory golf ball. He was indisposed to talk politics, but he would sit up half the night talking golf and berating the doctor for dumb-headedness.

David O'Ryan moved warily in the business of tying up. Better, perhaps, to say that he let his party dig trenches about him for his protection, so that he could keep his hands and his mind free from the petty worries of politics. Ahead of him, long before the eyes of those about him were strong enough to see, he discerned the faint outlines, as though in a fog, of the State House.

"I don't care what people say," announced Joan one evening when they returned from a dinner at which David had spoken, "I think that Joe Garvin's an old dear!"

"He's got a lot of wisdom packed away in that hard head of his," answered David O'Ryan thoughtfully. "I don't want to get involved with him—but use him whenever you can."

Joan nodded her pretty head, hugged him. "I was awfully proud of you tonight! You were splendid!"

They moved to a larger apartment, so that entertaining would be easier. The rent made David whistle: it was half his salary. It reminded him once again to be thankful that Joan had brought a small fortune with her.

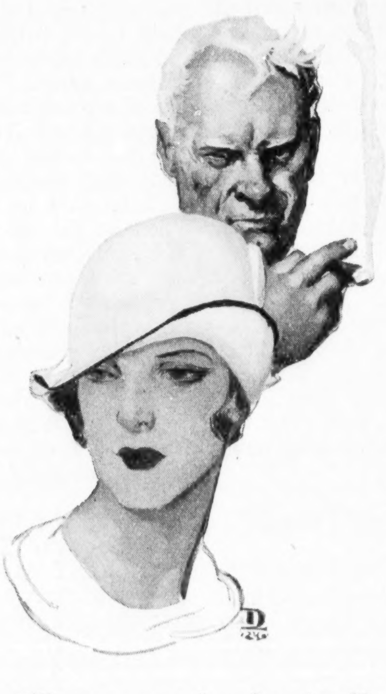
The new apartment was luxurious, but it was not ostentatious. That was Joan's sagacity, and it made Joe Garvin smile appreciatively. "That's right," he said. "Don't give 'em a chance to tack a dollar sign on him." Joan had long since come to know that "'em" meant the voters. "And take a tip from me," continued Garvin, "when you get another car, get a second-hand one. It's not so shiny!" He chuckled.

"Small chance of anything but a second-hand one," responded Joan. Her lips curved in an expression which pretended to be petulant.

"Why?" asked Joe Garvin blandly.

"Easiest question I ever answered." She laughed. "Money's getting low. What salary does a governor get, Mr. Garvin?"

Their eyes met, and he too laughed. "Half enough to live on—that's if he wants a second term."



O'Ryan paused. Joan! He almost spoke her name

David O'Ryan was honest enough, now and then, to look behind that portrait of himself which the public saw. There were times when he thought of himself as a juggler, keeping two dozen things in the air, while other men tried to jerk the rug from beneath his feet. So much of his time and energy went into maintaining that precarious footing. There was not only his work as district attorney, which engulfed him in an endless flood, but there were dinners at which he must speak, meetings of civic organizations at which he must proclaim his progress in making the city a cleaner, better place to live in, and then, added to all of that, the purely social engagements which were so vitally important if he were to gain the friendship and support of the powerful.

To Joan he surrendered all responsibility in financial matters. For one thing, he found the thought that she was paying her share of their expenses distasteful, and he preferred not to be reminded of it; then, for another, his mind was filled with problems. When he mentioned money at all, it was to praise her and to marvel how much she did on such a small amount. Her dinners were beautifully given, the staff of servants was enlarged, they had a limousine—second-hand—and a man to drive it. . . .

THEN the Zimmerman gang began stirring to life at the bottom of this political maelstrom. Zimmerman, since Potter had gone his way, had been gathering, intangibly, all those threads of corruption which had been broken. The basis of his operations was, quite evidently, bootlegging.

"That's a Federal affair—not mine," David O'Ryan told himself. Ahead of him loomed the contest for the governorship, and it was vitally important that he keep his decks clear for that; and there was always that sickening knowledge that Zimmerman's pirates would gladly scuttle his small and—at least, so his traitorous inner conscience told him — none-too-valiant political craft.

But Zimmerman was pyramiding, upon that basis of bootlegging, all the crimes of the statute book. There were groups of voters who were beginning to look upon David O'Ryan critically.

He said nothing of all this to Joan, but, during those three or four months of compromising, little creases of worry came about his eyes. At last he accepted the bitterest compromise of all—he went frankly to Joe Garvin and asked his advice.

"You've got plenty of drums to beat," said the older man. "Beat 'em hard as hell!"

David O'Ryan thought it over and selected from the cases which were up for trial the most spectacular. He prosecuted those cases himself, and made each of them a fanfare for District Attorney David O'Ryan. It re-awakened some of the cooling ardor for him, but he still knew that people were looking to him to "get" Zimmerman.

"Dave," said Joan one morning, "you're worrying. But you needn't. Joe Garvin told me yesterday that everything is coming along beautifully. He's a mighty good friend of ours."

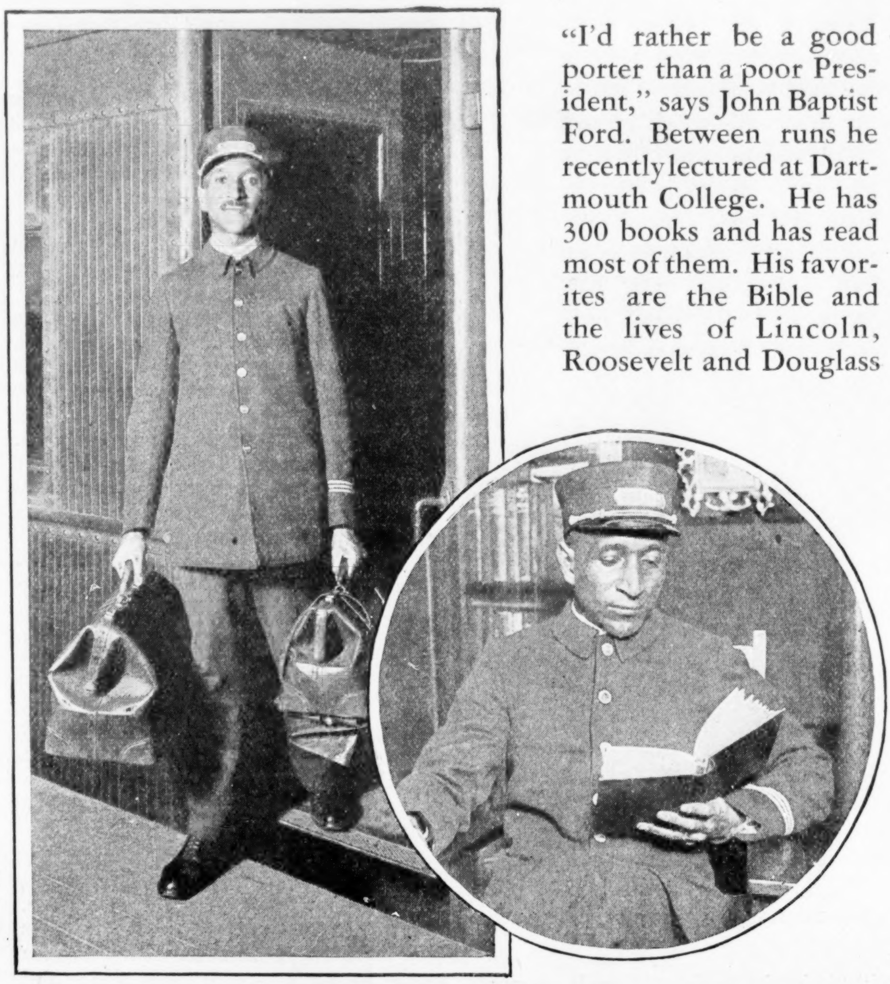
"Everything *isn't* coming along beautifully," David answered. "Just between you and me, we're getting additional proof every minute that Zimmerman was responsible

(*Continued on page 32*)

This Ford's a Pullman Porter

By Earl Chapin May

"I'd rather be a good porter than a poor President," says John Baptist Ford. Between runs he recently lectured at Dartmouth College. He has 300 books and has read most of them. His favorites are the Bible and the lives of Lincoln, Roosevelt and Douglass



STARTING in a modest machine shop Henry Ford of Detroit has developed the greatest automobile factory in the world. He has also developed a philosophy of life expressed in the word "service."

Starting as a cotton picker in a South Carolina hamlet John Baptist Ford, for the past eighteen years a Pullman car porter, has developed a philosophy of life expressed in the word "service."

Henry Ford's annual income is measured by millions, John Baptist Ford's by hundreds. Henry Ford has been given more publicity during the past twenty years than any other American. John Baptist Ford, Pullman car porter, 1924, was a person of no importance.

Henry Ford is a white man. John Baptist Ford is a negro. Each is an American citizen. Each is an American development. Each has reached the same conclusion as to the purpose of life.

We all know Henry Ford, or a lot about him. We are all going to know John Baptist Ford, or a lot about him. For John Baptist Ford represents the new order in his race. Let us consider John Baptist Ford, Pullman car porter.

On March 24, 1924, none of us, with the exception of a few employees or patrons of the Pullman company and a few negroes in upper New York City, knew or cared anything about John Baptist Ford. But on the morning of March 25th he, in his Pullman porter's uniform, lectured to the students of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., at the invitation of Professor Keir of the Amos Tuck School of Administration. Twelve hours thereafter a million or more Americans had read about Ford, the Pullman car porter. Twelve days after the negro Ford's first appearance as a public speaker he had become a national figure.

When I met him on that twelfth day he had read forty columns of newspaper publicity about himself and had seen his picture in two dozen metropolitan journals. And he was still the modest, simple-minded, clear-headed, kind-hearted negro who believed that the highest ambition in life should be to serve one's fellow man.

I have lived five years below the Mason and Dixon Line, five years in Chicago, where race riots have made history, and two years in New York. So I know something about the negro problem in my country. I wanted to see, at first hand, how one Southern-born negro was solving that problem in a Northern environment. Hence I went, one Sunday, to 760 East 221st Street, New York City, and rang the bell to the upper floor of a two-family frame house.

"A Grouch Makes Few Friends"

IT WAS in a half-developed neighborhood with many vacant and rocky lots, a short distance north of Bronx Park. The wife of John Baptist Ford, in simple brown dress and lace boudoir cap, answered the bell. The husband and father was, it seemed, attending Sunday school with Eugene, eleven years old, and "Buster" Stanley, four, at the Independent Baptist Church.

On the following morning I met John Baptist Ford before he took his Pullman parlor car out of the Grand Central Station on his regular run to Winsted, Conn. Upon completion of the introduction given by J. D. Shean, chief clerk for the Pullman company in New York, John Baptist Ford and I shook hands. Having shaken hands, I began the cross examination. He proved a ready witness.

"That address of mine before the Dartmouth College students," John Baptist Ford explained as he donned his uniform, buttoned covers to the chair backs, turned on the car lights, and made ready to receive the expected Pullman guests, "was an accident. On one of my trips into New York a gentleman got to talking with me, as many do. We talked about life and death, what they meant to us, and at New York he said he would see me again. When he did see me again I was his guest, through the courtesy of the Pullman management, at Dartmouth College, and I was speaking from the same platform as did W. Irving Bullard, vice president of the Merchants' National Bank of Boston, Vice President E. G. Buckland of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, and Professor Van Mater of Columbia University, a specialist on transportation.

"It was the first time I had ever made a speech. I learned to read and write after I was seventeen. As janitor, pot washer, and chef I worked my way through two years of Southern schooling. The rest of my education I have picked up as best I could while holding down some job. So I wrote out what I wanted to say and memorized it. I wasn't nervous because I didn't have anything to say but what I knew, and I thought what I might say might help someone else. I was made to feel among friends, although the students did fire a lot of questions at me."

Here are some things John Baptist Ford said to the students of Dartmouth in the course of three class hours:

"Whatever you do, do it well. I'd rather be a good porter than a bad President.

"If you know your job you should be able to do things without being asked. On my run between Winsted and New York I've made trip after trip during which my bell has not rung once, because I've done everything and there's nothing more the passengers want done.

"The traveling public has never given me trouble.

"Everybody wants good service, given with a smile. A grouchy porter doesn't make many friends among travelers. So with business men, lawyers, doctors. No good mayor, governor, President will lose the esteem of his people by being kind and courteous.

"When I am off duty I travel on a Pullman and tip the porter. In tipping let your conscience be your guide and the sky the limit."

Hell or No Hell, Religion's Best

THERE was a lot more in his prepared address. I wanted something impromptu. As I got it I noticed that John Baptist Ford was characteristically the negro in that he refused to be diverted from the subject in hand. Time and again I tried to throw him off his line of thought. Time and again he left me standing on the train-shed platform while he ushered a patron to a parlor-car seat. But each time he returned to me he also returned to the thought he had been expressing.

"As I was saying," he would begin, and he would finish what he started to say. The simplicity of the negro mind! From that simple world-schooled mind owned by tall, thin, chocolate-colored John Baptist Ford, with his bright eyes, his Roman nose, slender hands, and ready smile, I got the following comments on life as he had found it:

"I go to church from eleven to twelve Sunday morning and take my children to Sunday school from one to two in the afternoon because I believe in the Christian religion. My children began going to Sunday school when they were three. If I knew there wasn't any heaven or hell or any kind of a hereafter, I'd still say that the Christian religion was the best thing for us all to follow.

"My eldest daughter, Ruth, fourteen years old, won a gold medal for scholarship in the public school last year. She is now in Hunter College preparatory department. I'll send all my children through college if I can find the money. Religion and education will solve the problems of race and country.

"The North can absorb the negroes now coming up from the South as long as immigration is restricted. Most of these negroes are American citizens, you know.

"If 'Napoleon Garvey' had taught his followers to become American citizens and to invest their money in homes, instead of getting them all excited about going to Africa, they would all have been better off. Most of his followers were Jamaican negroes and British citizens, anyway. I think we should have a law compelling all foreigners to become American citizens within a certain number of years.

"Do I think I had a fair deal in South Carolina picking cotton at 65 cents a day? Do I think American negroes are getting a fair deal North and South? There are some things that could be adjusted. They will be straightened out in time. I've gotten a good deal out of life.

"I believe in owning a home. When the war boosted my rental from $25 to $55 a month and my salary was about $80, my brother and I started to buy our present two-family house. What we save in rent almost meets the payments.

Color Question—Why Worry?

"I DON'T think the color question worries us much. Personally I don't think it makes much difference whether I live in a colored or white neighborhood so long as I and my neighbors are good, law-abiding citizens who mind our own business.

"If your children and my children live in the same block, it behooves me to see that my children are educated, for the protection of your children. If your house is painted and mine is not, I should protect your property by painting mine.

"I sleep in the car each night in Winsted and have only about four hours each week day with my family at home. On the road I am busy trying to give service. So I don't have much chance to read. Most of what I know I've got from talking and seeing. But I have read most of my three hundred books. My favorites are the Bible, and the lives of Fred Douglass, Abe Lincoln, and Teddy Roosevelt.

"Getting on in the world is mostly a matter of what you do with your job and yourself. The 13,000 Pullman porters are selected men of good health and character. Hundreds of doctors, lawyers, and bank directors have come up from the Pullman porter ranks. I got a late start in life, but I've got a lot out of it—and my children will get more.

"There are plenty of laws in the land. What we need is to learn to obey them."

As John Baptist Ford, forty years of age, eighteen years a Pullman car porter, thus, through many interruptions, revealed (*Continued on page 31*)

Love and Let Love

By H. C. Witwer

Illustrated by George Brehm

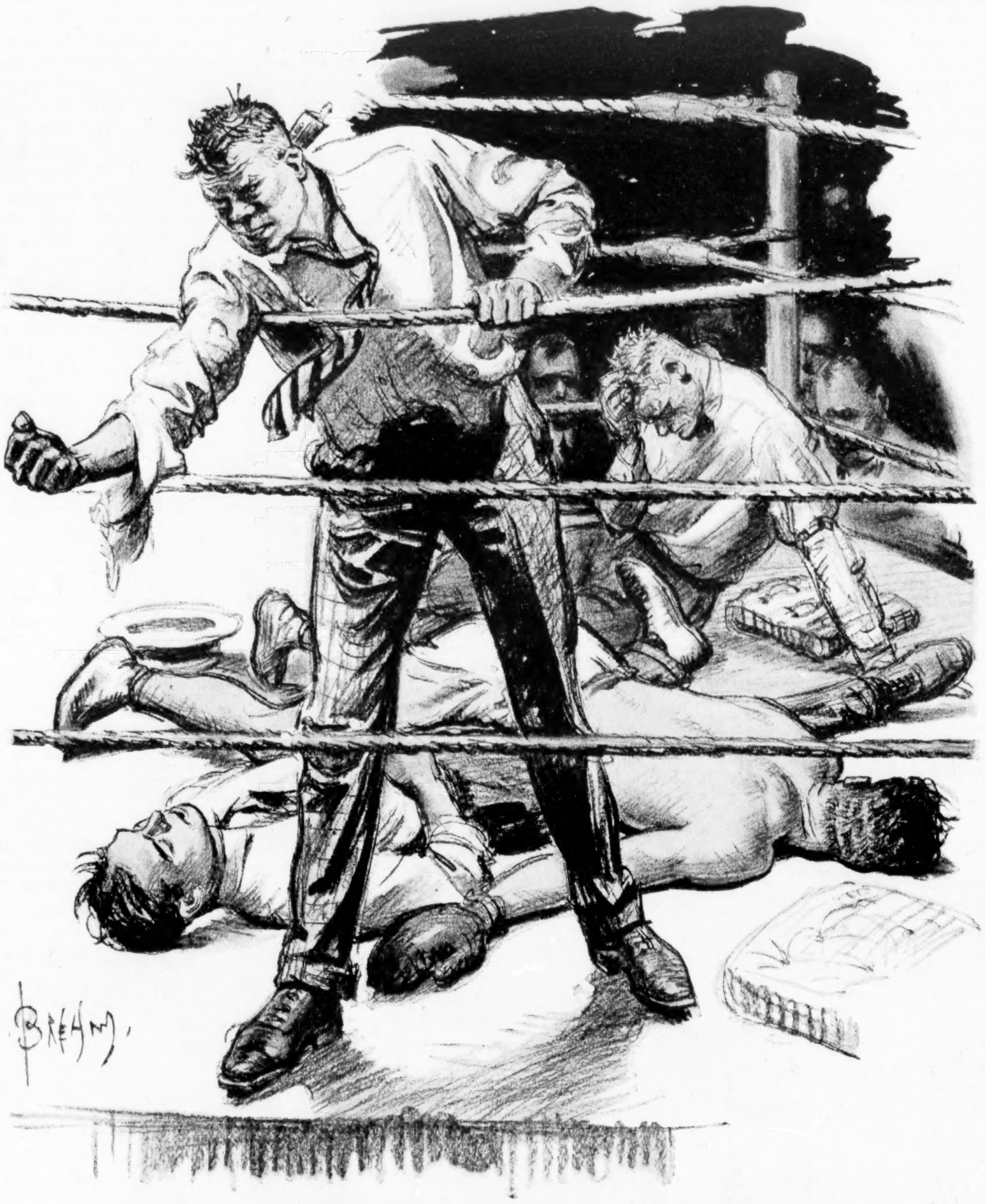
Fighting Back—Round 12

ABOUT thirty-six hundred months ago, Mr. W. Shakespeare, which refused time and time again to appear in the movies, ride in an airplane, operate a typewriter, attend the Ziegfeld Follies, or speak over the radio, fin'ly bowed to public demand and consented to write the followin':

> That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
> If with his tongue he cannot win a woman!

Well, that's all right as far as it goes, but, like a bookkeeper's wages, it don't go far enough, what I mean. For one thing, there's much more girls prowlin' gracefully around now than there was in the noted year of 1600 A. D., which, as the initials shows, was All Different. Maybe in *them* days you could *talk* your ways into the tender hearts of what ladies hadn't made other arrangements, but in the current year mere conversation will get you nowheres with the skin you love to touch!

By a odd coincidence, the modern damsel's motto is that actions talk more vociferous than remarks. She craves to hear, "I love you!" every bit as well as Eve did, but she demands some *proofs* of that highly popular method of gettin' her kind attention. In the olden times a well-placed kiss would satisfy the litle woman that you was maniacal about her, and you could get away with murder. But that's all damp to-day. Instead of bein' the golden band which shows the world you're her lord and master, the weddin' ring is a platinum hoop through which hubby has got to jump when wifie says so, or she absolutely won't play!



The bloodthirsty Ptomaine leans over the ropes and howls for more victims

I could give you a round million examples of this, but we'd both be crazy to waste that much time. So let's be content with the case of Kane Halliday, once a guest of Mr. Yale's little place at New Haven and later known as Kid Roberts, heavyweight champion of the world.

After punchin' the English champ, Guardsman Blue, incoherent in four hysterical rounds, the Kid made up our minds that he was ripe to quit the boxin' racket forever and a day. The young man wished to devote his entire time and attentions to the difficult feat of winnin' back his comely bride, Dolores, which had just been balloted bodily into the State Senate and was A. W. O. L. from the dear old family hearth. Dolores liked pugilism and pneumonia the same way, and her first official act as a female solon was to introduce a bill which would make boxin' a worse crime than throwin' a cobble at Coolidge. This uncalled-for double-cross goaled her supporters, the Kid's friends—fight fans, boxers, promoters, seconds, trainers, and the like—which had voted Dolores into the Senate simply because she was the spouse of their idol, the world's heavyweight champion. These eggs naturally looked to the Kid to show Dolores that her antiscuffle measure was all out of order—a matter as easy as stoppin' Niagara's Falls with a sternly upraised hand and the word "Halt!"

IT WAS that meelee with Guardsman Blue, in which Kid Roberts was on the canvas himself before he got indignant and flattened the jolly Guardsman, that convinced the Kid he was about through as a first-class fighter. His hands had turned brittle, his timin' of blows and ring generalship was somethin' pitiful, and it was becomin' harder and harder for him to get in condition for a tough battle. There was nothin' surprisin' about that and it wasn't loose livin' which was wearin' Kid Roberts down either. Old Father Time's ceaseless wallops was beginnin' to tell, that's all!

The milk-fed, blue-blooded Dolores, as rich as a cream puff and as beautiful as her hubby's straight left, had angrily walked out on the Kid when he coldly turned down her proposition to live on her sugar and pulled on the gloves to accumulate another bank roll in place of the one he'd shot payin' off his dead father's debts. But, whilst havin' important money, Kid Roberts was now more than willin' to leave the ring flat, the idea of his delicious helpmeet bein' in politics was just as unappetizin' to him as him bein' a box fighter was to her. In fact, gentle readers, it was torrid arguments on this subject in the past which had ruined any chance of them gettin' together. But with the Kid all set to do his wife a favor and swear off breakin' noses, he felt the least she could do in return was to meet him half ways by throwin' up her job in the Senate. Kid Roberts figured she'd have to do it eventually, so why not now?

How the so ever, the confident Kid reckoned without his hostess. Hurt by his previous refusals to forget about the manly art of self-defense for her sake and all hopped up over her win at the polls, which she expected like she expected to become Queen of Siam, Dolores was the exact opposite of anxious to give up her brand-new honors at what she considered a mere wave of the hand from her formerly indifferent husband. Womanlike, she thought Kid Roberts had a little more punishment comin' to him, and that she rated much coaxin' and plenty pettin' before she'd kiss and make up.

Well, even though they're full of the best intentions in the world, there's *some* masculines which just ain't got a hobby of goin' down on their knees whilst beggin' your pardon. Kid Roberts was one of 'em, and that's what caused the little incident with which I'm now goin' to drive dull care away from your door.

As I'd handled the Kid in as many battles with his wife as I'd went behind him in his brawls in the ring, he requested the slight boon of my presence at the big powwow with Dolores. There was nothin' phenomenal in that—I was well known to 'em both.

WELL, as usual, Mr. Conference started off beautiful and wound up pitiful! I got no serious objections to givin' you a short account of it, as I know you're all just dyin' to hear what was said and done. Stop me if you've heard this.

"Why—why, *Kane!*" breathes Dolores, as she lamps her former fireside companion.

Kid Roberts stares at his charmin' opponent like she was Eve and he was Adam. Neither of 'em give *me* a tumble.

"Dolores!" he says, a bit dreamily.

So far, everything is jake. Then the fun begin!

"Sweetheart, I've thrown away my boxing gloves forever!" says the Kid.

They clinch and no referee in the world would of had the heart to break 'em—no kiddin'.

"That's the best news I've heard since my election to the Senate," says Dolores, the photograph of happiness; "I'll send Jimpson right over to your hotel for your things—" she stops, blushin'. I started to street myself, but the Kid stops me by flickin' a eyebrow, a old signal between us.

"Of course, dear, this means that you'll resign from the Senate at once, doesn't it?" asks Kid Roberts, like he's merely statin' a fact they both take for granted.

The prettiest face I ever seen loses the joyful smile with the speed of radio or light—whichever's the fastest. Dolores kind of squares her lovely shoulders and emits a frown.

"Why, Kane," she says softly to her sparrin' partner, "I cannot see why my career in politics should be interrupted or—or how it might jeopardize our happiness in any way. Many professional women are happily married and—"

"And you expect me to discard my title of world's champion to be known merely as the husband of the—er—famous Dolores Halliday, state senator?" butts in the Kid, two miles above the height of sarcasm.

"I do not expect you to do *anything* you do not want to do, Kane—you never have, you know!" says Dolores coldly.

That got the desired results, and the panic was on!

Rather than try your patience further with a punch-by-punch account of this little family workout, I'll just touch on the high lights, as we have some other matters to take up before recess.

Steamed by his frau's catty remark to the effects that he always wished his own way, Kid Roberts hotly accused her of knifin' the voters whose ballots elected her, by introducin' bills against boxin'. Dolores come back with equally heavy artillery and the fun waxed fast and furious, comin' to a raucous close with a ton of grief for both, as of yore. Dolores was weepin' and the Kid gnashin' his pearly teeth when they parted, with nothin' further between 'em than a heartily banged door!

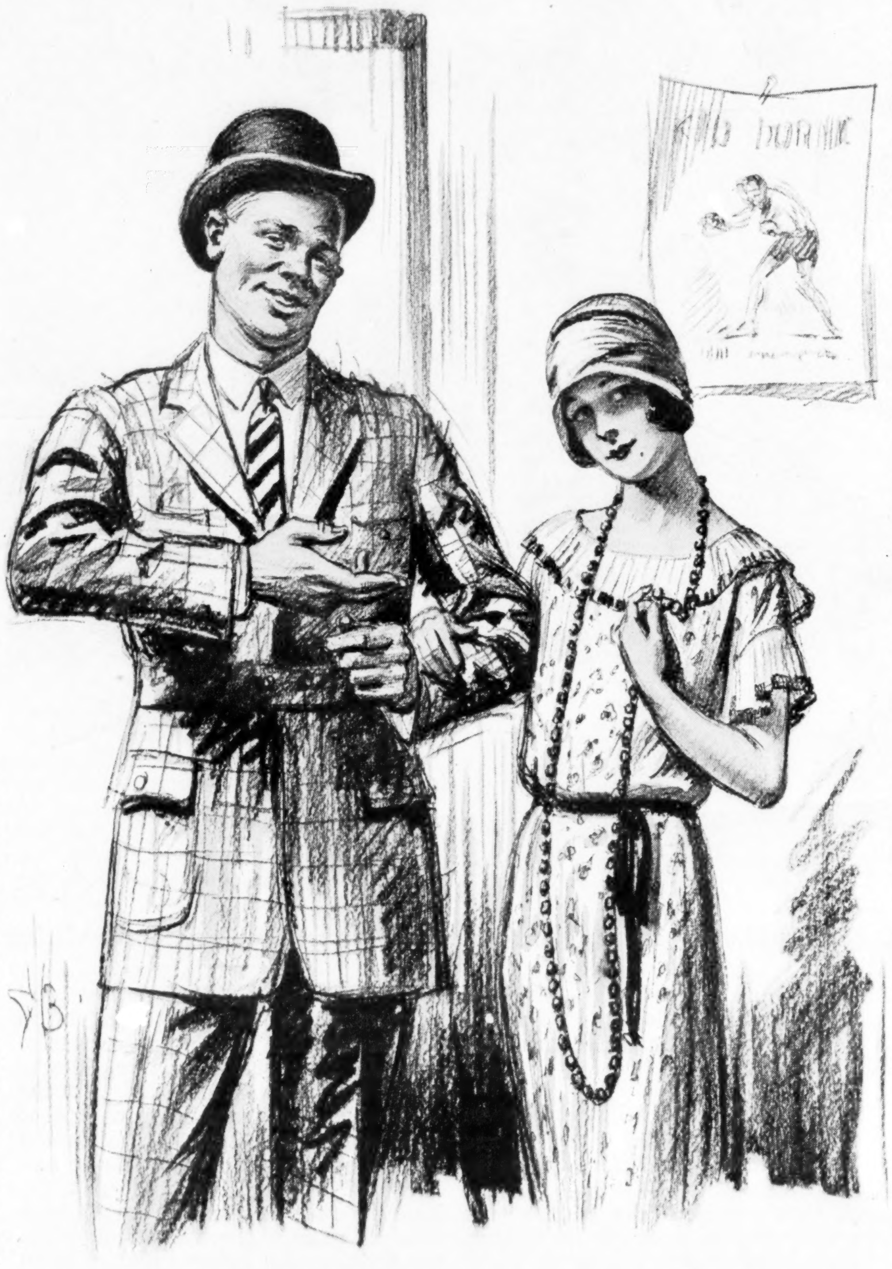
IN THE meanwhile a new and sensational heavyweight has flashed across the boxin' horizon in what I'll call a spectacular fashion. This big blah was known far and wide as the "Fightin' Sheek," for the main reasons that he's supposed to be a full-blooded Arabian of important birth. The name his admirin' parents made him a present of was somethin' no announcer could cope with, so he's slappin' 'em stiff under the tasty cognomen of "Jack Thomas." Hon. Thomas, which stood six foot seven inches with his wavy hair brushed back, and weighed two hundred and forty-five pounds after a shave, had dumfounded Europe and South America by a uninterrupted series of one-round knockouts of the foreign heavies. As we all know, knockin' out foreign heavies is only givin' 'em what they've learned to expect. Still, turnin' the trick in one frame ain't exactly a common practice, at that—most of 'em don't last *that* long, what I mean.

Well, to the New York fight promoters, always willin' to take the best of it, this Samson of the desert looks like a ham bone looks to a Airedale. Mr. Jack Thomas is the find of the century! As far as the nude eye can see, there ain't nobody in the good old U.S.A. which is capable of givin' the world's champion, Kid Roberts, as much as a good, stiff workout, and the promoters reason rightly that, regardless of whether or not Thomas is a bum, he'll certainly do till one come along. They figure that the international flavor of a bout between the Arab and Kid Roberts would pack even Central Park to its furthest shrubbery—picture the publicity value of a properly built-up fightin' sheek!

A cloudburst of cables descends on Thomas and his manager, which is boundin' around sweet old England, flattenin' the divin' Joe Becketts and the like as fast as they come along. It's triple easy to sell the battlin' and money-lovin' Arabian the idea that he should see America first, particularly when a guarantee of $100,000 for a set-to with Kid Roberts is served up pipin' hot with the courteous invitation. Then the boys which loves to keep the manly art—and their bank accounts—alive comes cuddlin' up to me and Kid Roberts. For the paltry favor of pushin' this Jack Thomas loose from his reputed equilibrium we could have anything our little hearts desired—try and get it!

Should they of sit up all night plannin' ways and means, the fight promoters couldn't of approached the champion at a better time to do business. The Kid was as hot as a saxophone player and no mistake. The refusal of his wife to forget about politics had him fit to be chained to a post, and the sport writers' printed remarks about him bein' a "burnt-out, battle-scarred veteran" turned him redheaded. All his resolutions went by the board and in less than a week the fumin' Kid Roberts signs to cuff Jack Thomas for $300,000—win, lose, draw, or what have you?

About this time the boxin' game was gave one of the biggest boosts it ever got since David stopped Goliath with a punch. Said boost was the complete retirement from the ring of Ptomaine Joe, champion canvas kisser of the world and its suburbs. A weaklin' of two hundred pounds, Ptomaine was chief sparrin' partner, private bodyguard, and cook for Kid Roberts—likewise, this Patsy was the undisputed trainin' camp clown and the curse of my otherwise pleasant enough existence. For no good reason, Ptomaine fastened on us like a barnacle at a Canadian lumber camp, where the Kid began stagin' his sensational comeback, and since then I'd been eagerly tryin' to get rid of him. I might as well of tried to get rid of heart disease! A victim of the ambition to become a champion leather pusher, Ptomaine enticed me into sendin' him to the post in a few preliminary bouts against similar boloneys which couldn't beat a rug. They was all Dempseys against *this* mug, how the so ever, and in five starts Ptomaine had buried his homely pan in the rosin dust exactly five times. There's a record for the boys to shoot at for some time to come! A perfect percentage—not a single win in a entire career in the ring. Hot puppy!



"Meet the wife—don't laugh!" says Ptomaine

THIS parsnip, which would of carried off first, second, and third prize in any open contest for a exhibition of lunacy, seeks me out in the trainin' camp one day.

"Hold everything," he says, "and get set for a shock!"

"On your way, Ignorant!" I answers, the height of courtesy. "I wouldn't loan you a nickel if I had two more than there is in the mint!"

"And I wouldn't ask you for one if I knowed where I could buy a steam yacht with it," says Ptomaine. "You'd think you was a payin' teller durin' your spare time—always talkin' about money. If—"

"Come to the point and be done with it, will you?" I butt in harshly.

"You don't give me the opportunity," complains Ptomaine. "It's a wonder you ain't on the board of pardons—you never let nobody finish a sentence."

"That wins," I says, throwin' up my hands. "Do your stuff and make it snappy."

"Well," says Ptomaine, "what I wished to state was 'at the fight industry will have to crawl along without *my* valuable service from now on. I'll never pull on another boxin' glove as long as I'm allowed to breathe! If Kid Roberts was wise, he'd quit the game, too, and let this Arabian punk content himself with shadow boxin'. Old Father Time is beginnin' to tell on the champ, just like it is on me. We're pretty much alike."

"Under the arms," I says. "Y' know, Ptomaine, you always been a puzzle to me, at that. You seem to be poison in a rough and tumble. I've saw you baffle a dozen guys in free-for-alls. How is it that *one* man seems to be just one too many for you?"

"They ain't nothin' mysterious about 'at," says Ptomaine. "One man was just one too many for Abel too!"

Well, before another couple of weeks had visited us and departed, Ptomaine Joe, the man of a thousand surprises, hands us shock number two and this one was more astoundin' than his welcome resignation from the prize ring. It had always been a mental, moral, and physical impossibility for this huge yokel to view a cutey without stumblin' madly in love, regardless of the lady's age, looks, or social standin'. Ptomaine had tried to make countesses and cooks, maids and widows, schoolgirls and grandmothers. This maniac played no favorites—he loved 'em all!

In the past Ptomaine had registered no more success as a knight than he had in a fight. The girls was highly entertained, but by no means infatuated with this big jobbie's comical capers, mountainous hulk, giggle-fetchin' profile, and dumbell cracks. How the so ever, bad luck with the women didn't cause Ptomaine to give up as much as a ounce of hope. He figured it was all fun, and at last his persistence was rewarded in a way to satisfy the most exactin'!

KID ROBERTS sends Ptomaine up to his wife's home with a note one day, and that day was either the luckiest or the unluckiest in Ptomaine's life. Whilst deliverin' the message, he crossed the path of Dolores's pretty French maid Yvonne, and a tasty number she was too, like the ones you see in the plays and movies—and nowheres else. Our unhandsome hero run right to past performances and fell for Yvonne like Anthony crashed for the noted Cleo. In fact, when Ptomaine staggered back to the trainin' camp he was "drunk with love," as he put it himself. One of the first things he done was to buy a armful of books on the subject of Yvonne's kind of difficult language, includin' "French in Fifteen Minutes." Assisted by these, what Frog he picked up in Paris as the result of the draft, and his wild cravin' for Yvonne, Ptomaine starts in a busy campaign for that damsel's heart.

Well, boys and girls, *this* time Ptomaine got service! He strutted in on the open-mouthed camp one afternoon with his chest out three lineal feet and the shyly blushin' Yvonne on his arm.

"Meet the wife—don't laugh!" says Ptomaine.

Frankie Finn and One-Round Fay, two of the Kid's sparrin' partners, looked from the eye-widenin' Yvonne to Ptomaine's fearful features and then turned away, shakin' their bullet heads in silent wonderment. When Kid Roberts recovers from this typical case of unexpectedness, he smiles and bows to Yvonne, crackin' somethin' in her own tongue which makes the gal flush with pleasure. Then he shakes Ptomaine's hand heartily and wishes him the thing the grinnin' Ptomaine was goin' to need most—luck!

"Well, Ptomaine," I says with a sigh of deep relief, as Kid Roberts walks away, "I'm certainly fearful delighted that you're now off *my* hands and in charge of somebody else for life. You couldn't of done nothin' which would please me better than gettin' wed. Eh—what are you and Yvonne goin' to use for money?"

"I ain't annoyed about money, you sarcastical monkey," growls Ptomaine. "And besides, Yvonne ain't exactly no pauper and she's got a good job to boot. We're sittin' pretty, and in due time, after I've rested up from the rush and bustle of the honeymoon, I can win myself a job as a chef anywheres. I ain't one of them stuck-up husbands which is too proud to work after they're married!"

Payin' not the slightest of slight attention to the loud guffaws of the Kid's handlers, Ptomaine then proudly relates how he made Yvonne see her ways clear into committin' the lunatical act of marryin' him.

"Needless delays and a faint heart is what beat me with the women in the dim past," he (*Continued on page 22*)

“Let's Try Goin' Along With 'Em”

By Whiting Williams

Whiting Williams is in overalls again in order to tell Collier's readers what's going on among the workers. In the B. & O. railway shops he has found a big story. A great railroad is now at peace. Company and men have substituted coöperation for fighting, and both are drawing dividends from good will. Teamwork? They're “a-rarin' to go.” Here's the story.

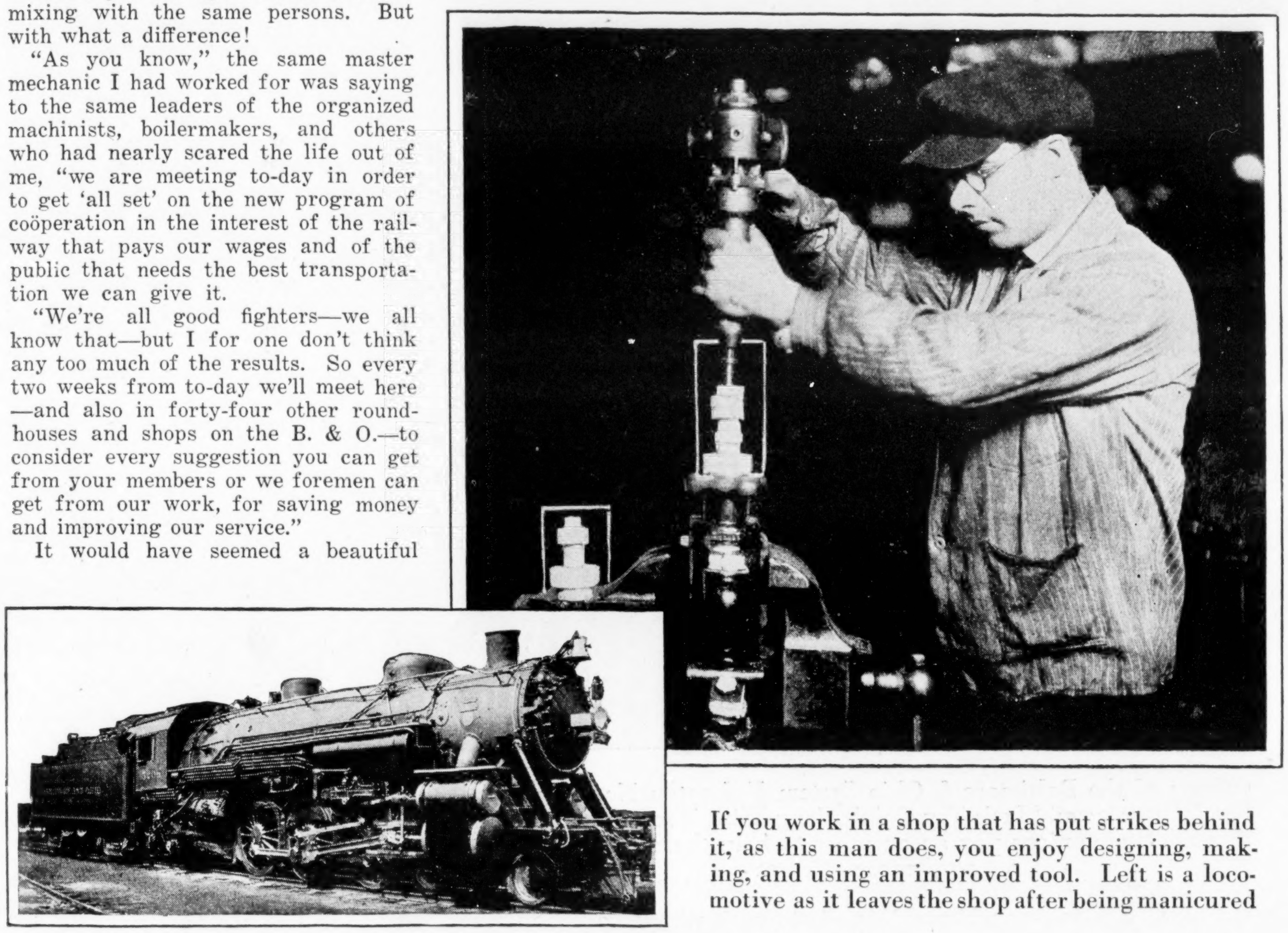
“COURSE we guys on the outside ain't got no idea *exactly* how many ‘scabs’ like you gets killed when the dynamite goes off in there where you're goin' to work. But take it from me, bo, it sure does make one hell of a noise!”

I'll never forget those words of welcome whispered into my ear by a striking railway machinist in September, 1922, when, as a tough-looking laborer (in reality a Collier's observer), I arrived at Garrett, Ind.

Recently I was again at Garrett and mixing with the same persons. But with what a difference!

“As you know,” the same master mechanic I had worked for was saying to the same leaders of the organized machinists, boilermakers, and others who had nearly scared the life out of me, “we are meeting to-day in order to get ‘all set’ on the new program of coöperation in the interest of the railway that pays our wages and of the public that needs the best transportation we can give it.

“We're all good fighters—we all know that—but I for one don't think any too much of the results. So every two weeks from to-day we'll meet here—and also in forty-four other roundhouses and shops on the B. & O.—to consider every suggestion you can get from your members or we foremen can get from our work, for saving money and improving our service.”



If you work in a shop that has put strikes behind it, as this man does, you enjoy designing, making, and using an improved tool. Left is a locomotive as it leaves the shop after being manicured

It would have seemed a beautiful dream—beautiful but impractical—if I hadn't just come from a few days in the great Glenwood shop near Pittsburgh, where railway manager and railway man have for more than a year been cooking up so good a dish of practical coöperation that the whole Baltimore & Ohio system has arranged to sit up to the same table.

Take a Look at This Engine

PERHAPS it's because the murders, miseries, and other bitternesses of the great railroad strike of '22 made me sick of our industrial civil wars. Perhaps, too, my days and nights in roundhouse, steel plant, and shipyard have made me “fed up” with the huge mass of mutual ignorance, suspicion, and “w'at da hell?” carelessness which blights so much of modern industry. Whatever the reason, I want to say that the Glenwood shops gave me the most delightful shock of my life—so much so that I hardly know how to tell about it. How can you speak calmly and critically of going among hundreds of black and sweaty men who show such a heart's-bottom spirit of enthusiasm for their work, their company, and their joint and several missions in life that you have secretly to make faces behind your hand in order to keep down the lump in your throat?

“Now take a good look at this engine,” a pipe fitter, for instance, whispered to you. “Looks like hell, don't she? But here's the schedule. See? She's to go out on her run two hours from now. Come around then and you'll see some engine! Oh, boy!”

“Just wait till I finish this boring here,” a machinist begs of you with one hand on his drill and another on your sleeve. “In a minute I'll show you this tool that I invented—it's my part of all this here coöperation idea toward makin' the B. & O. into the ‘Best and Only.’ Cuts down this operation—this tool does—from seven hours to two.”

“I've got the best gang o' workers you ever saw,” a foreman brags. “If one of 'em so much as slows down before the whistle blows, you get a box of cigars. And three minutes before startin' time, you'll find 'em with every fire goin' full steam ahead, standin' with their aprons on, just a-rarin' to go!”

“A-rarin' to go!” That's certainly the word, when under every boiler and by every fire and machine, officials, foremen, and workers compete with each other in boasting who has the best boss, the best gang, and the best job. Every few minutes I thought I'd wake up—or else discover that the place had been “planted” in advance for me with fake loyalty and enthusiasm. But if anything like that had been done, it would probably have included the roundhouse—and there I found very little of the new coöperative spirit because all the year's effort has been on the big “back shop” where the great engines are run in for their “heavy” repairs.

“For years I have dealt with the unions because anything else appeared impractical,” is the way President Willard explained to me the new get-together program when it started a year ago. “Now I have accepted the offer of President William H. Johnston of the International Association of Machinists and of President Bert M. Jewell of the Railway Shop Crafts of the American Federation of Labor. That means that instead of simply accepting them because there is nothing else to do, I have engaged to work with them, and they with me up to the very fullest possible extent. They will have a year at Glenwood in which to prove what can be done.”

“Thus saving considerable expense and delay”—that is the most common expression I found in the minutes of the meetings in which managers and union heads discussed and adopted all sorts of improved ways of handling tools, distributing materials, bettering ventilation, posting schedules of cost and progress, etc.

“That gang there,” so one foreman explains, “is getting twice as much in wages per hour as one year ago, but the work they are turning out costs per unit almost exactly half what it did then. Pleased? I'll say we all are!”

“See this card?” explains another, as he points to a bulletin posted where every member of the shop can read it. “D'ya see how we've lowered costs by this one item of using old material where a year ago we would have used new? There it is—‘total savings to date $4,457.69.’ ”

It is such testimony that led to those forty-five roundhouse and shop meetings all over the system on March 5. For at Glenwood the year saw the halving of the material expense per employee and also of the behind-schedule delays, together with a two-thirds reduction in the average in-shop sojourn of locomotives.

The workers themselves through their unions are paying an engineer who helps on these problems—Captain O. F. Beyer, Jr., by name. They certainly are doing their full part in the new fifty-fifty arrangement.

“I showed this chart here to the local union leaders,” a department head explains. “It shows that costs in that department suddenly jumped up a few weeks ago. You see, a furlough had caused the lay-off of my best workers, while their places were taken by others who had less experience in this work though greater seniority rights to the job. Well, the leaders persuaded the inexperienced workers to waive their seniority rights, accept the furlough themselves, and allow their better trained though shorter service buddies to return. Can you beat that for coöperation?”

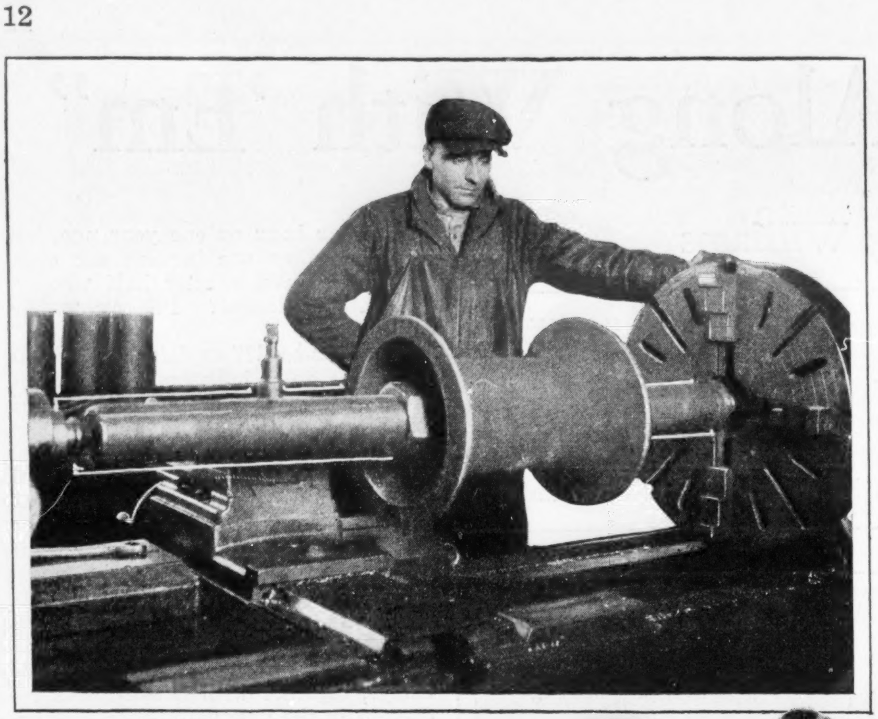
“It's a pleasure *now* to be a foreman,” another confided. “A year ago I had to give most of my time not to the fine points of my job, but to fixing up grievances. To-day all these troubles are handled outside the joint coöperative committee—though there don't seem to be any worth mentioning. I guess we've all been taking the ‘nag’ out of management, all right!”

“Before this plan started,” one of the men's leaders told me, “the bosses razzed us committeemen because we got results, and our own lodge members razzed us because we didn't. It was hell! To-day life's worth living again. We're goin' along with each other instead o' buckin' each other. We was just a-scared of each other then, seems like. To-day we know each other. I reckon that's all.”

Fit the Engine to the Engineer

IT IS through such leaders that several groups of workers have asked their foremen to discharge—or at least place in other departments—workers who prove unfriendly to the new plan or unable to keep the pace which the gang has set for itself. And, mind you, not one of these gangs is working by piece rate!

“Your tailor was blamed particular to fit this coat to you, wasn't he?” one of the shop heads said to me as we watched a gang give the finishing touches of their “manicuring” to one of the division's crack engines, while one of its crack engineers waited impatiently to climb up into the cab and run it down to the station for hooking on to the road's crack train. “Well, let me tell you something: that tailor of yours wasn't any more particular about fitting that suit to you than I am to fit that engine there to this en-



"Just wait until I show you the tool I invented. It cuts down this operation from seven hours to two"

gineer here—and both of them to their train and its job."

It pretty much gave me the answer to the question I have been studying at first hand these last few weeks. "How did 1922's biggest and bitterest strike in railway history come to be followed in 1923 by a most outstanding experiment in coöperation and also by the first dividend of several years upon the common stock of the experimenting railroads?"

The scheme of substituting coöperation for fighting has not been attempted before because conditions were nowhere ripe for such a revolutionary step. Boiled down, the plan means the discard of an age-old but overworn industrial tool. For years the holders of jobs have used that one weapon—namely, their job, with their threat to quit it. For years also the givers of jobs have used that same weapon—the job, with the threat of *making* their workers quit it. In this new plan, managers and men are trying to make the job into something better than the basis of a threat of war and all the costly tears and bitter heartbreaks and hatreds of war. They hope to build it into a platform of craftsmanship and soul-deep self-respect and pride for the worker and the manager alike, of prosperity for the owners of the road, and of service and satisfaction for the customer—the public.

You Can't Highball This Shop

AND they know, all of them, that to fulfill this magnificent hope they must work everlastingly for one thing—namely, *the steady job*. Only with its aid can they answer the objection every worker is likely to present:

"Work our heads off for three weeks or months and so sweat ourselves into a lay-off for the fourth! Is that the idea?"

More than a few well-intentioned craftsmen have had to pay good money into the union treasury for carelessness along this line in the old days before the unions found this new way of tackling the job of lessening the bane of the shopman's life: the furlough.

"What you tryin' to do? 'Highball' this shop and put us all out of work? Cut it out! Go slow! That's what I've been told a lot of times in the old days," one worker whispered. "In one place I went so strong on the job that before I could leave town with my union card of good standing I had to pay a fine of $25!"

Our railroads are almost as afflicted as our coal mines and our building trades with the blight of that well known "peak-and-trough" disease—of weeks or months of hectic overwork followed by other months of dreary, demoralizing underwork and out-of-work. When Mr. American Shipper wants cars he wants them *when* he wants them and *where*—exact. So, to please us, every railroad has to keep engines and cars and shops and men waiting around for the peak load of our demand. Besides all the cost of these idle, rusting millions, there is a huger cost in the way of all the accidents and delays which are caused by the careless and defective work of unhappy, demoralized, on-again, off-again railway workers.

So the first paragraph of the agreement signed by the management and the shop-craft heads starts the big push for bridging that costly and demoralizing trough of idle equipment and jobless men with its "Program intended to help toward the stabilization of employment."

Already, something like 8,000 cars, which used to be sent out and off the road for repairs, are now being handled at home and, as far as possible, during the duller periods. Much material that once was junked is also made over into perfectly good bolts and nuts and other useful material at points where work can be put forward most strongly in slack times. Much more important, a number of locomotives, according to the plan, are now being held for modernizing and virtual rebuilding during the weeks when the demand for regular or running engine repairs is below par.

A second line of defense for the steady job is also being discussed. This would be an agreement that, once the exactly right number of year-around men was discovered by a study of experience, the later peaks of expansion, as shown by a high percentage of cars and engines in use, would be handled, not by taking on new and temporary men, but by longer hours at proper rates; while the troughs were allowed to bring short working days shared properly by all the regular force.

Now, not one of these plans can be made to work without a lot of pulling together and a vast lot of confidence between pullers. But—and this is why I'm certain of the plan's success—it is exactly this confidence, this indispensable confidence, in each other of which I have been finding "nothing else but" all over the whole B. & O.

Officers of the Baltimore & Ohio System Federaton No. 30, which has for its slogan, "Let's Try Goin' Along With 'Em." The workers through their unions pay an engineer to help them in making the road more efficient

Where Uncle Dan Begins

"NOT because you feel compelled to do it, but because you *want* to do it," is the way a request for increased economy and courtesy throughout the system was once concluded by President Daniel Willard. The men themselves took it up as a slogan just as they did his earlier request that everyone connected with the road should think of himself as a member of "one big family," charged with the joy rather than the mere job of remembering that "our passengers are our guests."

"When somebody says: 'Well, Uncle Daniel Willard says it's so and so,' that's where the argument stops." So a switch tender in a big terminal gave me what is, of course, the real reason why the national unions picked the B. & O. for their big after-the-strike experiment in mutual faith.

How "Uncle Daniel" makes his leadership count over every rail length of his five thousand miles of track would make a story in itself—and one worth reading in these days when many of the billions of the cost of strikes and other industrial conflicts are the result of management's failure to *lead* men instead of trying to *drive* them—to get them to do things because they *want* to do them. But the point just here is that because both workers and managers unite in believing in the same one leader, they find it easy to unite in believing in and going along with each other.

A Perfect Circle of Help

"NO," I says to him, "I ain't connected with the traffic department." Thus a young yard worker showed me how this team play can be expected to help the stockholders to help the managers to help the shopmen and the other boys. "But when I'm the only B. & O. man around," I says, "damn if I ain't the representative of the whole blamed system. So if you say you've got a carload of chickens you want delivered quick to Pittsburgh, you just take it from me," I says, "that I'm acceptin' 'em. So we're handlin' that car from him once a week, regular, now."

"And say, boss, if the 'Capitol'—that's our crack train—gets five minutes late"—so a dusky baggage hustler confided one night—"dis whole one big family jest nachelly begins to *pray*, seems like. Only the ha'dah we prays, the ha'dah we *works* to get that there five minutes made up."

It is of course such teamwork rather than simply the shopmen's experiment that is largely responsible for that surprising increase of 77.5 per cent in net operating income for 1923 over 1922 and the resultant dividends and other gains.

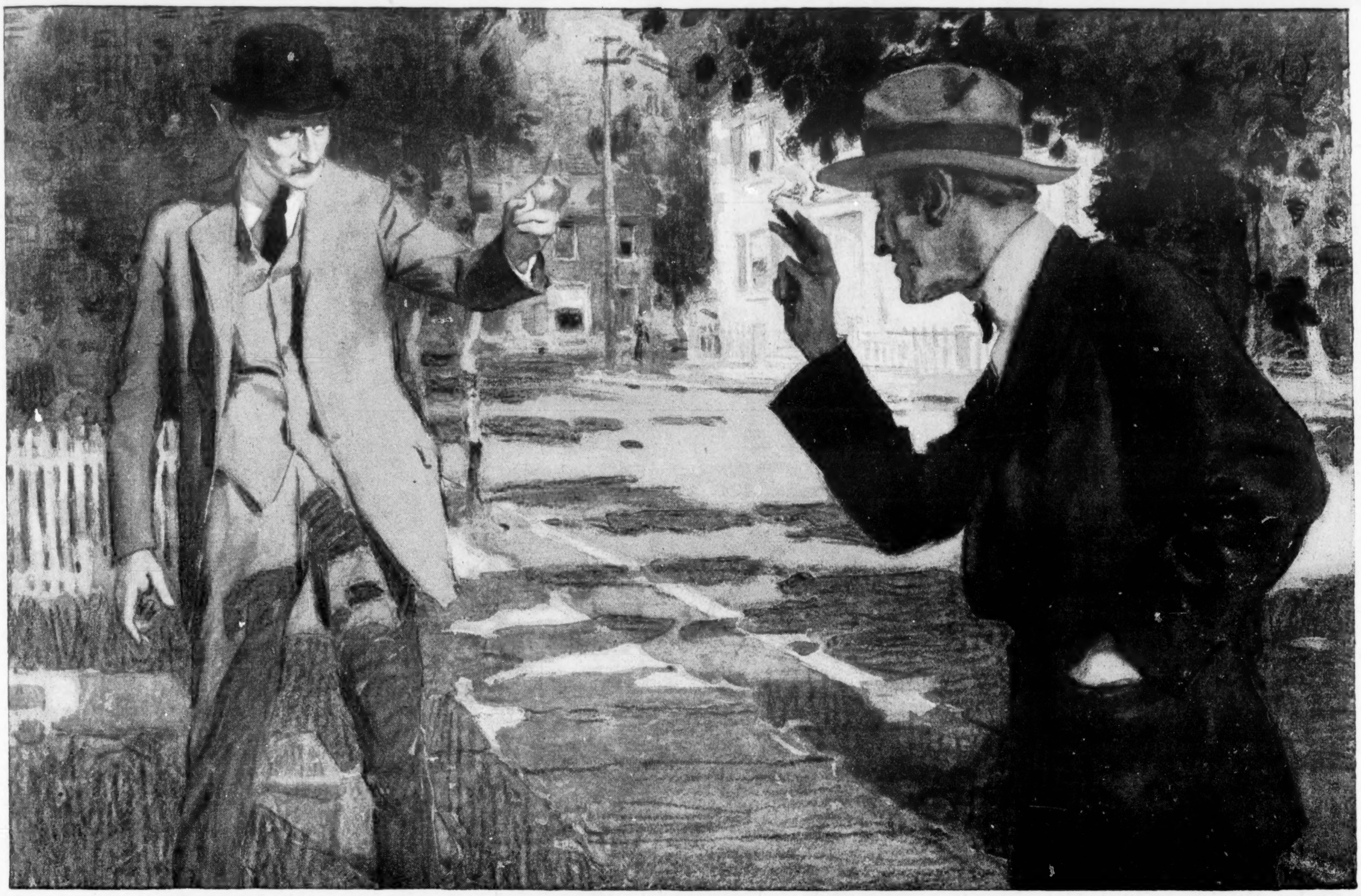
There is, of course, finally the question: "Isn't this whole scheme too good to be true? Isn't it simply a new plot to put Management under the power of Unionism?"

Well, I know the chief originators and actors in the plan on both sides. More to the point, I know—probably no one better—how all these gentlemen think and feel toward each other after their years of going against and going along with each other.

And precisely *that* is why I'm banking on the plan's going through—and helping to bring a new era into the human relations and so into the public service of our greatest industry. Still another reason is, that where an organization's income is limited by government, it stands out very plainly that increased wages can best be paid only where an increased spread between income and expenses is obtained by means of increased efficiency.

All the plan needs is the ghost of a show. Whether the plan is given that depends a lot upon that final boss of railroad manager and railroad man—the public.

I hold no brief for the owners and operators of our railroads nor for the chaps, union and non-union, who work under them. All these groups have handled each other and the rest of us badly at different times, just as we have handled them badly. As a result, bitterness and recrimination have built up a wall which makes it hard for us to dream of going along with each other—of fitting together our several parts of the big indispensable job of operating and supporting our transportation system—and doing it not because we feel compelled to do it, but because we *want* to do it. But if the unions and the managers can put aside their bitterness of years of fighting and shake hands in the thrill of their common job as servers of us, perhaps *we* servees might "horn in" for a share of that same joy of good fellowship! Already the plan is being started upon Canada's government-owned railways.



"You will, eh?" shouted Dan. "There! I've stepped on your grass. What are you going to do about it?"

The Brothers Tevis

By Charles Merz

Illustrated by Herman Pfeifer

THERE was no love lost in the Tevis family. Except for one evening, when it was too dark to recognize his brother on the street, and Dan had called out "Merry Christmas" to a man he thought a stranger, the two sons of Henry Tevis hadn't spoken to each other once in twenty years.

The whole town knew about their quarrel. You can't split families in two, in a community of three thousand people, and not expect the neighbors to take sides. Centerville had its Guelphs and Ghibellines. Will's end of the block inclined toward Dan; Dan's end of the block inclined toward Will. But on the whole Dan seemed to have more friends behind him. Will, the town thought, was a little needlessly unbending in his ways.

He was the older brother, and from his father he had inherited a law practice and a way of rolling his eyes and tugging at his mustache when he talked. A man of fifty; tall, slow-spoken, meticulous in his care to say nothing without first having given the impression he had thought it over twice. Law practice in a small town is a forced march after clients. Will Tevis hadn't prospered with the years. But he didn't forget that nowadays, as older son, he flew the colors of the family, and Sunday afternoons he wore the frock coat of his father with as much authority as its spare shoulders could command.

"Second childhood," would be Dan's comment when his brother, thus arrayed, went past the parlor windows. "Thinks he's playing a charade."

Dan was five years younger than his brother. He had the Tevis cheekbones and the Tevis trick of rolling his eyes when he was reaching for a word that wouldn't come. But he was shorter than his brother and more genial. In a way, he was the black sheep of the family. For he had declined to accept his father's counsel that he follow the law, and tried instead a dozen different trades. At forty-five he had a business of his own. It paid him well. He built a larger house than Will's, with twice as many dormer windows. No enterprise in town stood more firmly on its feet than his. But the business wasn't law. "Used goods and curios," was the way Dan's wife described it. "Junk!" was Will's more graphic phrase.

THREE hundred feet apart, the Tevis houses—and yet so wide a gulf between that four intervening buildings might have been a frontier. Nobody knew what had set these brothers quarreling at the start. Trouble dated back, some people thought, to days when Will was big enough to pummel Dan; and Dan, they said, was not the sort who'd ever have forgiven it. But that wasn't likely, other people pointed out, for there had been interludes of friendship at a later date than that. Ben Cole declared these two had fought about their father's will. But most people were inclined to doubt it; the bones of the elder Tevis left spare picking. Business rivalry was no excuse; there was no competition here. Nor was it likely that Will aspired to unlawful love of Mrs. Dan, and that Dan had found it out, or vice versa; one look at either Mrs. Tevis was proof enough of that. No one was certain where the trouble lay. Even the families had to guess at things.

"A Tevis in the junk trade! I wouldn't trust him with a nickel," was as far as Mrs. Will had ever got. "Stop pestering me about Will!" Dan would tell his wife. "You want to know 'What's the matter with him'? Do I have to tell you that? He makes me sick."

Obscure enough in its causes, of this quarrel there was no mistaking the results. The whole block from Walnut Street to Maple felt its impact. If you were raking leaves and talking with Will, and caught with a corner of your eye a swift glimpse of Dan approaching farther up the street, you had either to send Will on his way with some remark so curt that it was likely to offend him, or else invent some garden tool to search for, in the cellar, and leave both brothers to their fate.

If you were a hostess with a party on your hands, you couldn't fill your table by inviting Mrs. Dan without offending Mrs. Will—or Mrs. Will without affront to Mrs. Dan—or both without an imposition on those fellow guests who bore the brunt of stony silence when the conversations lagged. For the Tevis women, as is time-honored custom in fraternal wars, took up the cudgels for the Tevis men. Even the Tevis children, for all the light-handedness of an impartial alphabet that seated them side by side in school, had the fact impressed on them at home that there must be no fraternizing with the enemy. Millie Tevis was whisked away to the State Fair, on one occasion, to make up for her disappointment when she couldn't go to dancing school; her cousin Bess had got there first.

To the children there was a good deal of mystery in this family strife, and to the neighborhood, for all the vicarious joy of conflict and the occasional satisfaction of a choice of sides, it was something of a bore. You couldn't organize a business club or send out invitations for a wedding supper without deciding first whether you would have the Dans or Wills included in the party. If Dan joined with his neighbors to petition for a paving bill, Will was sure to block the way and hold out for the status quo.

WHEN Will brought home a radio one night, Dan gave his son a sending set that cut in on ragtime from St. Louis with a disconcerting crackle. Centerville was ready to let the brothers Tevis choose weapons for themselves. But there were times when everybody hoped that if they shot they'd shoot to kill.

What couldn't have been predicted was an accident to Will. He had been having his hair cut in Webster's basement barber shop one afternoon, and toppled over with a stroke when he climbed the steps. It didn't finish him. He was back in court within four weeks. But the unexpectedness of what had happened opened things afresh. It was time, the whole town felt, to go back and begin again.

Nobody knows, now, whether it was a peace-loving neighborhood or members of the family circle who first began negotiations. But to Will the point was strongly stressed that one stroke often follows on another's heels, and that Dan was just the sort who'd do his best to make things hard for Bess and Eddie, when no father

(*Continued on page 27*)

Teague's Hoe is a Gavel Now

By Douglas Gordon McPhee

Thirty years ago Charles C. Teague was the man with the hoe in a lemon orchard. Later he helped to take the "gamble" out of citro culture—which means lemons and oranges. He now heads the two great California fruit growers' and walnut growers' exchanges. He says the future of agriculture lies in the growers' coöperation. It means service to us all.

Charles C. Teague (right) abhors medals, but he finally accepted a gavel. A. D. Shamel (left), of U. S. Department of Agriculture, and F. A. Storey (center), ex-president of the California Fruit Exchange

CHARLES C. TEAGUE of California was standing, one winter morning, looking over his citrus orchards. Beside him stood another lemon-grower. Jack Frost had been their unbidden guest the night before, and the signs of his withering hand were plentiful.

Teague's friend turned to him and said bitterly: "I can't understand this business. Here we send our representatives to Sacramento and they vote for laws making it a crime to play poker; but we maintain a state university and a department of agriculture to encourage men to go into the fruit business—and blame me if I don't think the citrus business is a bigger gamble than a game of poker."

And Teague says the man was right. But that was several years ago. To-day the citrus industry is pointed out as the tangible demonstration of coöperation, and other industries or communities in need of economic cures are being urged to go and do likewise.

A man who has succeeded in organizing his own lemon business with the gambling element excluded, and has done as much as any other to extend the same benefits to the whole industry, is that same Charles C. Teague. Teague is to-day the president of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which markets 73 per cent of the citrous fruit grown in California. He is president, as well, of the California Walnut Growers' Association, which handles 85 per cent of the state's walnuts. He has other jobs—a list that it would weary you to read. He is president of financial, agricultural, and public service corporations in his own community and throughout the state. In each of these he is the real president. He never accepts a title without responsibility—and work.

This trait was strikingly brought out recently; when the political forces were organizing California behind a national figure who is a candidate for the presidency. Teague was informed by the campaign manager that he was to be appointed a "Regional Campaign Director" for southern California. "But I'm too busy with my own affairs," he objected.

"Never mind;" returned the politician, "you will simply be known as the director of the campaign, and your name will help us. There will be no work for you." Right here the campaign manager received a lesson from the experience of C. C. Teague.

"I cannot consider such a proposal," said the business man. "If I were to accept the designation of campaign director I should expect to be familiar with and responsible for every significant move of the campaign in my territory. I do not consider it wise or honest to accept any office without the responsibility that should go with it."

He's a Man of Many Jobs

AMONG the jobs which Teague holds is that of president and general manager of the Limoneira Ranch Company, which owns and operates the Limoneira Ranch, in Ventura County, 75 miles north of Los Angeles.

Teague is not one who cares to bask in the spotlight of public attention. He knows that he is a business man, and all efforts are in vain to get him away from the desk. The story is told —Teague doesn't deny it—of the day when a delegation of men who sway political action in California pursued him into the woods and disturbed an otherwise happy hunting trip with their demands that he accept the Republican nomination for governor—a nomination that would have been tantamount to election. Only once did public demand succeed in pulling him away from "strictly business," to become a member of the Selective Service Board to his country when the United States entered the war.

Something of the spirit that has made collective action possible and has helped to get rid of the gamble that was characteristic of the citrus industry for many years is evidenced in the policy pursued toward other lemon growers by the ranch of which Teague is the head. The Limoneira, with its 900 acres of bearing lemons, and 500 more recently set out, is not only a huge industrial enterprise but an experiment station where new methods are constantly being tried out scientifically and their results tabulated in the most careful way, through the performance record of each individual tree. Important contributions to scientific culture have been made in this way. For instance, progress has been made with the help of the Limoneira in the study of beneficial insects, which act as allies to the grower in resisting countless insect pests. But no matter whether the discovery made is a new insect army which can defeat the microscopic enemies of the lemon man, or a better way of resisting an occasional frost, the Limoneira develops it for the whole industry, and passes it on to all the other lemon growers in the state, without charge, and usually at great cost to itself.

Teague began in the humblest place —working with a hoe around the roots of the trees. In the thirty years that he has served, first as an employee and later as an executive, he has crystallized some of the lessons he has learned from his experience with men working together—in organization of many kinds.

Much of his success as an organizer he attributes to the type of men who have worked with him and he will accept credit chiefly for his constant policy of picking good lieutenants and on setting these lieutenants to work out their own salvations. Out of his experience he says:

"No man ought to accept a title without the job that is supposed to go with it.

"Workers ought to be promoted on the basis of what they can do; not how long they have been on the payroll.

"Some men fail because they want to know everything. Details are for lieutenants, not for generals.

"Be sure you have the right man for the place. Then don't worry if he makes mistakes.

"No man ought to be indispensable. If he can't train a man to take his place he can't handle the job himself.

"I know that there are many who believe in so-called 'seniority' systems," says Teague, "but my experience has convinced me that the man who shows more of the stuff of leadership and the caliber for advancement in a shorter period than his co-worker has shown in a longer term of service is entitled to promotion. I believe that such a policy leads to greater success for the organization as a whole, and the morale of its workers as well, and I think it a wise provision that whenever an executive position can be filled 'from the ranks'—that is, from those already working under that position, it shall be done, rather than by some man brought in from outside of the organization. If there is an important opening and it is filled by a newcomer, the effect is likely to be disastrous. If it is filled from those already in the ranks, there is a heartening, an encouragement, an inspiration all along the line. The result is more loyal service, more efficient work, a reduced labor turnover—a better executive too."

The production of lemons and oranges in California in 1924 will be close to 76,000 cars. The exchange of which Mr. Teague is president will handle 93 per cent of the lemons and 69 per cent of the oranges. Ten thousand growers, members of the exchanges, will handle their fruit coöperatively and the exchange agents will return to them the entire proceeds on a non-profit basis. The cost of making the sales will be only two and one-third per cent of the price received for the delivered product. Last year's walnut crop, valued at $9,000,000, was sold in thirty-six hours.

"In other lines of agriculture, where there are men of strong, constructive capabilities, these same principles may be applied," Teague says. "The experience of California has shown that if coöperation is conducted along the right lines they will succeed—and will bring great and lasting benefit to both producer and consumer.

Coöperation is the Secret

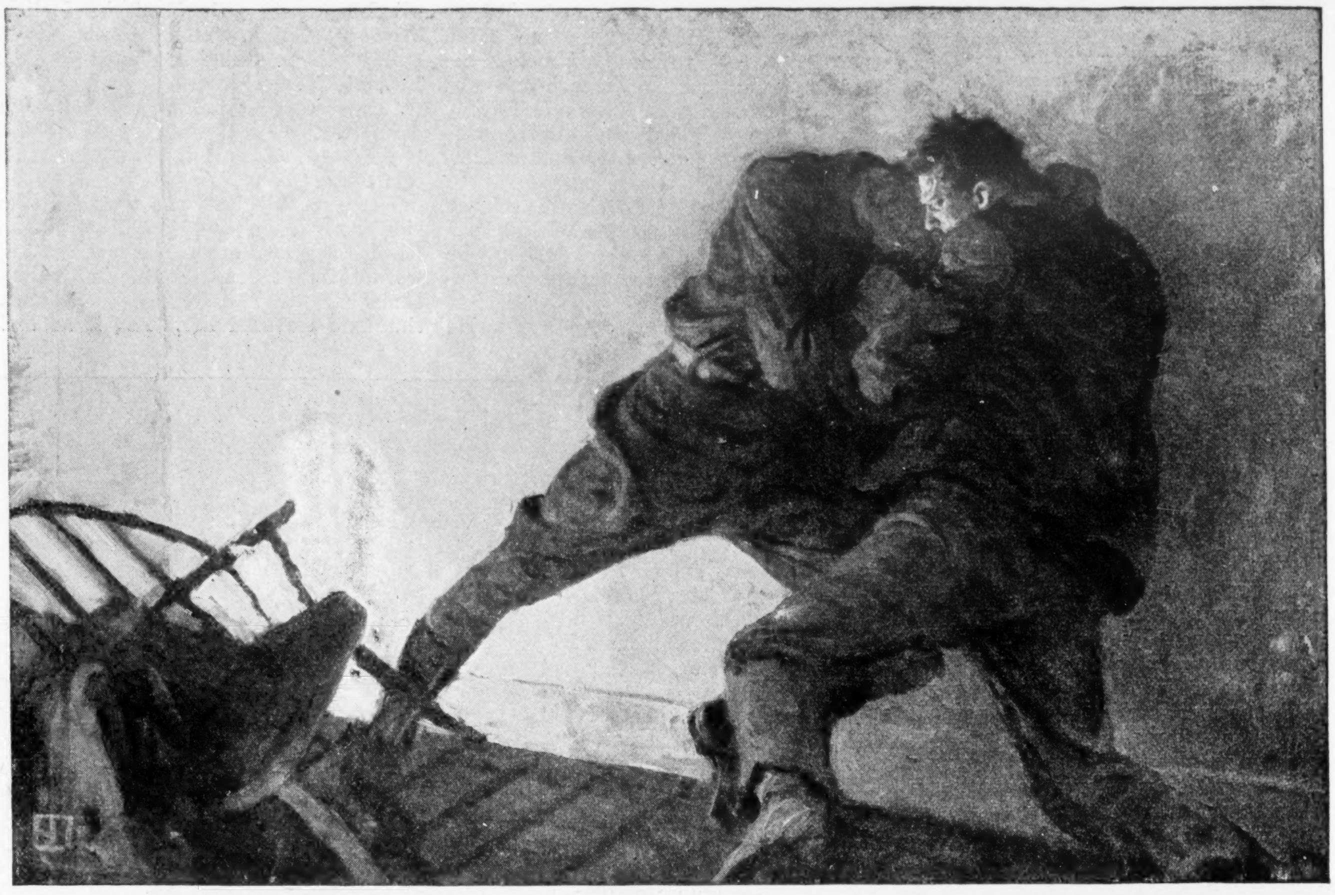
"IT SEEMS to me that the real future of agriculture—the thing that is for the best interests of the producer as well as the consumer—is the development of orderly, systematic methods of distribution that will stabilize market conditions, that will eliminate the glut and famine periods, and that will create such conditions that the producer may definitely know that he may continue to produce, and to expand his business, and depend, at the same time, upon a reasonable profit. The experience of California shows that these things may be accomplished through a system of growers' coöperation."

Few men are so well beloved in their home town. No assumption of dignity —no pretense—no outgrowing of the town where he first hoed around the lemon trees and drove his team down Main Street. They know him as just Charlie Teague—"our first citizen"— that's all.

Coming Through

By Jack Bethea

Illustrated by Harvey Dunn



Mudd and Lawler reeled from the office into the commissary, locked in a terrific struggle

Chapter X

BLACKFORD realized early that his condition was graver than the doctor would admit. At first he had asked no questions. His mind was curiously hazy and his head ached cruelly. The cold compress annoyed him and the nurse was constantly warning him not to talk.

His legs seemed mildly and not unpleasantly numb, but he thought little of that. His attention was concentrated on the mine. His first question on regaining consciousness had been who was running it.

He fretted about it. After his brief talk with Mudd he was easier, but that did not last. There were so many things to be watched. John was a marvel, but he was unfamiliar with the office. And Lawler! What was Lawler doing? And Reubens. He chafed at his thoughts. The doctor would not permit visitors, and his questions were met with soothing reassurances that failed to soothe.

He lay on his back this hot June afternoon and thought grimly. There was some mystery here. His place was at the mine. Why should he be kept in bed for a superficial injury? He could stand uncertainty no longer.

Alice was in and out of the sickroom. She was friendly, sympathetic, and anxious to ease his pain, for he suffered constantly. She ignored all that had passed between them; as for him, he could not forget. During the days when he could only lie and think he had lived the recent months over and over and he was not proud of himself.

His heart was gradually filled with a great humility. Who was he that he should have wrought so ruthlessly in the life of another?

He acknowledged the justice of her decision to return to Pittsburgh with her father. It would be better for both to have it irrevocably ended. When it was, he would do what was to be done at the mine and then—well, it didn't matter greatly. He refused to let himself think of the lonely years ahead.

At present he was feverish to get back to the mine. It had been good to know that he was overcoming difficulties, doing things other men had pronounced impossible. The newly inspired respect in Stringfellow's manner had been grateful to him. It had measured his progress toward his goal.

His body, he knew, was in a rigid bandage that swathed him from under his arms to below his waist. He could not understand it and the nurse would not explain. He must get the truth from Dr. Rawls himself.

HE SANK into a troubled nap and woke to find Alice beside him.

"How do you feel?" she asked gently.

"I'm all right. Is the doctor here?"

"He's with daddy in the library."

"Your father's still here, then. When do you and he leave?"

She hesitated and looked down at the fan in her lap. "Why—I have changed my mind," she said slowly. "I don't think I'll leave when he does."

Blackford did not show surprise. "You're not staying on my account, are you? I'll be well in a little while. You mustn't let that interfere with your plans."

"If I were you, I wouldn't talk."

"Nonsense! I'm tired of keeping still! Why shouldn't I talk? How long will it be before I can be out?"

"Perhaps you had better ask Dr. Rawls. I'll call him."

Blackford looked up impatiently as Rawls came to the bed. "Look here, Doctor! What's this all about?" he demanded. "You tell me my head is hurt and that I must be quiet for a time. I don't believe that's the whole truth. If it isn't, I want to know the rest of it."

"No need to fret, Mr. Blackford," Rawls said soothingly. "There's no hurry, you know."

"Yes, there is hurry," Blackford contradicted. "I want to know now."

"Excitement is bad for you," Rawls insisted. "Can't you lie still and relax?"

"Stop beating about the bush! I'm no child. What's wrong with me? Why am I swaddled up like this, and why can't I move my feet? If my head was hurt—"

"Your back was hurt also," said the doctor quietly. He glanced at Alice, who came over and sat on the bed. Her hand crept up to Blackford's forehead and smoothed his hair. It was the first caress he could remember since—

He sensed some blow about to fall and his impatience halted. He was silent for a minute.

"Tell me," he said at last. His voice was steady.

The nurse looked away. Rawls's eyes were sorrowful. Tears ran unrestrained down Alice's cheeks.

"Your back was hurt," the doctor repeated. "The mule landed on you hard with one hoof. It injured the nerves, and paralysis has resulted."

"Do you mean my back is broken?"

"Not that I can determine and the X-ray doesn't show it. It seems rather to be a displacement of nerve centers."

"But—but—you mean I can't walk?" said Blackford, gasping. His face was gray.

"You have no control over your legs."

"And I never will have?"

"I wouldn't say that—"

"Out with it, man! I can stand it! What I can't stand is being uncertain."

"I see no hope that you will ever be able to walk," the doctor admitted.

BLACKFORD sank back on the pillows from which he had raised himself on one arm. His immediate thought was that he would never be able to do what he had hoped—would never know the joy of full accomplishment, not even as superintendent of this mine.

He watched the doctor tiptoe out and beckon the nurse to follow. He was grateful, for he wanted to be alone. He must grasp what it meant. Never walk again! Spend his life in bed! He might live for years!

A movement at the head of his bed reminded him that he was not alone. A new bitterness swept him as he turned haggard eyes on Alice.

"So that was it! I wondered—but I never thought of that."

She flung herself down beside him. "Oh, Warren! I'm sorry!—oh, so sorry!" She caught up his hands with fierce tenderness and pressed them against her breast.

"Now I know," he said, "why you're not going back to Pittsburgh."

She snuggled closer and pressed a hand over his mouth. "No! No!" she sobbed. "It wasn't that! I love you! I love you!"

The words he would once have given his soul for only hurt him now. He did not believe them.

"No," he said, "you don't. You don't even think you do. You're sympathetic, and you think it's your duty not to leave me like this. But—" he laughed shortly—"it isn't. My God, no! I won't hear of such a sacrifice!"

Again she stopped his mouth. "It's not a sacrifice, Warren! I'm—"

He took her hand. "Once," he said gently, "I'd have believed you. But not now. I know you better now. You're just—just wonderfully fine and decent. Well, you've never seen it, perhaps, but I can be decent too."

Alice brushed away her tears and rose. She was dazed a little. She had cried out from her heart, and he wouldn't see. Was he willfully blind? Perhaps he didn't want to see. Perhaps—that girl from the mountain; was that the reason? She told herself fiercely that the girl should not have him. This broken man belonged to her, and no one else should comfort him. But—how could she do it, if he wouldn't let her?

Blackford wiped his clammy face with a handkerchief and looked at her. "Go on to Pittsburgh with your father," he said. "You'll be happy there, happier than you could have been here if I had—if this hadn't happened. You don't realize what you're proposing when you—"

"I shan't leave you."

"You'd planned to go with him."

"Yes."

"And now you won't?" she shook her head. "You've got to," he declared. "I don't want pity. I won't have pity!" he repeated.

"Warren, please don't misunderstand. I'd rather wait and talk of it again when you are more yourself. You know I couldn't leave you like this."

BLACKFORD was fighting for control. His voice was hoarse. Under its kindliness she detected an iron resolution. "I'm not misunderstanding," he said, "and I appreciate it. Heavens, yes! You mustn't think I don't. But perhaps you'll see better if you'll look at it from my selfish point of view. You haven't realized what this being stepped on—smashed like a bug—has meant to me, with—with—well, with reference to you. Just when I thought—"

He checked himself.

"Every time I'd look at you I'd think: 'She's only staying out of pity. Playing the game, that's what she's doing.'" His voice sank almost to a tired whisper. "I don't want you on those terms. I'd rather remember what I had—and squandered. To see you every day—to see you—and still to know—"

"I am here," Alice said steadily.

He looked at her, turned his head away, and gathered all his strength. "Oh, bless you!" he exclaimed. "How I'd hate myself if I took advantage of you! Call the doctor, will you?"

With Rawls came Reubens, but Blackford vouchsafed Reubens only a glance.

"I want direct answers, please," he told the surgeon. "You say I'll never be able to walk; does that mean I can't be moved?"

"Oh, no. I was merely keeping you quiet in the hope that the nerve displacement would readjust."

"Then I can sit up?"

"You can, but you are taking your life in your hands when you change positions. Any strain might be fatal to you."

"I am in a cast?"

Rawls nodded.

"Won't that keep me from strains?"

"Within reason, but in such a condition as yours, the utmost precautions are needed."

"Then you'd advise me to remain in bed?"

"By all means, or else in a rolling chair."

Blackford thought for a moment—and saw a giant negro, towering above the crowd at a bulletin board. "Well, I won't!" he said, and his jaw snapped shut.

"But, Warren!" cried Alice, "What—"

"Never mind." He turned to Reubens. "I don't suppose I've been relieved as superintendent of Cahaba, have I?" Reubens said no. "Are you still willing to give me the chance of doing what you demanded?"

"But you couldn't," said Reubens, "and we're going to take you east to a specialist."

Blackford considered for an instant. "No," he said, "you're not. I'll take Rawls's word for my condition; I'll bet your specialist couldn't do anything for me he can't do. And, at any rate, I'm still more than half a man. I've still got my head. That's not paralyzed, as far as I can tell."

"Speak to him, Doctor," Alice begged. "Don't let him—"

"I wouldn't, Mrs. Blackford, if it rested with me," said the surgeon. "But I can only advise him that he risks—"

Blackford grinned and the grin was ugly. "What do I care?" he demanded. "Alice, will you send word to the tipple that I want John Mudd at once?"

She went out with Rawls, who was touched by her distress. "You may as well humor him," he told her. "Whatever he's thinking of, lying there in that frame of mind would be as bad for him."

She sent the message and returned to her room. It seemed to be her fate, she thought drearily, to offer herself and be refused. Hours later she looked up and found her father beside her.

"Oh, Daddy," she moaned. "See—see what we have done! If it hadn't been for me—and for you—this wouldn't have happened!"

Reubens strove in vain to comfort her. From Blackford's room was coming a steady monotone of voices, his and Mudd's, the one giving orders, the other ineffectually protesting.

STRINGFELLOW, pondering over long columns of figures in Blackford's office and wrinkling his brow in disgust with what they showed, heard a heavy tread in the corridor. There was something unusual about it, and he listened; it sounded like someone carrying a heavy burden.

The door opened and Blue Gum Jim Rhodes stepped carefully over the threshold. It was what he bore in his arms that brought Stringfellow to his feet.

It was Blackford, fully dressed. The giant negro crossed the room with him and deposited him gently in his chair. The superintendent's face was gray and Stringfellow saw that he struggled with nausea, but he managed to speak quite easily to his bearer: "That was fine, Jim. I knew you could do it. It didn't hurt a bit." Then to Stringfellow: "They told me I'd never be better; and I couldn't leave the works any longer. They've simply got to have that coal at Dolomite. How is production?"

Stringfellow shook his head. "We're way behind schedule," he answered slowly. "We've run into a bunch of accidents. First there was a big fall of rock in the main heading and Lawler had to put nearly every man in the mine at work clearing it out. It had us completely blocked."

"Main heading!" Blackford echoed. "Rock fall in the main heading? I never heard of such a thing. Didn't he have the roof timbered or did the timbers give way?"

"I don't know, I'm no inside man. He told Mudd that there was a fault in the roof and that when it came down it crushed all the timbering. Anyway, it tied us up the best part of three days."

"You're working now, though, aren't you?"

"No, they're down again. They had a bad smash-up in the crusher. Got a rock out of there that weighed a couple of hundred pounds. Lawler said he couldn't take any more coal, so they called the men out after they had loaded what cars they had."

Blackford's nerves tightened. It was well that he had come. So deep was he in thought that he did not hear Stringfellow's question until it was repeated.

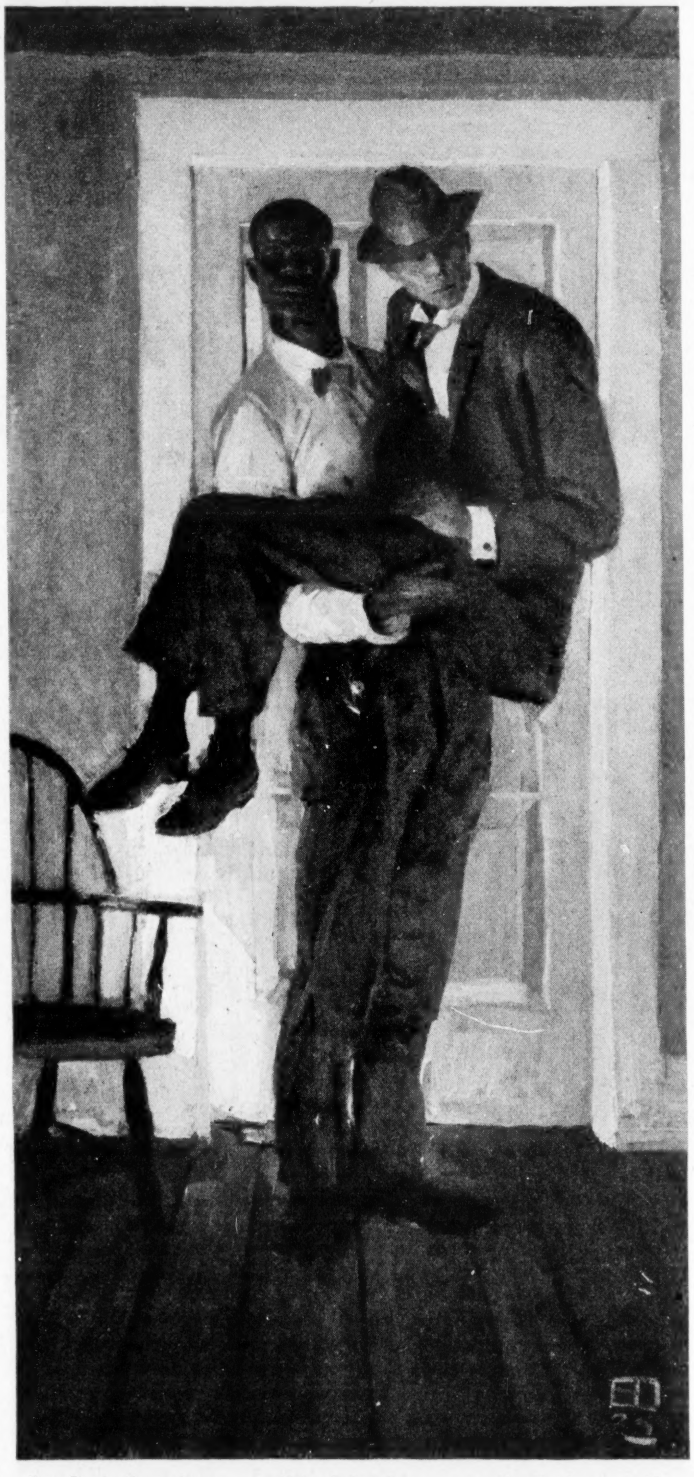
"I hope you ain't badly hurt, sir? What is the trouble?"

"They tell me I'll never walk any more," he said absently. "But as long as I've got Jim here I guess I can get around."

"They told us that only your head was hurt—" began Stringfellow sympathetically.

"That's what they tried to tell me. I don't want to talk about myself, though. Where are Mudd and Lawler? Get them, will you?"

Stringfellow hurried out, leaving him engrossed in his production sheets and Jim standing behind his chair with impassive face.



In the office doorway Blackford appeared, sitting easily in Jim's arms: "Throw him out," he said

ALICE had watched with mingled feelings as Blackford had left the house in Jim's arms. She was glad that he was not condemned to brood in bed, but chiefly she was apprehensive lest this fashion of getting about should harm him.

"Don't risk it, Warren! Don't!" she implored. "You know what the doctor said—that moving you might have serious consequences."

"Consequences don't scare me much. I don't see they could be much worse than they are. I'll go crazy if I stay in bed."

"But you might make your injury worse. You might—you might—"

"Kill myself?" he finished coolly, and she flinched at his smile as at a blow. "Worse things than that could happen. You'd be free."

"Oh," she gasped, "how can you say such a thing? I'm only trying to help—"

"I know you are. I'm sorry," he said quickly.

"Then you won't go?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go. They need me at the office. I must."

"It's only your pride."

"You can call it what you like," he said indifferently.

"Daddy and I—it isn't necessary at all for you to go! Don't be foolish, Warren. Think. Your life may be at stake. If anything happened to you, I'd be to blame."

"How would you? Nonsense! I'm doing this willingly. If anything did happen— Well, honestly, it doesn't matter, Alice."

Her eyes filled as she watched him ride easily down the steep street in Jim Rhodes's great arms. Her taunting words of that first evening in Cahaba came back to her for the thousandth time and tortured her. Ah, if he had not then made the most of his opportunities, he was doing so now!

She turned to find her father looking after him, approval in his eyes.

"The boy's got iron in his blood," he commented soberly. "I didn't come in. I thought you could manage him better if I wasn't there. He and I—"

"I couldn't do anything with him!" she cried. "I felt as if I were talking to a stranger. He hardly heard what I said."

"He's taking his life in his hands and he knows it," said Reubens, half to himself.

"And he's doing it because he doesn't understand! He doesn't care whether he lives or dies! Oh, Daddy!"

"Don't, dear. Daddy will— We'll help him do what he wants and then he'll go with us. I've sent Gower back to Pittsburgh." She looked at him inquiringly. "You were—yes, Gower admitted it; he thought he ought to be proud. He and Fain. . . . I never meant. Don't blame me, dear! I'm trying to undo it."

"I'm not blaming you," she said sadly. "What would be the use? Not even he does that. What will you do?"

"I've sent for Lawler. He won't make the same mistake as Gower and Fain. I—I'll see that the boy has no more trouble with his men."

Alice went in to wander in distraction about the house. He had promised if he felt worse to send a messenger. She kept an eye on the path to the residency and trembled when she saw someone coming. But it was Lawler. She left her father to talk with him alone.

REUBENS wasted no time. "You and I had a talk the other night. Conditions since then have changed. Those orders are canceled and I want all plans dropped. Do you understand?"

"I hear what you say, but it don't mean nothin'," Lawler answered sullenly.

Reubens stared at the tone and the words. "What do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"You can't set fire to a house and then tell the fire to please stop burnin'."

"Nothing has been set on fire."

"You know what I mean. These men are a sight worse. You wanted me to touch a match to 'em, and I done it. Now you want me to call 'em off. You can't blow hot and blow cold at the sametime—leastwise, not down here."

Lawler was not taking particular pains in choosing words. He had been warned by Gower, had known what to expect when he came up the hill.

The ironmaster's eyes kindled, and he found them disconcerting. "You can stop it if I say so," Reubens declared, "and I do."

"That's easy enough to say, but you don't have to do the stoppin' yourself. Besides, where do I come in?"

"Don't worry. You'll be taken care of as we agreed. I thought that was what was troubling you."

"No, sir, you're mistaken," Lawler said earnestly. "It ain't. I know your word's good, but you don't seem to realize you're a long way from Pittsburgh. They don't pay much attention to anything down here, and when they start runnin' wild, they're hard to stop."

Reubens lost all his urbanity. "Well, they're going to be stopped. Can you do it?"

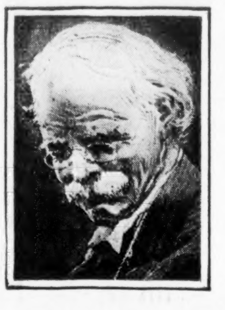
"No, nor you neither. Try it and see."

Reubens lifted a finger and shook it at the foreman. "If you're wise, there'll be no more trouble here. Understand? I've sent Fain away, and I don't want to have to bring him back."

"I'll do what I can. I tell you now it ain't goin' (*Continued on page 28*)

Should Independence Be Forgot?

Uncle Henry Says a Denatured Fourth is Fine if It Keeps the Patriotic Flavor



"SHADES of Marshall Field an' John Wanamaker!" exclaimed Uncle Henry as he stamped into the store. "Here it is less'n a week from the Fourth an' you haven't even got a rocket in the window, to say nothin' about firecrackers."

"Didn't lay any fireworks in this year," Mr. Stubbs complacently announced. "Some fellas from the Commercial Club was here last month an' got me to join a Safe an' Sane Fourth movement."

"Good Lord!" Uncle Henry groaned loudly as he sank into a chair. "Can't we leave *any* of our celebrations out over night without somethin' happenin' to 'em before mornin'? Easter's been captured by the cloak an' suit trade an' Christmas is jes' an extra payday for postmen an' janitors. Labor Day is about to be given up because the unions won't march on their own time, Lincoln's birthday is merely the date when Hi Johnson explains why he feels called upon to run again, an' now comes the National Golfers' Association to take over the Fourth of July an' denature it beyond recognition.

"Where's your patriotism, man? Was it for nothin' that the farm bloc flung themselves against the might of England until there wasn't an able-bodied man left in Hesse-Darmstadt? What if the sudden explosion of a torpedo does prove tryin' in the midst of a delicate mashie shot? I'll admit that the boom of a cannon isn't much help in gettin' out of a sandtrap, an' there's no question that rememberin' the twenty-three things necessary to hit a ball leaves little time for the Declaration of Independence, but surely you can give your country one day out of the year?"

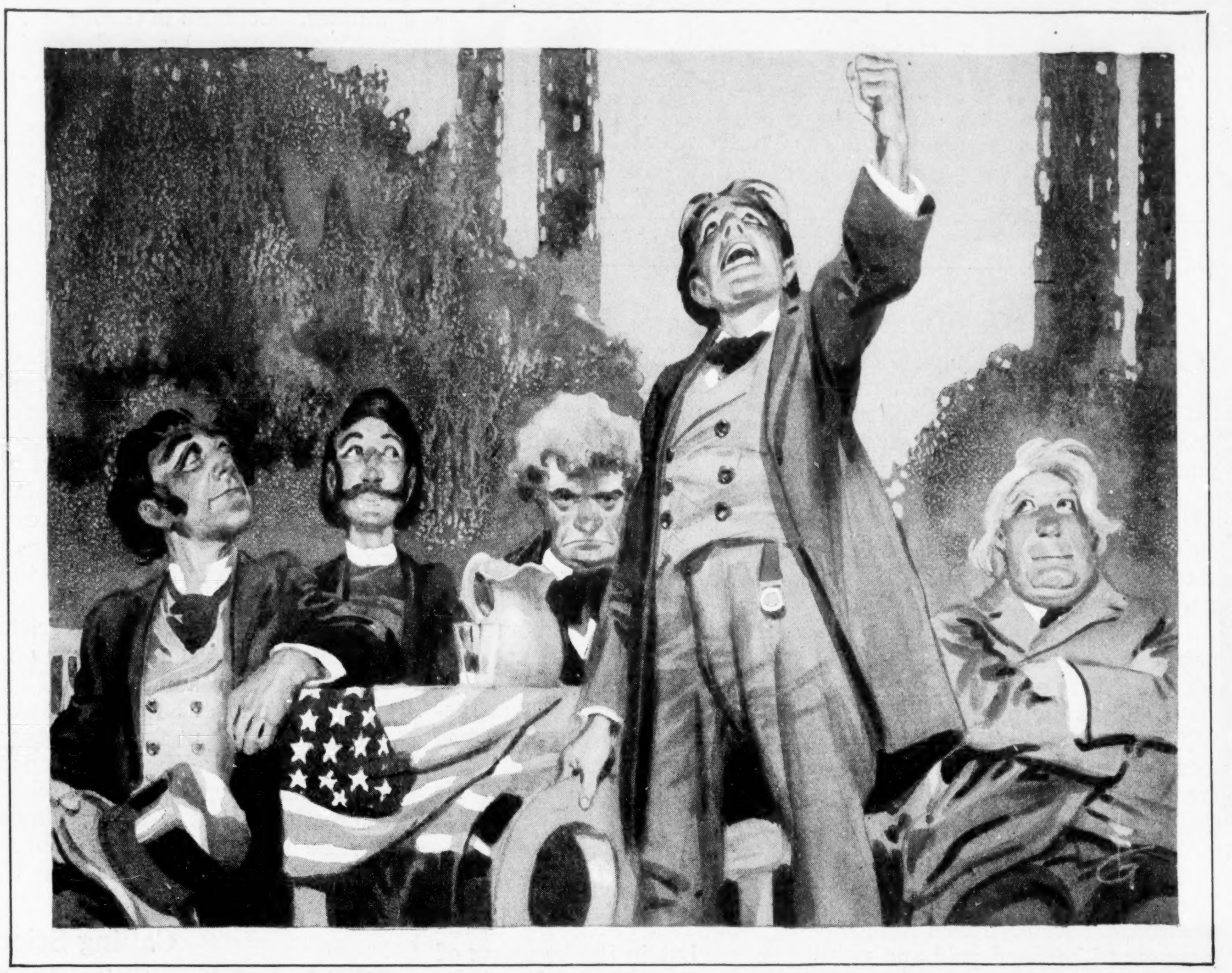
"You know darned well I never played any of that there golf in my whole life," exclaimed Mr. Stubbs indignantly. "Don't you believe in tryin' to keep children from gettin' lockjaw?"

"Sure thing," said Uncle Henry, "but you want to be careful not to give it to the rest of the population. Safety an' sanity can't be taken to excess in matters like buyin' oil stock or goin' on a note, but move mighty slow when you mix 'em up with purely emotional matters such as marriage an' patriotism.

Pinwheels From Bootleggers

"DON'T misunderstand me, 'Lonzo. I'm all against useless noise. I reckon I was among the first to move the abolition of the Senate, an' I've always urged the sound-proofin' of Bryan, Reed, Heflin, Nicholas Murray Butler, an' people like that. I don't let any of my family eat toast for breakfast, an' if Paul Revere was to make his ride to-day, I'd sign a petition makin' him muffle his horse's feet an' keep to dirt roads. The minute Cal Coolidge added a throat cold to his natural gift of silence, my admiration rose to fever heat.

"The point I'm tryin' to make is that we don't want to rush from one extreme to the other. It's all right to fix it so that Roman candles can't be bought except on a doctor's prescription, an' havin' pinwheels dealt in by bootleggers only, but when the United States reaches a stage where the Fourth is *inhaled*, we might as well take down our sign an' commence disposin' of such few assets as haven't already been liquidated under the Volstead act.



"A lot of it was bombastic, but when ol' Judge Mercer took an hour to get Washington across the Delaware, nobody yelled, 'Louder an' funnier!'"

The Fourth Isn't in Lent

"BETWEEN you an' me, 'Lonzo, Americans are gettin' too much in the habit of givin' absent treatment. Half the population doesn't go to the polls, an' the half that does go hasn't got the energy to vote more than once.

"I hate to talk about how different things were when I was a boy, for it makes people think I'm ready for the gland treatment, but the Fourth doesn't seem to mean as much as it did before we got to confusin' it with Lent. When I grew up, every man, woman, an' child still felt deeply over the way King George acted, an' anybody that didn't show up for the speakin' was looked on as a Tory. Long before sunup, every road was filled with buggies an' wagons, an' by ten o'clock it took a shoe horn to get into Walnut Grove, what with human bein's an' candidates for Congress.

"The mornin' was always given over to sports. We did our own playin', runnin', an' jumpin', the only hint of professionalism bein' in connection with the pie-eatin' contest. After the ball game had been won by the close score of 118 to 98, an' the fat man's race was over, we spread the tablecloth an' brought out the clothes baskets full of chicken an' cake an' sandwiches an' pickles an' jellies.

"I suppose we were a pretty wild, ignorant lot. Nobody kept count of calories, a balanced ration was whatever you could hold in your hands, an' we had no street-car advertisin' to warn us against acidosis, flatulence, systemic poisonin', auto-intoxication, appendicitis, indigestion, an' heartburn. After eatin' an' hour, even the most delicate still had room for popcorn, peanuts, soda pop, ice cream, watermelon, bananas, an' a few casual bags of candy.

"After life had been reasonably sustained, we settled down in front of the speakers' platform, an' somebody with a voice that came from the knee caps, got up an' started things off by readin' the Declaration of Independence—yes, by gum, an' readin' it as though it were a last will and testament leavin' everybody a million dollars. After that the speakin' commenced, an' it *was* speakin'. No man ever got on the platform unless he had hair that it took both hands to throw back, an' was able to give tongue in a manner to make every coon dog fall flat on his back an' put all four legs up in the air. When they got to goin' good, people a hundred yards away had to hold their hats on.

"The Revolutionary War was fought all over again from Bunker Hill to Yorktown.

"The Eagle, that Immortal Bird of Freedom, flapped his mighty wings from the rockbound coasts of Maine to the sun-kissed waters of the Gulf, from where the Atlantic rolled in majesty to where the waves of the mighty Pacific laved golden shores, every scream findin' echo in brave hearts ready an' willin' to turn the plowshare back into the sword if ever the effete monarchies of the Old World should dare attempt to interfere with the destinies of a people called by God to light a beacon for the hope of humanity.

"I reckon a lot of it *was* kind of bombastic, but deep feelin' excused a good deal in those days, an' Mutt an' Jeff hadn't developed our humor until we could see a laugh in everything. When ol' Judge Mercer took an hour to get Washington across the Delaware, nobody yelled, 'Louder an' funnier,' for we saw the driftin' ice as plain as though we stood on the bank.

White Suits and Fireworks

"THOSE were the days when nobody ever dreamed of lockjaw in connection with the Fourth, an' you didn't have to go eat a clove after singin' 'America' or givin' some other manifestation of provincial patriotism. At night there was a parade of the Flambeau Club, all in white suits, with their satchels full of fireworks, an' every boy in the place runnin' along holdin' fast to his father's hand, proud of his Americanism. An' when everybody went home at last, through the summer night, their shoes may have been full of feet, but their heads were high among the stars—the same stars that looked down on Valley Forge where a nation's faith was hammered out."

"I reckon our patriotism is a bit weak nowadays," admitted Mr. Stubbs.

"No reason for it," said Uncle Henry. "We've certainly given it the rest cure."

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JULY 5, 1924

Our Bunch of Firecrackers

IN THE heat of a humid Philadelphia July, 148 years ago, some tired and anxious men signed a paper called the Declaration of Independence and thus launched our new ship of state on those troubled waters of the eighteenth century. What of the voyage since then?

The fathers thought our country feeble amid other and greater nations, safe chiefly perhaps only because of distance and of isolation. To-day the haughtiest races and empires now shape their statecraft mainly with reference to what the United States does or may see fit to do.

American inventions have shrunk the globe and neighbored the nations. American ideas have framed a new law and a new polity for the future of mankind.

That act of the fathers, that Declaration of Independence, revolting from the feeble tyranny of George the Third, began not merely a new government but a new political world based with increasing firmness on justice, liberty, and law. Even our children's children will not see the half of its full glory established. The Fourth of July has centuries yet to run.

The fathers thought our country poor, and weak in its poverty. The skill and courage wrought by that hardship have made us the wealthiest nation. These riches are a living fact to-day not in the glamour of hoarded gold and painted palace but in the keenness of the average man's brain and eye, in the craft of his ready hands, most of all in the secure well-being of his daily life.

Our United States is richer than any poet's dream of Crœsus. Why? Because the common ordinary human being here uses good shoes and a toothbrush, has a bathtub in his home, carries a watch, and rides in his own flivver. Things that were once the peculiar treasure of kings—speed, books, silk, pictures, china, silver, the lifting message of all the arts—these our workers have at their command and will have, more and more, as our country goes her way.

To this great end our inventors and industrialists have labored and will labor in the years to come. Independence with us means everyone's freedom from dirt and disease, from ignorance and poverty, everyone's freedom to live and work and grow.

That American gospel of a better life for all as the one true magic of wealth is working mightily throughout the world, breaking up old systems of privilege, letting in everywhere the light of humanity's dawn.

But not by power or abundance only is our country's worth to be assayed. Courage to meet every peril of the day's task, good will that serves its fellows for no hope of gain, truth that keeps our human faith unshaken: these are the red and white and blue in the soul of the flag that we so praise and love on this glorious Fourth of July.

What Will Make the Voters Vote?

A BUSINESS men's organization in New Jersey had the good sense at its recent meeting to defeat a proposal to fine absentee voters $10. Taking money from a citizen because he doesn't turn up at the polls isn't the way to do it. He's got to see that when he doesn't vote he is falling down, not alone on his duty to the state, but on his duty to himself and his family and his next-door neighbor.

In 1896, 80 per cent of the voters cast ballots.
In 1900, 73 per cent.
In 1908, 66 per cent.
In 1912, 62 per cent.
In 1920, less than 50 per cent.

That is the descending curve of American democracy. Can we turn it upward again? Shall our country more and more be ruled by minorities and blocs and self-appointed czars?

Or can we win back to the days when three fourths or more of the people made up their minds and registered their choice of men and policies?

To do that we need wider and freer discussion, more truth and less bunk in print, over the radio, and in public meetings, a sharper appeal to the intelligence of the voter—and honest, competent candidates. Collier's is trying to do its share in that direction.

We also need a rebirth of faith in our government and its methods, in Congress, in the President, and in the department and bureau heads whom he appoints. Such faith must be built on works. If the men we send to Washington sincerely want the judgment of the voters, they must so act. The American people are getting dangerously near to a "What's the use?" attitude. They see little difference between parties and little advantage in one man over another. They are tired of politics for politics' sake—and the campaign is just opening!

Where the West Begins

HOPE has been turning toward the West.

Leif Ericson was making his westing when "over the great white shoulder of the world he came." The prairie schooners were facing the sunset as they lumbered on toward Oregon.

A generation ago Chicago was reckoned West. But the old frontier moved on. When some Latter-Day Saint begins to talk about the West, the old-timer exclaims: "There ain't no such place no more."

Such remarks bring us to the conjecture: Just where does the West begin?

The West begins wherever the audacious heart dares to answer to the call of vision, whether on the Atlantic or the Pacific or the prairies that roll between. The carping critic and the visionless drudge can never become true citizens of the West.

God **deliver** us from a machine-made, cut-and-dried civilization. No matter how settled down and staid others may become, the United States must remain plastic, changing, impressionable, alluring to the restless spirit of the pathfinder and the pioneer.

The West begins with a breed of hard-fisted mystics who are dreaming, and who at the same time are keeping their feet upon the earth.

Calling Science to Service

THE huge factory that makes most of the telephones does a lot of scientific work and has big laboratories to do it. They have the money, the resources, and a long record of accomplishment.

Yet Mr. F. B. Jewett, vice president of this Western Electric Company, says they have many problems listed that they cannot undertake. The management feels sure that the results to be had would be of great value to the company and to the public. What stops it?

Lack of men. There simply are not enough men of scientific spirit who have had real training. Other big business organizations are behind on problems they would like to see worked out, and for the same reason.

Business depends for such men on the colleges and universities because these practical problems cannot be solved except by those who have been trained not merely to solve practical problems but to find the abstract principles that make that solving possible.

As industry expands our places of higher learning must also expand. To insure prosperity our colleges must grow not as workshops but as places where young men are trained to seek and know the truth and to follow wherever that search may lead.

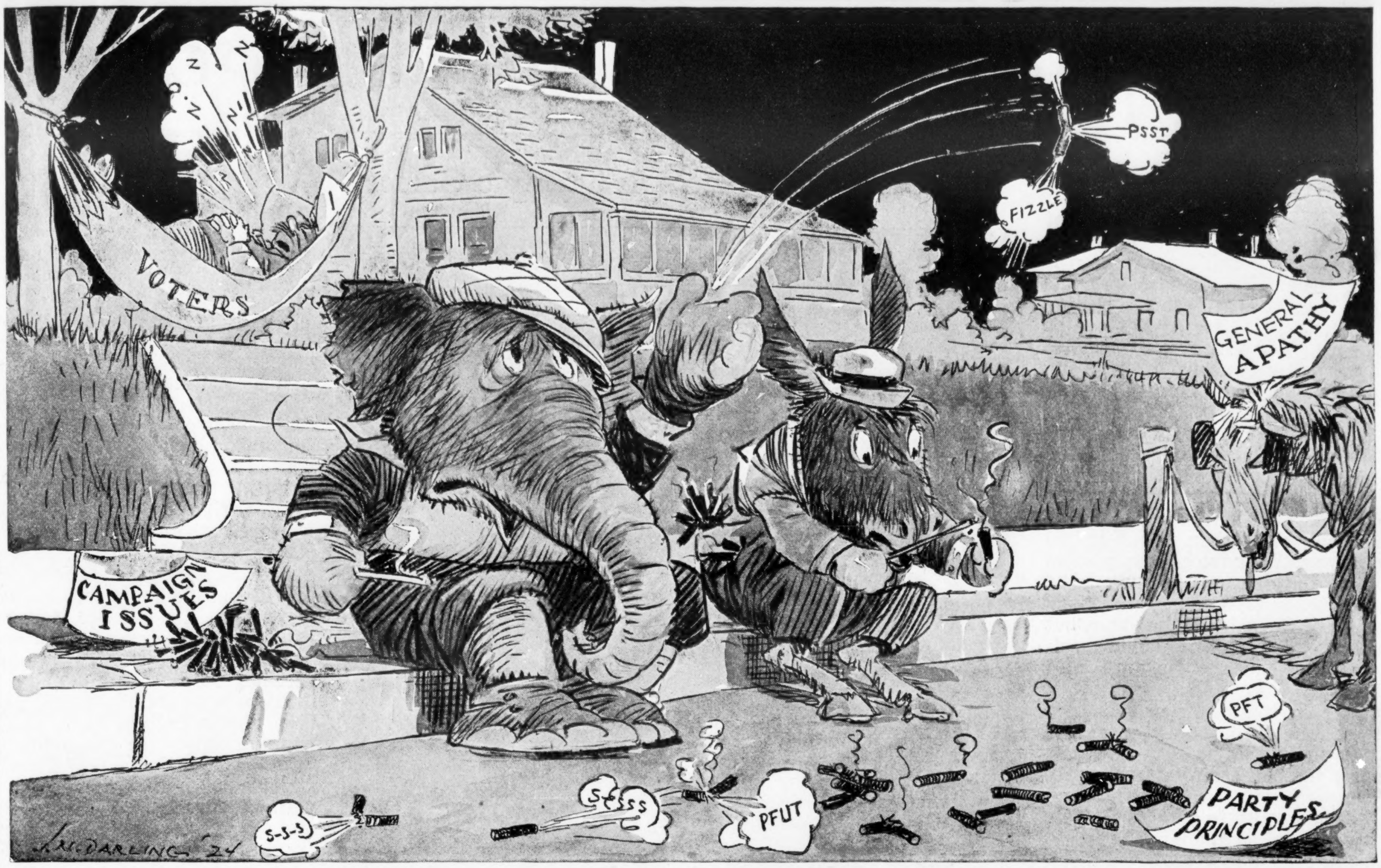
What to Do With the Truth

"IF WE can only make men intelligent enough and teach them to think," says the educator, "the greater part of the world's problems will be solved."

Three curiously dovetailing quotations may help to show the insufficiency of this point of view:

> Perhaps there is something to be done with truth besides discovering it.—PROFESSOR JOHN ERSKINE.
>
> Mere intelligence is not enough. Enlightenment must be accompanied by that moral power which is the product of home and of religion.—PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE.
>
> It is passion, it is enthusiasm and indignation that mold the world to their will.—H. G. WELLS.

Until we undertake to direct these mighty forces, education will continue to affect only half the child or the man.



Shucks! They don't seem to make firecrackers with any pop to 'em any more at all

If We Ever Go to War Again

By Samuel Crowther

PASSING a worthy resolution is as satisfying as sitting down and having a good cry. Many good people of late have been passing resolutions to the effect that it is the duty of the Republic in the next war to conscript wealth and labor as well as soldiers.

Those who propose these resolutions all have good motives. Some wish to effect an apparent social justice in war time by an apportionment of the burdens of war, while others, believing that capitalists alone make war, would frighten the capitalists.

If Uncle Sam says to the young man: "For the period of this war you are my property," then it seems but simple justice that he should say the same thing to the men in the service of supply—for it takes six men working at home to provide munitions, food, clothing, and so forth for one man at the front. Why not stamp out the vultures of war—the striking workmen and the profiteering manufacturers? Conscript everyone concerned in war.

Yes. But how? The United States surely needs no provision to prevent it from heedlessly plunging into war. The great mass of our people finds war so abhorrent that even ordinary peace-time preparedness is difficult to achieve. We have never made a mercenary war. We have always fought altruistically and for what we believed to be the right. No one can gainsay this.

No one will gainsay that when we must fight, we must fight to win. It is kill or be killed, win or perish. The test of a war measure is: "Will it help to win the war?" The individual rights of person and property are brushed aside in a national emergency. The safety of the nation rules. The one important thing is to win and win quickly.

It is no more possible evenly to distribute the burdens of war than it is to distribute the burdens of peace. It would not help win the war to hang a workman or a capitalist at home every time a soldier at the front got killed.

We established the selective draft, not to get men, but to get the men who, all things considered, could be most easily spared to fight. We can maintain a conscripted army. The men are young enough to be forced into a mold and provided for in a standardized way.

But what would happen if the nation conscripted labor? If we paid nominal wages, as in the army, then we should have to provide food, clothing, and shelter for both the workers and their dependents—for fifty or sixty million people. But if we conscript the producers, we have on our hands the remainder of the community engaged in occupations dependent upon those of the producers. The Government would have to take over the rationing, clothing, and housing of the whole population. It would be a vast and interesting social experiment. But would it be an experiment looking toward the winning of the war?

Instead of conscription with nominal wages, we might pay regular wages, but then we should have to control all prices. For if prices will not stay put, neither will wages. Every nation during the late war tried to control prices, and none of them succeeded. We attempted to control prices, but what with the hysteria of inexperienced government buyers and the inflation of the currency it is hardly likely that we could have paid more without our controls. The big wages were as much due to government edict as to demand.

In the last war, through taxes, we practically conscripted income. Capital is not something which can be conscripted, because it does not exist in any form that can be taken except through the slow process of inflation. Most of the capital which might be conscripted is already in the war service as railroads, factories, and farms.

There is not money enough anywhere to pay for the present-day kind of war. Wars have to be fought on credit, based on patriotic fervor. Wars are not over-the-counter transactions. They only seem to be paid for in money. Actually they are paid for by halting the making of useful things and taking up the making of useless things—by interrupting the progress of civilization. We send men out to kill and destroy so that we may not be killed and destroyed.

The money profits of war are more apparent than real. They are mostly due to inflation. Vicious profiteering can more easily be curbed by public sentiment than by law. War is in every way ugly. And what would it profit us to put social justice ahead of fighting? What would it matter if we did have everything lovely at home—and lost the war? War is not the time for reform—if state socialism be reform. This talk of universal conscription flows from a confusion of two objectives—abstract justice and war. That is a hard, unpleasant fact, but it is a fact.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Our Better Training Methods

ONE foreign explanation of the American victory over the French Rugby team is that the Americans had the benefit of better training methods. It is a reasonable theory, for Europe's athletes have never gone in for training as seriously as their American brethren.

It is charged by athletic Europe that our system of training makes sport too much of a grim and deadly business, taking away the careless play spirit. The charge has less basis than it had in the old days. We have gained wisdom but we are serious in our sports. Americans love the games they play for the sake of the game, but they benefit too by the self-discipline that causes them to give up smoking, late hours, and other minor dissipations in order to give the game the best they have.

Because this is true I favor early football training in the fall. The youngster who has the sand and the loyalty to give up the soft pleasures of a summer vacation to put himself under the rigid discipline of a football coach proves that he has the right stuff in him. That stuff should be made stronger and more perfect on the football field.

Count That Shot Lost

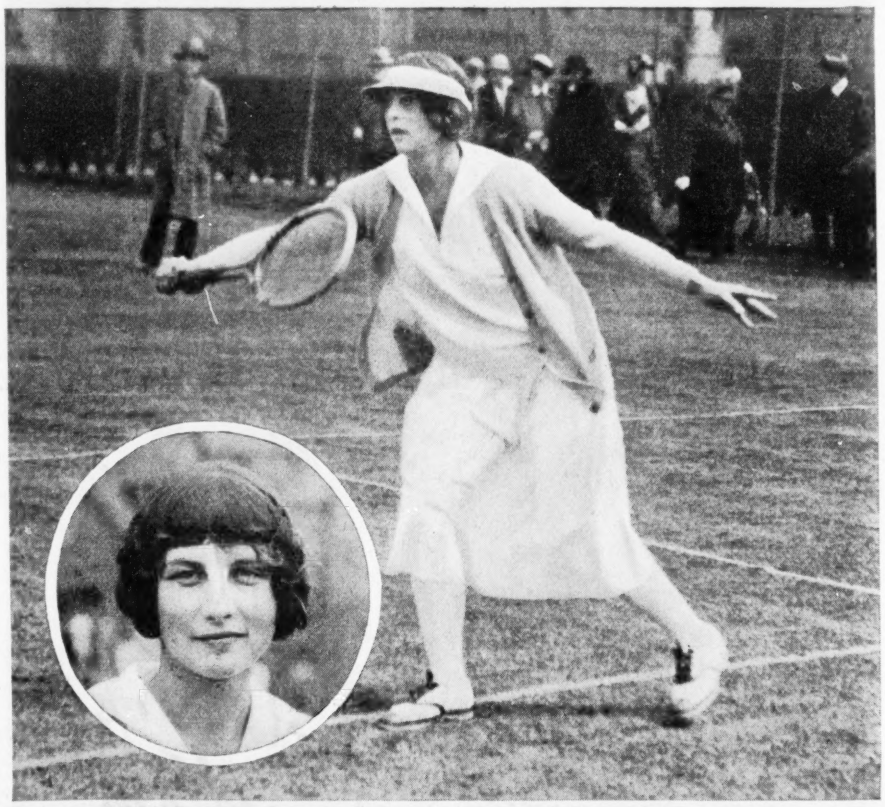
IN a recent article in "The American Golfer" Walter Hagen advances some valuable hints for golfers in an article entitled "Don't Kid Yourself." If you have dubbed a shot, Hagen says, don't fool yourself into the belief that you can then bring off a miraculous recovery that will get that shot back. Be content instead to count that shot lost and try not to lose another. Also, if your game is such that on an average effort you need three shots to get home to a 440-yard green be satisfied to get home in three instead of giving everything you have to the swing in the wild hope of getting home in two.

The policy of refusing to fool yourself gets the best results in all forms of sport. There is no use trying for a Tilden cannon-ball serve if you are capable of such an effort only once in a dozen tries. The baseball player who hasn't the power of a Ruth will do better if he leaves the business of making home runs to Ruth while he follows the ancient Willie Keeler system of "hitting 'em where they ain't." And above all don't fool yourself on the amount of competitive effort you can stand.

A Leader of Genius

The showing of the Brooklyn Robins during the early weeks of the National League pennant race has been one of the most surprising turns of the season. Credit for that showing must go entirely to Wilbert Robinson. The genial "Robbie" has never been blessed with the plethoric bank roll of a Huggins or a McGraw. His teams have been made up chiefly of cast-offs and misfits from other clubs, but he has added a genius for smart baseball to a genius for kindly leadership to make real ball clubs out of apparently impossible material. He is the type of manager who leads with kindly sympathy and understanding, a type always capable of getting the best out of material liable to wilt and grow discouraged under the lash of a fierce driver.

For the United States in Olympic Games



Helen Wills The eighteen-year-old tennis champion from California is shown volleying in her tuning up at Forest Hills, Long Island, before she sailed on the "Berengaria" for matches in the Olympic Games and special matches with Suzanne Lenglen and other notable foreign champions. Her play at the net is one of her strongest points. Tilden has said of her: "She volleys exactly like Bill Johnston." There can be no higher praise. In the final set-to with the club champion of the West Side Tennis Club of New York Miss Wills displayed so much skill and energy that experts predict success for her "over there."

The youthful wonder will need her volleying skill in her match with Suzanne Lenglen particularly, for the Frenchwoman volleys well and is one of the most accurate and finished of ground-stroke players. Miss Wills will play first in the Wightman cup matches and in the British national championship. A backstop was built on the top deck of the liner so that she might keep up her daily practice.

Halving with "Eagle" Threes

In the Western qualifying round for the national open golf championship Macdonald Smith and Harry Hampton were paired together. At the 445-yard fifteenth hole of the Oak Park course they halved with "eagle" threes. Whereupon, according to the New York "World," a member of the gallery remarked: "When an 'eagle' 3 is only good for a half both players ought to sue each other on charges of grand larceny." To the patient duffer who frequently wins a 455-yard test with a 7 or an 8 it does seem as if there should be a law against halving such a hole in "eagle" threes.

⁂

The National League plans to follow the lead of the American League this year in awarding a prize to the player proving himself most valuable to his club over the stretch of the season.

Who seems to be the most likely candidate at this stage of the race? Will it be the hard-hitting Hornsby or some sensational youngster, such as Grantham of the Cubs?

My own advance choice would fall on Frank Frisch of the Giants. Frisch is a veteran in experience who still retains the fire of youth, such flaming enthusiasm as enables him to bring off miracle plays under the white-hot urge of a desperate situation. He can hit within at least a few points of Hornsby and he is faster than the Cardinal star. Most important of all, he can and does think.

Are there any other pre-convention nominations for this National League honor?

Golf for Everybody

The founders of the Coldstream Golf Club, Hempstead, Long Island, state: "We wish to provide first-class golf for the young married man, the 'kid' just out of college, and the regular citizen with an average income. We *can* provide it."

This gives some idea of the awakening that is taking place among soberminded men as to the necessitv of deflating the overswollen dues of golf clubs which are eliminating from the average country club anyone who is not an inheritor of wealth or else has passed enough years in business life to be able to accumulate a fairly large income.

The dues of the Coldstream Club will be eighty dollars a year.

The Magnificent Ritola

Definite notice of some of the dire things that may happen to our Olympic candidates in the distance running at Paris was served in May by Willie Ritola when he created a new world's record of 3 minutes 35 2-5 seconds for the 10,000-meter run in a race at Helsingfors, Finland.

There has been some foolish resentment over Ritola's decision to run for Finland instead of the United States during the Olympic Games. It isn't very becoming to a nation with the blood of Europe in the athletes it sends to compete against Europe to complain when a Ritola decides that his tiny native land needs his help more than his adopted country. Ritola's action represented, as a matter of fact, a magnificently decent gesture. As a member of the American team he would have been almost certain to be on the winning side. He chose instead to join that little band of Finnish athletes who may accomplish a glorious miracle at Paris by beating the more powerful nations arrayed against them.

⁂

In a note printed here May 31st about Dean Brownell's chances, the holder of the outdoor vaulting record was given as Charles Hoff, described as "of Denmark." He is a Norwegian.

The Right Follow Through

One of the main evils in sport is the confusion concerning the follow through. A great many labor under the delusion that the follow through of the swing in any sport where a ball is hit with some sort of club is an action separate and distinct from the main swing. As a matter of fact a perfect follow through is inevitable once the proper swing is acquired. Hit whatever ball you swing at freely, crisply, and smoothly and the swing is bound to carry the body on through to give the punch and weight it needs to achieve power. Master the mechanics of the swing before the ball is hit. The follow through will then cease to worry you.

New Champs Would Help

The Yankees and the Giants haven't so far found the road to a fourth straight pennant as easy to travel as they had counted on. The Cubs, the Red Sox, the Browns, and a few others are causing unexpected trouble. All of which is excellent for the health of baseball. The game will be more robust than ever if clubs outside of New York can fight it out for the world's series next fall. In spite of the fact that both New York clubs are strong favorites to repeat their victories in their respective leagues, their defeat in the pennant races this year would not be a disaster to the game or an overwhelming surprise to those who have been observers of sport over a span of years. Too much victory is bad for the competitive spirit of a championship club, and after an extended period of this sort such an organization is generally ready to crumble before the fierce attack of the lean and hungrily fit opposition. The fruits of victory are sweet, but too much sweets of any description are ruinous.

He Aims to Plague Both Parties

By William Hard

Obstinate old Cato kept up his denunciation of Carthage until Rome made a heap of stones of the African city. Senator Henrik Shipstead (100 per cent Norwegian) seems to take a leaf from a classic book with his "The money power must be destroyed." This Farmer-Laborite from Minnesota, radical by inheritance, didn't roar as loudly as Washington expected.

UNITED States Senator Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota is a regular orthodox native indigenous blown-in-the-bottle up-from-the-grass-roots American rural upriser and radical.

His colleague, Senator Magnus Johnson, of Minnesota, was born in Sweden. He can be suspected of having brought some foreign radicalism over here with him on his European person.

Shipstead, however, was born here. It is true that he is of Norwegian descent. All white Americans, having to have some descent, are obliged lamentably to confess a European origin. Shipstead confesses one. It is—according to him—peculiarly and emphatically and most especially Norwegian.

It seems that in Norway there is a district at some distance from the coast. The Norwegians on the coast were tempted into low ways of life. They became pirates.

They called it being vikings. Their actual occupation, nevertheless, was roaming about in ships and capturing other people's possessions.

Among those possessions were women. These pirates from Norway, singing sagas and calling themselves vikings, would go out on the dark and dancing sea and reel over to some foreign strand and come drunkenly back with foreign clothes, foreign swords, foreign foods, and foreign ladies, whom they insistently married.

They were conquered by these ladies, precisely as they themselves had conquered these ladies' fathers and husbands. It was all very bad, according to Senator Shipstead.

Senator Shipstead's ancestors would have nothing to do with it. They lived in their protected and secluded district up in the mountains. They did not become pirates. They did not marry foreign ladies. Their descendants, sir, were, and are, totally and absolutely and completely and perfectly and utterly Norwegian.

Shipstead is one of them. In so far as he is a Norwegian, he is strictly and entirely one hundred per cent Norwegian.

They Gave Him the Glory Seat

THAT basic point being settled, it becomes possible to proceed to consider Shipstead's American origins and developments.

He was the very first flower of the bouquet of Northwestern Farmer-Laborism to arrive in Washington. He was the first elected national representative in Washington of the new independent Farmer-Labor party of Minnesota. He represented something brand-new.

Shipstead was the first cream of this brand-new thing. Magnus Johnson came afterward. The first thought of the new Farmer-Labor party of Minnesota was, and is, Shipstead.

The question thereupon arose, and arises: What sort of individual is the individual whom this new, loud, desperate Northwestern radicalism would choose to represent it at Washington?

The answer arrived. Shipstead showed up. He walked into the Senate. His fellow-senators cautiously observed and estimated him. Then, within a few days after his arrival in the Senate, they put him on the Senate's most glorious and glorifying committee. They put him on the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Shipstead was alarmed. He sent a message to the chairman of the Senatorial Committee on Committees.

© Harris & Ewing

Ironic, humorous, polite, urbane are words used to describe Senator Shipstead (left). He is self-confident, but showed alarm when they put him on the Foreign Relations Committee. (Right) Magnus Johnson

"I fear that you gentlemen who are putting me on the Committee on Foreign Relations may think that you are doing me a favor. I admit that it is a favor. I fear, however, that you may think I want it. I do want it. However, I fear that you may think I will be grateful for it. I will not be. You may think that because you have been good enough to give me this committee appointment, which I am proud to have, I will let up on being hostile and disagreeable and mean and nasty to the Republican and Democratic parties. I will not. I am a Farmer-Laborite and I am against both the old parties, and I want it understood that I am."

This message was duly conveyed to the chairman of the Committee on Committees. He said:

"Tell the senator that he is put on the committee not for himself but in recognition of the great party which he represents."

Having made that ironic answer, he seriously added:

"Tell the senator that his message adds nothing to our understanding of him."

There is no doubt in anybody's mind that Shipstead is what he himself calls a "radical." The question then arises: How did he get that way?

He is slow of speech. He is extremely deliberate in manner. He is urbane. He is even deferential. He not only considers his own thoughts before he utters them, but also considers the feelings of the persons who will have to listen to his thoughts. He has a slow, ironic humor. He will start out on a subject in perfect seriousness and then just gradually put in the ironic and humorous details and developments of it until at last it becomes necessary to laugh at him and at everybody and at everything, radical and conservative, all in one lump.

Meditative, humorous, polite: these were not the characteristics which Washington expected to find in the first representative of the new roaring radicalism of the wild West.

In any case, the next step taken by Washington was to try to unearth the deep-down mysterious reason why he was, and is, in fact a radical.

This reason is herewith reported. His people were Populists, Greenbackers, Grangers. Shipstead learned radicalism at his mother's knee. He learned that the great enemy of American mankind is the "Money Power."

A century ago Andrew Jackson had one big idea. It was as follows:

The "Money Power" must be destroyed.

American radicals have been destroying it ever since. Shipstead heard all about the wickedness of the "Money Power" in a boyhood home which did not even know the names of the radicals of Europe, but which thrilled to the name of Ignatius Donnelly, Minnesota's famous leader of Populism and Anti-Monopolism.

The first thing for the country to get straight in its thinking about this new Northwestern radicalism is that it is not new. The second thing to get straight is that it is not foreign, but American. The third thing to get straight is that its central fundamental aim—now and for a century—has been, and is, to fight the "Money Power" and to perform the difficult feat of subduing the power of money and of credit to what is called "the control of the people."

Shipstead's first great set speech in the Senate was not on agriculture. It was not on labor. His party is called the Farmer-Labor party. Nevertheless his first great set speech was neither on farmers nor on wage earners. It was on bankers. It was on money. It was on the rate of interest.

A Radical With Traditions

HE SAID that the rate of interest is now unnecessarily high. He said that Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, acting in the conscious or unconscious character of a representative of the "Money Power," was keeping the rate of interest unnecessarily high.

Mr. Mellon was selling Treasury Savings Certificates to small investors. He was selling them in Minnesota. He was paying what amounted to 5 per cent compound interest on these certificates to the investors who bought them.

Shipstead was outraged. The banks in his state were losing deposits.

Shipstead made his speech. Simultaneously with the making of it Mr. Mellon stopped selling Treasury Savings Certificates in Minnesota. The local banks in Minnesota were saved.

What they had not understood, and what most Easterners do not at all understand, is that these American frontier Western radicals are not one bit against property and not one bit against money. They are only against that alleged monster, which they believe to be lurking somewhere under the sidewalks in the southern end of Manhattan Island, the "Money Power."

With Shipstead it is an old story. He was brought up with it. He is in his early forties. He is old, however, in radicalism. He takes it easily. He has been doing it ever since he could talk. With him it is just as traditional to be a radical as it is traditional with Henry Cabot Lodge to be a conservative.

So that's that. And since Andrew Jackson did not permanently ruin the country, it is doubtful if Henrik Shipstead will.

Love and Let Love

Continued from page 10

says. "So first I learned enough Frog to ask Yvonne this simple little question, to the viz, 'Will you wed me, kid?' Well, bein' a smart girl, Yvonne immediately hung her comely head and murmured soft and low, 'Mais oui!'—'at's Paris for 'Absolutely!' This gets me a bit deleerious, but I says: 'Thanks very much!' and rushed her off to a minister before she knowed what it was all about. Yvonne's one of the main reasons I left the ring, because she didn't wish to be married to no prize fighter, which I'm glad to say I ain't no more!"

"When *was* you one?" I asks.

"C'mon, Yvonne, let's get away from these roughnecks," says Ptomaine. "We've did enough slummin' for today."

It took half the trainin' camp to hold me, and the big stiff got away.

IN DUE course of time, Jack Thomas, the Arabian Goliath, unboated himself at the United States and is met at the dock by a army of sport writers and photographers. From the reception this gil got he might of been one of them foreign lecturers which loathes our manners but loves our dollars—the difference bein' that there was a chance that the Arab really had somethin' to deliver. The mammoth Thomas at least *looked* like a killer, and for days afterward the sport pages is full of his sensational history and the stark terror he'd created in the ring. Lady writers interviewed him from the female points of view, he was photographed almost hourly and generally gave the freedom of the city of New York, which is much freer with that than with anything else.

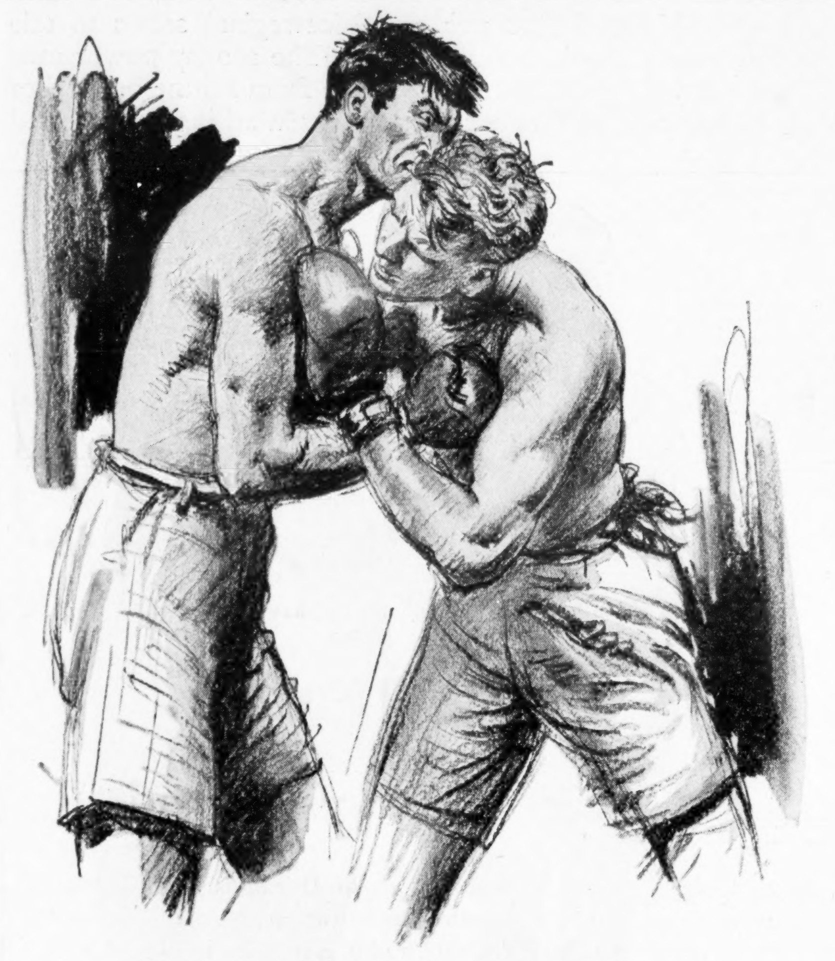
Well, Thomas at once goes into secret trainin' for a quickly arranged bout with Bill McCann, a fearful set-up hand-picked by the careful promoters of the Arabian's fight with Kid Roberts. The reason for this preliminary showin' of the dizzy sheek's wares was that the hard-boiled sport writers insisted on the rights of the fans to see a sample of how Mr. Thomas conducted himself in a prize ring before payin' famine prices to witness his collision with the world's champion. Both me and Kid Roberts was muchly pleased when we hear that the Arab is trainin' behind locked doors and won't even let the newspaper guys in to see him work out. That kind of stuff is usually the tip-off that a fighter's got somethin' either him or the promoters wishes to hide from the boxin' sharps—in other words, that he's not so good.

The Jack Thomas-Bill McCann hippodrome lasted just fifty-nine seconds, the Arab knockin' the badly scared McCann dead with a punch. In fact, the "fight" was over so swiftly that nobody had a chance to get the faintest line on the Arabian scrapper's ability to box or take punishment. There seemed to be no doubt that the foreign importation could hit, but what he would do against a seasoned ring general and master boxer like Kid Roberts, which would be steppin' around him and exchangin' blow for blow, was somethin' else again.

I'll tell you what he done!

There was only a few which recalled that Bill McCann was a twenty-eighth rater, but thousands remembered that the Arab had stopped him with a single right to the jaw. Therefore, the overflow crowd hoped for by the promoters turned out for the Kid Roberts-Jack Thomas battle, with the world's heavyweight championship at stake. Kid Roberts, the first to enter the ring, got his regular five-minute ovation. A clean liver, square fighter, and murderous hitter, the Kid was always a popular champ. The dusky Thomas tramped down the aisle a few minutes later, loomin' up like the Woolworth Buildin' with a bathrobe on. The Arabian, too, got a thunderous cheer; after all, the mob was there to see bloodshed and violence and plenty of both—deep in the fight fan's heart he knows when his yell splits the roof he's not applaudin' one combatant or the other as much as the game itself!

Kid Roberts grinned like a boy at his warm reception and waved his gloved hands at the boisterous crowd. The Arab bowed very solemnly to one and all, then sat unsmilin'ly on his stool, as dignified as a rajah. At this point, Ptomaine Joe makes the unpleasant discovery that Thomas's seconds is Roughhouse Williams and Two-Punch McGazzatti—both of which gents has had the extreme pleasure of flattenin' Ptomaine in the ring. Some suitable backroom repartee follows which delights the ringsiders, quick to recognize Ptomaine as one of the greatest dry-tank divers which ever laced on a boxin' glove. Don't blame me for not repeatin' here the above-mentioned repartee. I try to be a gentleman at all times if it's in any way possible, and besides there's laws about what kind of words you can print.



Thomas sinks his flashin' teeth in the Kid's ear

Well, the fightin' sheek looked very impressive durin' the introductions, the posin' for the newspaper photographers, the instructions from the referee, and the general thrillin' bustle of this and that which always comes before the first bell in a big fight. As he stood in his corner, facin' the noisy crowd and awaitin' the openin' gong, Mr. Jack Thomas from far-off Arabia certainly seemed able to prevent himself from bein' picked on. "Get him quick!" was all the instructions I felt called upon to give Kid Roberts, before I grabbed the stool and ducked down under the ropes.

I'VE had some surprises in my life, and I take it for granted I'm due for some more before the embalmer looks me over with a professional eye and quotes a price for the job. But the league leader to date is the surprise I got a few seconds after this Arabian world-beater turned to face Kid Roberts at the bell. Honest to Baltimore, Thomas was a *terrible* joke—he was simply horrible! He seemed to know nothin' what the so ever about the scientific end of the game and his clumsy swings missed the smilin' nimble-footed champion by a city block! The desert warrior's left hand might as well of been checked at the box office, in fact, it seemed to be more in his way than anything else and he soon let it hang useless at his side.

Clumpin' around the ring like a bull elephant, the snortin' Thomas clubbed at Kid Roberts with his aimless right. Whilst any one of these terrible clouts would of ruined the Kid had they landed, there was no more chance of them landin' than there's a chance of me bein' favorably mentioned in Rockefeller's will. Twice the Arabian giant fell flat on his pan as the results of missin' wild haymakers, and Kid Roberts danced around him, cuttin' him to ribbons, but apparently unable to put him away on account of his uncalled-for size.

At first the crowd was thunderstruck by the Arab's clownish exhibition, then enraged and fin'ly convulsed with laughter at his weird antics. As matters went along, the sheek got better—as a entertainer. Every time one of the Kid's busy gloves thudded home into some part of his rapidly reddenin' body, Thomas would wow the customers by howlin' a wild Arabian oath and gallopin' madly around the ring, the while makin' horrible faces at the Kid. Even repeated warnin's from the almost hysterical referee failed to improve Mr. Arab's style, though it did make him look longin'ly at that official, like he would love to smack him down.

But the real thrills of the evenin' was yet to come! The mob had paid fancy prices to see a fight and not no circus. They soon got tired laughin' and begin a bedlam of groans, jeers, and squawks for their money back. Cushions, programs, pop bottles, and similar confetti begin hurtlin' into the ring, and the place was in a uproar. Ptomaine loudly beseeches me to let him jump through the ropes and take just one punch at the Arab, as here at last is a guy he *knows* he can knock off!

The referee disgustedly leans down over the ropes and tells the merrily guffawin' reporters that he's about made up his mind to stop this farce and call it "no contest," when the Arabian nightmare takes matters into his own hands. Infuriated at his inability to connect solidly with the grinnin' Kid Roberts, Thomas suddenly rushes blindly into a clinch, and durin' the mix-up which follows *he deliberately sinks his flashin' teeth in the Kid's ear!*

Leapin' Tuna! You should of heard that crowd!

When the startled referee recovered his senses, he immediately stopped proceedin's and raised Kid Roberts's gloved hand, awardin' the champion the fight on a foul amidst the wildest confusion. That was O. K.—the referee couldn't do nothin' else—but it wasn't enough for Ptomaine Joe! This gent prob'ly thought the already overfed patrons hadn't yet had enough amusement for their money and he decided to personally remedy the shortage.

ENRAGED by the cannibal tactics of the Arab in tryin' to graze from the Kid's ear, Ptomaine broke away from me and jumped into the ring. His face is as grim as a death sentence as he starts for the bitin' sheek's corner—he looks *business*, what I mean! The foreigner's handlers, Rough-house Williams and Two-Punch McGazzatti, rush forward to protect their man, but the thoroughly burnt-up Ptomaine was in no mood for nonsense. Had them babies tackled Ptomaine one at a time, they might have stopped him, but they tried to gang him, and that was their hard luck! Always a marvel in a free-for-all without rules, Ptomaine whinnied: "Come on, *like* it!" with pure delight and tied into them. When the smoke of battle cleared away, both of Ptomaine's former conquerors was stretched flat on the canvas as cold as a loan shark's heart! All Ptomaine got out of it was two or three deep breaths.

The coppers swarm into the ring as Thomas, with a angry bellow, gets off his stool to come to the rescue of his seconds. That was what you might call a ill-advised move! Ptomaine curls his lip at the Arabian, then apropos of nothin' he puts the entire weight of his two hundred odd muscular pounds behind a right swing which clipped his tête-à-tête right on the button. The Arab hit the floor like he'd fell off the city-hall roof and he couldn't of got up had he been called to Congress! Cheers which quivered the buildin's foundations greeted Ptomaine's three knockouts and then the attendance stumbled and milled hurriedly to the exits as the bloodthirsty chef leans over the ropes and howls for more victims. The admirin' coppers looked at him and become ungruff as they politely asked him to leave the ring and finish his killin's elsewhere.

"Well, boys—that was the last one!" says Kid Roberts to the sport writers in his dressin'-room, whilst Ptomaine is impatiently tryin' to be interviewed. "Regardless of what the future may hold for me, I'm through with the ring forever! I'm retiring an undefeated champion, but I don't want the title. Let the others fight it out for—"

"It makes great copy, Kid!" butts in one of the younger reporters, excitedly. "Your wife at the ringside during your last fight—plenty of human interest and color there, eh?"

"What are you talking about?" asks the Kid. "My wife is at Albany!"

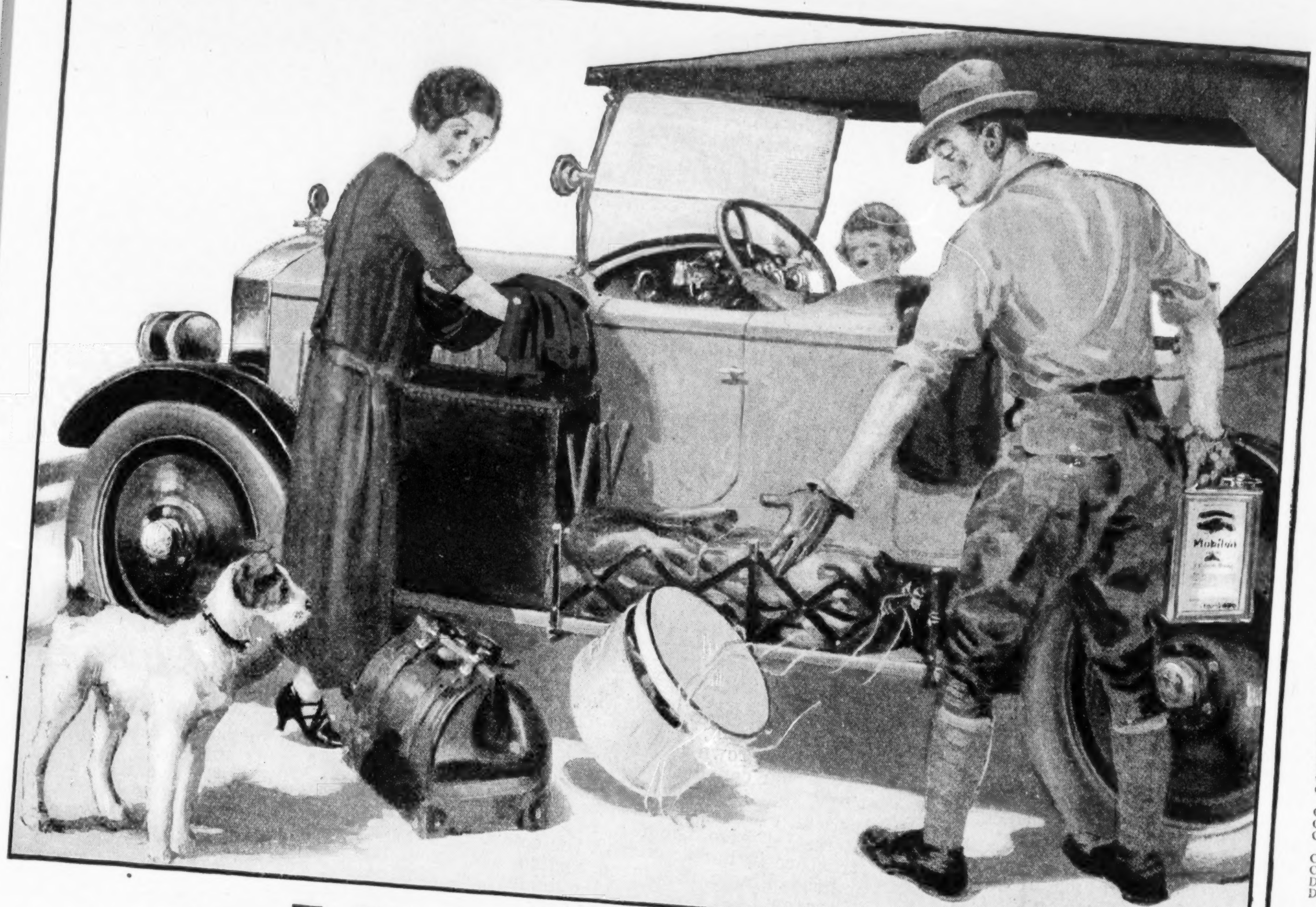
"Your wife was in a box, four rows back of me!" says the reporter. "D'ye mean to say you didn't know she was here?"

But Kid Roberts has dashed out the door!

When I got to our hotel with Ptomaine later, I found a note from the Kid in my box to the effects that if I expected to see him before the next mornin' I was crazy. How the so ever, if anything come up that I had to get hold of him I could reach him at Rhinelander 87449. In the telephone novel that number's listed as the home of my athalete's wife!

Well, the next day Kid Roberts showed up at our inn about noon. He's gayly whistlin' a tune and looks ten years younger than he did the night before in the ring, what I mean. Honest, he capers about the room like a schoolboy, without no explanation of what's detained him, why, and what the Indianapolis is the matter with him. How the so ever, at last my peevish questions get startlin' results. The Kid stops his whistlin' selection long enough

(*Continued on page 24*)



to Motoring Campers

Important: If you want a care-free gypsy vacation

ROUTES laid out, camping sites selected, tents and duffle stored away—everything ready. Only two unpleasant possibilities on the horizon:

A week of rain!

Serious engine trouble!

Whether you plan to be in the open for three days or three months, here are a few important hints, which old hands at motor camping recommend for your car.

[1]

Before leaving home, drain off all old oil from the crank-case and pour in a fresh supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

[2]

If you plan to drive far in sparsely settled country, you should carry a one-gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil with you.

[3]

For the convenient addition of a single quart of oil, you will appreciate the new sealed quart cans of Mobiloil. These are at present on sale in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Middle Western States. This quart can is being extended to other territories as rapidly as possible. You will find it easy to carry two or three under the seat. The price is 35c or three for $1.00.

More important still

The best engine results—whether you drive on smooth home roads or over grass and bumps—can be had only when your lubrication is the best obtainable.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced by the world's acknowledged leaders in scientific lubrication. Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced from crude oil selected solely for its lubrication value—not gasoline yield. The recommendations on the Vacuum Oil Company Chart are endorsed by practically every manufacturer of automobiles, motor trucks, automotive stock engines, or farm tractors.

In short, there is no other oil so qualified to put peace-of-mind into your motor camping as the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil which is recommended for *your* car in the Chart.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches:
New York (*Main Office*)
Chicago
Kansas City, Mo.
Boston
St. Louis
Oklahoma City
Philadelphia
Detroit
Peoria
Pittsburgh
Indianapolis
Springfield, Mass.
Buffalo
Milwaukee
Albany
Rochester
Minneapolis
Portland, Me.
Dallas
Des Moines
New Haven

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1924		1923		1922		1921		1920	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Amer. LaFrance (Mod.19)	....	....	....	....	B	A	B	A	B	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
American Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Anderson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Apperson (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Atlas	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Auburn (Mod. 6-63)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Barley Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Bethlehem	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet (Mods. FB & T)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cleveland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Col'bia (Det.) (Con't Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Commerce	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Dodge Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dorris (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant Four	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Elcar (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Elgin Six	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Fageol Safety Coach	B	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (2½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Federal Knight (¾ ton)	B	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" " (Model X-2)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" " All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Flint	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Four Wheel Drive (F.W.D.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hanson Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
H. C. S.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Indiana (1 ton)	A	A	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (1½ ton)	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kline	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
LaFayette	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lexington (Con't Eng.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	....	....	A	A	....	....
Liberty	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Locomobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
McFarlan	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mason	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" (Com'l)	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Nash Four & Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Com'l) (Quad.)	....	....	....	....	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile (4 cyl.)	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model 30)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Packard (Eight)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Paige (Con't Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
" (Com'l)	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Pennant Taxi Cab	A	A	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Premier Taxi Cab	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
R. & V. Knight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	....	....	....	....
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	B	A	B	A
Rickenbacker	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	....	....
Star	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	....	....
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Stutz (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....
Westcott (Mod. D-48)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. 60)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys-Knight	B	Arc.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Yellow Cab	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....

Makes of Engines When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks

(Recommendations shown separately for convenience)

	1924		1923		1922		1921		1920	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buda (Mods. RU, WU)	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental (Mod. B5)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. B2)	....	....	....	....	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (Mod. 12XD)	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. B7)	A	A	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Falls	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hercules	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Herschell-Spill'n (Mods. 15, 41, 80 & 91)	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lycoming (C Series)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Rochester	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Waukesha (Mods. Y, Ya & Z)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (CU, DU, EU, FU)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Wisconsin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Love and Let Love

Continued from page 22

to inform me that Dolores really was among those present at the "battle" the night before. Without givin' me time to recover from *that* bit of unlooked-for news, he adds happily that him and Dolores has kissed and made up, and she's goin' to leave the State Senate flat on its vertebræ!

"You see, Joe," says Kid Roberts, "Dolores had to attend the fight last night in her official capacity as a senator, through her being on a committee investigating the alleged brutality of boxing contests in New York."

"I get you," I says. "Well, the only thing brutal about *that* bout was the prices they charged the fans for viewin' it!"

"Exactly!" frowns the Kid. Then he brightens up again. "However, Dolores realizes that it was the admirers of boxing who put her in the Senate, and she doesn't wish to betray them by voting to suppress the sport. At the same time she personally still believes pugilism brutal and degrading, and her conscience won't allow her to vote in favor of its continuance. So she has agreed with me that the best way out of her dilemma is to resign. Besides, Dolores is about fed up on politics, as sordid to her now as my—eh—former profession. She thinks she can be a much more useful citizen in her home with her husband than in the State Senate, Joe."

"What a talk you must of released last night to sell her all that!" I says, in honest admiration.

"We're going on a round-the-world trip for a second honeymoon," smiles Kid Roberts. "Sail in a couple of weeks." He suddenly turns to Ptomaine Joe, which has been glumly listenin' to all this interestin' conversation—silent for the first time in his life! "How about you, Ptomaine?" the Kid asks him. "You're a married man now, you know, and have serious responsibilities. What are *you* going to do?"

Heartbroken at this approachin' separation from his god, Ptomaine blinks a few times, clears his throat, and mumbles that he don't know what he'll actually do, but what he *feels* like doin' is jumpin' off the dock.

Kid Roberts laughs and pats him on the back.

"You're just a big, overgrown kid, Ptomaine," he says affectionately. "How do you like *this* proposition? Yvonne will, of course, accompany Mrs. Halliday. Would you care to go along with your wife as—as—well, bodyguard and valet until we return, and then you can practice your culinary arts in my kitchen!"

"Hot towel!" bellers Ptomaine, knockin' me half ways across the room with a joyful slap on the shoulders. "See what I got by bein' the cat's spats with a skillet!"

We left him and walked into the next room. Not just manager and fighter, but pals through the best and the worst of it for many's the year. The lump in my throat wasn't no tonsillitis, and the moisture in the Kid's eyes didn't come from no cold in the head either!

"Why not go with us, Joe?" says Kid Roberts, after a minute's embarrassin' silence.

I figured I'd bust out weepin' if I didn't take the air right away. Believe me, I felt plenty low!

"I—I can't spare the time now, Kid," I says, grippin' his hand and forcin' a smile, "I'll see you when you get back. I been tipped on a middleweight in Atlanta which they claim is the next champ. I'm goin' to dash down and look the boy over, just for fun—I looked you over just for fun once, remember?"

Now *you* tell one!

Two stories by H. C. Witwer will appear in early issues to be followed later by a new series, "Classics in Slang," short stories packed with laughs.

The Man Without a Country Club

Continued from page 4

Mr. Trenholm. Two figures climbed the steps to the locker-room just as the sun set. At the same moment Grant's last hope of Mr. Trenholm set, for one of the figures was that stout gentleman and the other was Mr. Hastings, a Brampton architect.

"There goes my canning factory!" Grant commented accurately on the situation.

He pondered a moment, and then asked: "What's the initiation fee down here?"

"Five hundred dollars." Muriel had been sitting with her elbows on her knees and her softly rounded chin in her cupped hands. Now she got to her feet and looked down at him. From under the brim of her straw toque her dark eyes regarded him sympathetically. "And in addition you have to buy five hundred dollars' worth of stock."

"H'mmm." Grant stood up with his head bared and ran one hand slowly through his black hair. His brows drawn down, his frank, hazel-colored eyes, set wide apart on either side of a sharply chiseled, eager nose, considered the far reaches of the golf course. "That makes a cool thousand, doesn't it? Any thousand is cool that you haven't got."

"As bad as that, Grant?"

"Well, I have fifteen hundred dollars in the bank, but I was counting on leaving it there to sustain me until something breaks. Not your father's bank, of course!" If he devoted a thousand dollars to joining a country club now, that would leave him with perilously little to exist on until overtaken by success or starvation. "I'll see," he said. "Mr. Coulton will put up my name if I want him to."

"And I'll second it," said Muriel. "I'm a member in my own right, you know. Come on in to dinner. Architects must eat."

THE grillroom of the Brampton Country Club filled rapidly with the bankers and their wives and daughters, manufacturers and their wives and daughters, first families, and the last surviving bachelors.

From their table in a corner Grant and Muriel surveyed the roomful and talked. Around them the conversation ranged lustily from business to golf and promptly back to business again. Many a deal was put through at this nineteenth hole. Of the business men present Grant knew only one, Mr. Coulton, who paused in passing to say a word to him.

For a real-estate man Mr. Coulton was extremely diffident. Thin and quiet, he had gained possession of more terra firma than usually fell to the lot of a timid person. Moreover, he had certain ideals of beauty. He wanted to put up several big apartment houses that would be something more than stucco and stupidity. They were to stand in a newly opened street called Airdale Avenue, synthetically named after an atmospheric rather than a canine quality.

"I'll be ready to start planning very soon," he told Grant, to whom he had as good as promised the work.

"Fine! We can get a beautiful Italian feeling if we make the façades completely of limestone. Or some charming things can be done in a combination of limestone and brick. An early American spirit can be obtained with that. In no other style does so much depend upon the subtlety of moldings."

"That's it," returned Mr. Coulton. "Exactly what I want. You've got the idea."

He bowed and passed on.

GRANT was about to lean forward across the table and tell Muriel how radiant she was looking, when he saw her eyes travel to the opposite corner. Her father had just come in to join a table of friends, and, catching sight of Muriel, he waved his hand to her. He was a big man, fully six feet in height, who gave the impression of strength, reserve, and dignity. His hair was gray at the temples. As he sank into his chair he caught sight of Grant and frowned.

"I suspect," remarked Grant to Muriel, "that it's thumbs down with me."

"Dad thinks that if I play around with anybody it ought to be Stewart Wainwright or Dicky Van Orden." They were young men of socially prominent families.

"Well," asked Grant, "what am I to do, then?"

"Just grin and bear it."

When they strolled out of the grillroom Muriel stopped in front of the bulletin board in the hall.

"Let's read dad's latest *communiqué*," she said.

Grant saw, among the notices posted there, an announcement signed by Mr. Vance, the president, concluding with: "It is my earnest desire and greatest ambition to see the Brampton Country Club rank among the foremost country clubs in sports, entertainment, prosperity, and growth. We can thrive only as our members permit us to thrive. Our club is peculiarly a personal possession. We are the builders; it is the monument of our endeavor."

"What do you think of dad's prose style?" asked Muriel. "Is it early American or mid-limousine?"

"I think its late Rotarian."

Muriel smiled. "He loves to write statements like that. When he says that the club is a personal possession, he betrays his pet complex. The club is his own personal possession. If you want to make a hit with dad, you'll have to inform yourself on country-club lore."

Grant promised to take up the study in a serious way.

"Do," urged Muriel. "They're thinking of building a new clubhouse—they've outgrown this one already and maybe you can design it."

"I'd like to. Got the idea already. Instead of this half-barn, half-castle effect, I'd give them a fine Colonial structure in harmony with the country and the climate, a pillared portico, long wings on both sides, and outside one wing pink-striped umbrellas over tables on the lawn, where tea could be served in the afternoon."

"Nice," commented Muriel. "Come on, the dancing's beginning."

They danced until midnight, at which hour a young moon was still low in the sky as they rode back to the city in Muriel's car.

"You drive like a goddess," murmured Grant, glancing admiringly over at her. "Diana in her moon car rushing through the night."

"You recline like Endymion himself," she replied. "I thought you were asleep."

"No. Just thinking. Let's see, didn't Diana stop her car and come to earth to kiss Endymion?"

"You're not suggesting a parallel, are you? It's dangerous to stop on this road at night."

"Then perhaps it can be done in full flight. Can you miss a tree?"

He leaned over and found her lips. The car leaped ahead.

"Well," said Muriel, when he settled back in his seat again, "I seem to have missed the tree."

"Yes, but you put your foot on the accelerator."

"That was unconscious."

"I know. Reflex action of a quickening heart. It's a good thing I wasn't driving instead of you. We'd have been hitting seventy!"

It was the first time he had ever kissed her. Something about the spring night had encouraged him. But what he wanted now was to kiss her at greater length and with more ease than was possible in a car bouncing ecstatically along the road. But then, maybe she wouldn't let him under other circumstances. He watched her profile, the line of her neck and throat, and his brain swirled with the sense of her beauty.

GRANT did indeed inform himself in the matter of country clubs. Week-ends in New York, where he went to visit a former classmate for whom he was designing a house; visits to three of the biggest country clubs in the metropolitan district; talks with architects and builders; the reading of current literature on the subject, all these pushed his education to the point where he began to feel, as he told Muriel at the Brampton club one evening, that he was becoming the greatest living authority on country clubs from the outside.

"Then it's time you got inside," she replied. "You'd better let Mr. Coulton put up your name."

He did, that very evening. Later Muriel met him in front of the bulletin board and said: "It's a good thing you're joining, Grant. I can't bring you down as a guest any more. My quota's exhausted. The secretary just told me. It seems that dad reminded him of the rule."

"Your father!"

"It's not personal, I'm sure, Grant. Dad's just a stickler for the rules."

As a matter of fact, however, there was a strong personal element in it. This fellow Seely was appearing in public too often with Muriel for Mr. Vance's peace of mind. A Vance was a Vance. Seely was one of the young men beyond the pale. You couldn't trust them.

STANDING at Muriel's elbow, Grant looked up at the bulletin board and saw an impressive diagram of the Brampton Country Club Administration—"Chart Devised Under the Supervision of I. C. Vance, President."

Mr. Vance did not sail uncharted seas. He charted everything in advance. Whether it was the Vance Lumber Company or the Guardian Savings and Trust Company, he drew up these maps showing the relation of every department and employee from the board of directors down to the elevator man, from each scrub oak in the forest to each scrub lady in the office.

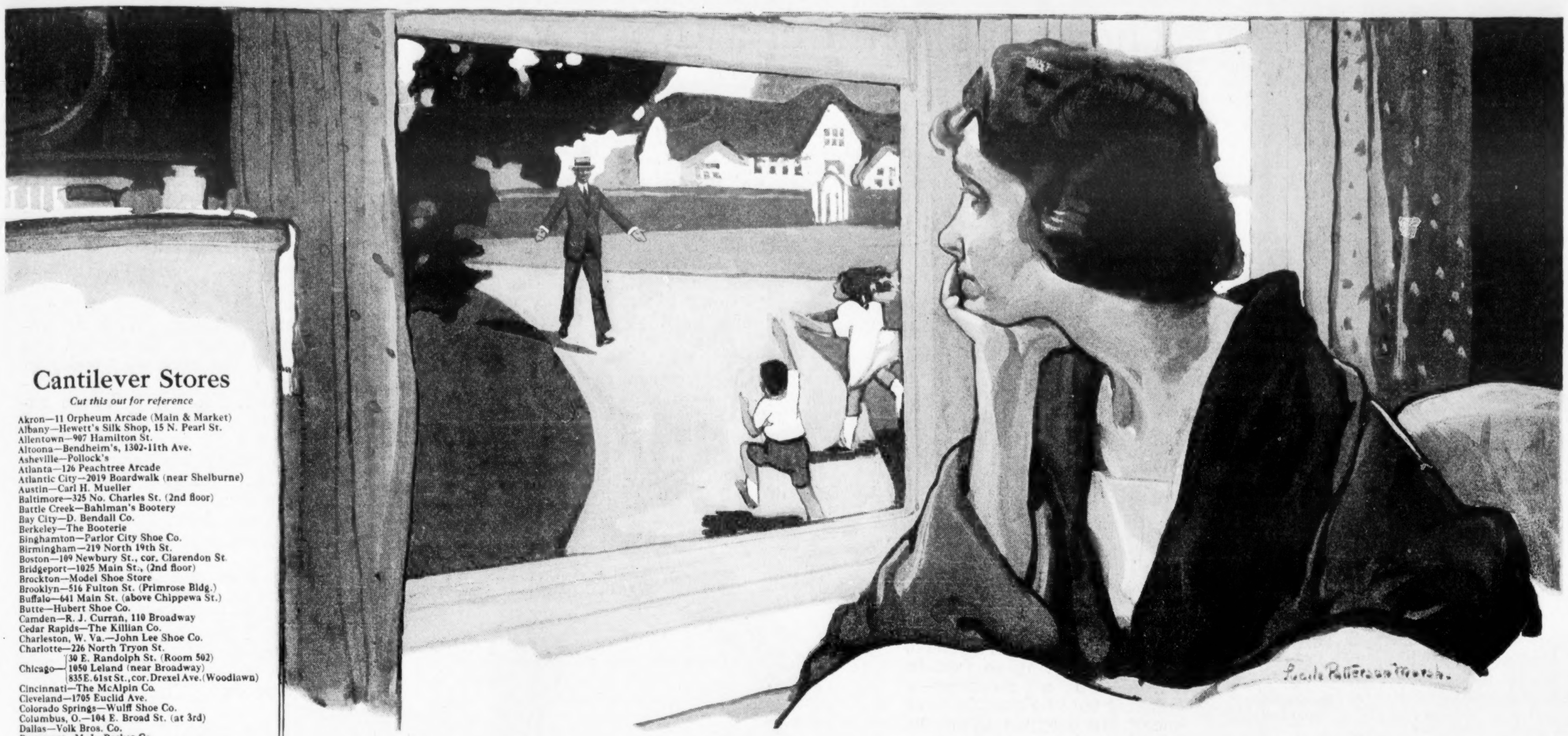
Grant studied the present specimen, amused. It was something like the genealogical chart in mythology books tracing the descent of the gods. The Board of Directors was Zeus and inhabited Olympus. It was the father of the Executive Committee, which included in its family the Secretary, Treasurer, and President. Among the offspring of the last-named were Manager and Greens Committee. Manager and twins—Membership and Grounds. Well, you could see that birth control hadn't yet been adopted, for its array of progeny was prolific enough to be ranged downward in steps like children in front of a photographer: Golf Professional, Assistant Golf Professional, Greens Keeper, Caddy Master, Equipment, Employees, Supplies, Caddies, Tools.

Grant's eye ran over the remaining offices.

"Everything is taken care of except hairpins," he commented, and supposed that he ought to be overwhelmed by such an elaborate display of diagrammatics.

He was going to remember this chart, he told himself. Some day he would entertain himself for half an hour by creating one of his own.

Grant walked into the Guardian Savings and Trust Company with a portfolio of drawings under his arm. He wanted to ask Mr. Vance to include him in (*Continued on page 26*)



Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main & Market)
Albany—Hewett's Silk Shop, 15 N. Pearl St.
Allentown—907 Hamilton St.
Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302-11th Ave.
Asheville—Pollock's
Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (near Shelburne)
Austin—Carl H. Mueller
Baltimore—325 No. Charles St. (2nd floor)
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Bay City—D. Bendall Co.
Berkeley—The Booterie
Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
Boston—109 Newbury St., cor. Clarendon St.
Bridgeport—1025 Main St., (2nd floor)
Brockton—Model Shoe Store
Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Primrose Bldg.)
Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Camden—R. J. Curran, 110 Broadway
Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
Chicago—30 E. Randolph St. (Room 502)
1050 Leland (near Broadway)
835 E. 61st St., cor. Drexel Ave. (Woodlawn)
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
Colorado Springs—Wulff Shoe Co.
Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
Dallas—Volk Bros. Co.
Davenport—M. L. Parker Co.
Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur—Raupp & Son
Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
Detroit—41 E. Adams Ave.
Dubuque—J. F. Stampfer Co.
Duluth—107 W. First St. (near 1st Ave. W.)
Easton—Horace Mayer
Elizabeth—258 No. Broad St.
Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
Erie—Weschler Co., 910 State St.
Evanston—North Shoe Bootery
Evansville—310 So. 3rd St. (near Main)
Fairmont—J. M. Hartley & Son
Fall River—D. F. Sullivan
Ft. Wayne—Mathias App's Sons
Ft. Worth—Washer Bros.
Galveston—Clark W Thompson Co.
Grand Island—S. N. Wolbach Sons
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greenville, S. C.—Pollock's
Hagerstown—Bikle's Shoe Shop
Harrisburg—26 No. 3rd St. (Second Floor)
Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
Haverhill—McGregor's, 21 Washington Sq.
Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
Houston—205 Foster-Bank Commerce Bldg.
Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Mich.—L. H. Field Co.
Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
Lancaster, Pa.—Boyd's, 5 E. King St.
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—Geo. Lord & Son
Lewiston, Me.—Lamey-Wellehan
Lima—The Sill Shoe Co.
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Little Rock—Poe Shoe Co.
Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.
Los Angeles—505 New Pantages Bldg.
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
Lowell—The Bon Marche
Madison—Family Shoe Store
Manchester, N. H.—Wm. Marcotte Co.
Mansfield—Brownell Shoe Co.
McKeesport—Wm. F. Sullivan
Memphis—28 No. Second St.
Meriden, Conn.—Brown Shoe Co.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis—25 Eighth St., South
Missoula—Missoula Mercantile Co.
Mobile—E. H. Britton Shoe Co.
Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
Muncie—Miller Shoe Co.
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)
New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop
New Britain—Sloan Bros.
New Brunswick, N. J.—A. V. Harding & Sons
New Castle, Pa.—229 E. Washington St
New Haven—153 Court St. (2d floor)
New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (Room 200)
Newport, R. I.—Sullivan's, 226 Thames St.
New York—14 W. 40th St. (opp. Public Library)
2950 Third Ave. (152nd St.)
Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
Oakland—516-15th St. (Opp. City Hall)
Oklahoma City—Fezler's Boot Shop
Omaha—1708 Howard St.
Pasadena—378 E. Colorado St.
Passaic—37 Lexington Ave.
Paterson—10 Park Ave. (at Erie Depot)
Pawtucket—Evans & Young
Peoria—Jefferson St. (Lehmann Bldg.)
Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
Pittsfield—Wm. Fahey, 234 North St.
Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
Portland, Ore.—353 Alder St.
Providence—The Boston Store
Reading—Sig. S. Schweriner
Richmond, Va.—Seymour Sycle
Roanoke—I. Bachrach Shoe Co.
Rochester, N. Y.—257 Main St. E. (3rd floor)
Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
Rock Island—Boston Shoe Co.
St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg., opp. P. O.
St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
Sacramento—208 Ochsner Bldg., K near 7th
Saginaw—Goeschel-Kuiper Co.
Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
San Diego—The Marston Co.
San Francisco—Phelan Bldg. (Arcade)
San Jose—Hoff & Kayser
Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.
Schenectady—445 State St.
Scranton—Lewis & Reilly
Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
South Bend—Ellsworth Store
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
Tacoma—255 So. 11th St. (Fidelity Bldg.)
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Toronto—7 Queen St. East (at Yonge)
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Troy—35 Third St. (2d floor)
Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store
Union Hill, N. J.—Star Shoe Store
Utica—28 & 30 Blandina St., cor. Union
Waco—Davis-Smith Booterie
Waltham—Rufus Warren & Sons
Washington, D. C.—1319 F Street (2d floor)
Waterloo—U. T. K. Shoe Co.
Watertown, N. Y.—Berow & Monroe
Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray
Wilmington, Del.—Kennard-Pyle Co.
Woonsocket—Martin Shoe Co.
Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.
Yonkers—22 Main St.
York—The Bon Ton
Youngstown—B. McManus Co.
Zanesville—J. B. Hunter Co.

Agencies in 402 other cities

Too tired to Move—

exhausted by foot fatigue!

HER husband seems so young, so full of life. She is ten years younger than her husband, but busy days often make her seem older. Unnaturally shaped shoes with rigid arches nag and drag at her nerves all day long. Her feet have lost their youthful spring; she tires easily.

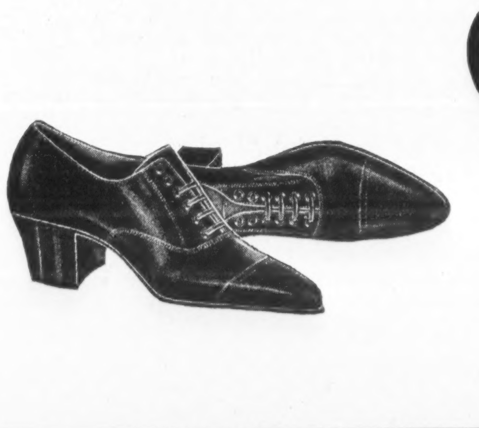
Thousands of women have found new foot freedom and a happier outlook on life through wearing the Cantilever Shoe. It makes feet young. Flexible from toe to heel, this good looking shoe releases shoe-bound foot muscles, permitting them to exercise and grow stronger. Healthy foot muscles hold the bones of the foot in strong, springy arches. The result is a youthful, energetic step.

The Cantilever is just the shoe for hot Summer days. The soft, luxurious leathers are easy on the foot. The natural lines follow the lines of the foot, giving you a smooth, glove-like fit, with no irritating pressure anywhere. The flexible arch of the shoe fits up to the arch of the foot to give gentle, restful support without hampering the action of the foot. Circulation is unimpeded. There is no burning or chafing. Simply wonderful comfort and a feeling of coolness as compared with the puffy, swollen condition of feet that have been bound and restricted in unnatural shoes.

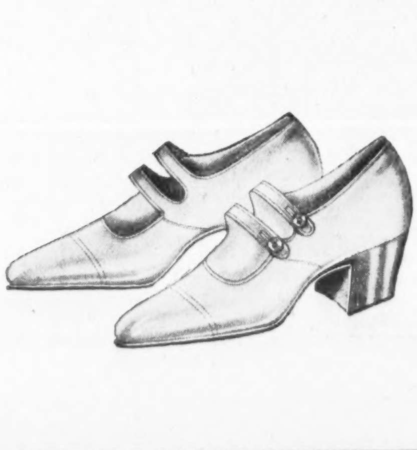
There are many attractive Cantilever models to choose from this Summer; cool pumps in white kidskin or fabric for light, warm-weather frocks, trim oxfords for tailored costumes, as well as pretty strap pumps in a number of tasteful designs for dress occasions. There are also good looking Cantilevers for men, including an excellent golf shoe with the finest grade of crepe rubber sole.

Cantilever Shoes are truly economical at the new lowered prices. They wear well and they are excellently made of fine materials. There is no better time to start wearing Cantilevers than right now, before the hot weather can punish your feet and tax your energy.

In every community, just one store is selected to sell Cantilever Shoes (except in New York and Chicago, where several stores are located in convenient parts of the city). If you do not find a nearby dealer in this partial list, write to Morse & Burt Co., 412 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. They will send you the name of the Cantilever dealer nearest you, and enclose an informative booklet on feet and shoes.



Cantilever
Shoe
for Men and Women



The Man Without a Country Club

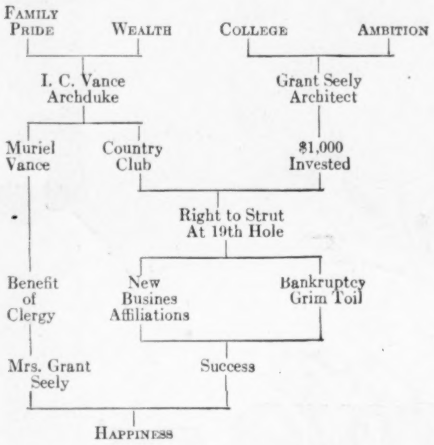
Continued from page 24

the list of architects to whom notices would be sent about the competition for the new clubhouse, whenever that announcement should be ready. He also wanted to see if Mr. Vance would frown at him. He saw the frown and Mr. Vance simultaneously.

"I can't go into that to-day," said Mr. Vance sharply, and pressed a buzzer for the next caller.

Grant went away with such a disconcerted adjusting of his portfolio that he lost one of the papers. It fluttered down to the rug behind Mr. Vance's cold back. There was nothing cold about Mr. Vance's face when he discovered the paper. It grew warm and crimson. The paper contained a beautifully ruled and lettered diagram: "Chart Devised Under the Extremely Super-Vision of Grant Seely."

It read:



With the progress of Mr. Vance's astonished eye down the chart, the crimson flush crept up his face from his stern jaw to the roots of his hair. Through his brain raged words and epithets that would have amazed Grant Seely if he had known. "Upstart! Climber! Cold-blooded, impertinent scamp!"

If Grant had been there then, Mr. Vance would have kicked him out of the office—if Grant had let him. But Grant was back in his own office talking to Muriel, exultant because of a telephone call from Mr. Coulton.

"Coulton's on the verge of announcing his project. He says he'll give it to the newspapers in a day or two."

Muriel shared Grant's enthusiasm.

"I'm so glad. It will be a big boost for you. As soon as work gets around it ought to bring you a lot of clients. Oh, I can see the headlines already!"

"So can I. Coulton to Build Huge Apartment Houses. Airdale Avenue to be Site of City's Most Magnificent Structures. Plans Now Being Made by Architect."

"No," corrected Muriel, "Plans Now Being Made by *Rising Young* Architect."

"Well"—Grant smiled happily—"we won't quarrel about the adjectives, Muriel. I hate scenes."

THE spirit of springtime still pervaded the air as Grant sat at his desk near the open window and looked out over Main Street in the morning sunlight. The birds in the square were singing. So was something in Grant's heart. Then, suddenly, the telephone rang, and Muriel's voice, pained and angry, sounded in his ears.

"I just heard. Last night the membership committee acted on your name at the country club. You—you were blackballed!"

Grant's jaw dropped. "Blackballed!"

"Yes. Isn't it horrible? Oh, I'm so sorry, Grant. I don't know who did it, but I'm going to find out. You must have offended somebody down there."

"Blackballed!" he repeated, stunned. The thought that such an adversity was possible had never occurred to him. It was the money that had worried him, not the personal requirements. "It's not very funny, is it?"

"No. You can't laugh that off in Brampton."

"No." He pondered gravely. "That's what I'm thinking."

He found it all too true. The fact that somebody had been blackballed at the country club was a choice item. Usually an undesirable person never got as far as having his name put up. So this was news. It spread fast.

At the Chamber of Commerce Restaurant, where he went for lunch, as did many of the men who were members of the country club, he detected significant looks cast in his direction and words uttered with him as the topic.

Worst of all was the effect on Mr. Coulton—conservative, timid Mr. Coulton—who telephoned to Grant early in the afternoon to say that he was sorry, very sorry, but he had been forced to give the apartment houses to another architect. Nothing personal, you know, but circumstances over which he had no control—

Grant understood the circumstances without being told. The real-estate man was a worshiper of Brampton's aristocrats. Their rejection of the man whose name he had proposed was a rebuke to him for going so fast in taking up a stranger—a warning that he must heed at once. He dropped Grant as quickly as he would an abandoned farm. He couldn't afford to have his fine houses in Airdale Avenue put up by a man who had been blackballed by Brampton's country club, where there were already architects who were members in good standing and others whom he hoped to have as tenants in these splendid apartments—friends who would hobnob with him as well as pay rent.

Muriel was indignant when she came to Grant's office and heard about Mr. Coulton.

"I know what that means to you," she began soberly—"losing those buildings. It—it—" Her voice choked. "It makes me so mad I could—could—" But all she could do was to avert her face and gaze out of the window, tight-lipped.

"Yes," said Grant. "I already saw the headlines in the papers, didn't I? We'll have to change your adjectives after all. Instead of 'Rising Young Architect,' make it 'Falling!'"

He gazed glumly out of the window beside her. The day was still in the calendar of spring, but something had happened to its inner essence. The birds no longer sang a pæan of joy in Courthouse Square. Main Street's traffic of trolley and truck and car no longer hummed pleasantly over a pavement gay with energy and impressive with the wealthy commerce of a city at peace. The sounds were now bitter and cruel. Bang! Smash! Crack! The world was out of joint. The cosmos creaked. The music of the spheres was a discord.

Everything was a discord—except Muriel's voice. In that there was divine sympathy. He told her so: "I get an awful kick out of it, Muriel."

"I'm glad." She turned to the door. "I'm going to see what can be done. Dad's out of town to-day, but I expect him back to-night, and there ought to be a different kind of kick in that."

ON THE following day Grant chose another restaurant for lunch, a quiet spot to which business men did not repair, because it was called a "tea room" and the word hadn't yet won a place of honor in a go-getter's synonym book. He chose a booth in a corner, but no sooner had he sat down than he heard conversation from a group of women at the next table, hidden from him by the high back of the adjoining bench.

"My dear, he was blackballed!" said one of the voices

"Oh, who?" cut in another eagerly. "Who, Helen?"

"A Mr. Seely, who's been running around with Muriel Vance."

"Don't the men like him?"

"Evidently not!"

A third voice joined the gossip. "Who is he? What's he like?"

"I don't know. Nobody ever heard of him until yesterday."

"He's a new man in town."

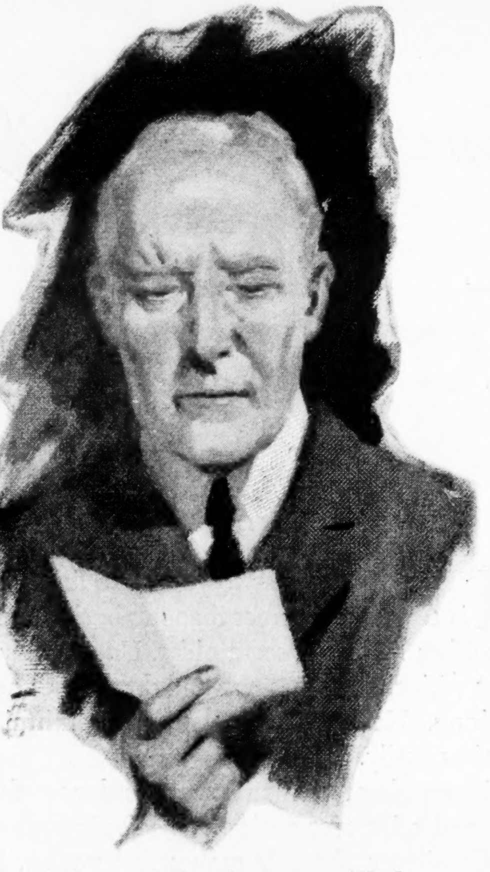
"Well, that kills him now."

"He came from Harper City, I hear."

"Did he belong to their club?"

"No. I guess they wouldn't let him in there either."

This last, as well as much of the previous innuendo, was of the nature of falsehood, of course, and Grant, listening with clenched fists, wanted to pop his head around the corner and tell them so. But that wouldn't help matters any. So he remained silent and tried to eat.



As he read the chart rage filled Mr. Vance

HE RETURNED to his office, dejected. In the drafting-room he swept the table clear of papers—drawings he had been preparing for Mr. Coulton and Airdale Avenue—and leaned against the high stool, disconsolately.

It was there that Muriel, entering breathlessly, found him and told him of a plan that was all her own, a plan that would take the curse from him. She insisted upon it. She wouldn't take no for an answer. She came close to tell him, so close that she looked into his eyes for a long, confiding moment, and then dropped her long lashes. It was a talisman that could work wonders in Grant. His mind swirled again with the sense of her beauty. He leaned forward and covered her sweet lips with his own, and she yielded fervently.

"Oh, Grant, I love you so!" she breathed when he lifted his face from hers.

"And I," he replied, "I adore you!"

At nine o'clock that evening, while Grant sat in Muriel's roadster in the shadows outside the Vance mansion, she was in the library having it out with her father.

"I know you're the one who blackballed him," she said. "You can't deny it, dad! One of the committee told me."

"I don't deny it, my dear." Mr. Vance sat in a capacious armchair at the side of the long mahogany table and tried to maintain a calm attitude in the face of his daughter's defense of the man he had kept beyond the pale. Defense? Attack was the more appropriate word for her manner toward her parent, Mr. Vance acknowledged to himself. He could get mad too, if he wanted to, but he preferred to deal with Muriel diplomatically if possible. So he sat in the chair with his knees crossed and toyed with the quill pen on the table. With an apparently easy gesture, he flicked the feather against the polished wood, and only frowned slightly. "Though I dislike," he added, "seeing a Vance reproach me for my action."

"It's always a Vance with you," she returned, clenching the edge of the table with her hands. "How about Grant Seely's feelings?"

"I'm sorry, my dear, but I couldn't consult the young man's feelings in the matter."

"And my own feelings, dad. I wanted him to be a member."

"Yes, but I wanted him *not* to be a member, and I got my way. You'll forgive me in time."

"That depends upon you. But you didn't get your way. That's where I've fooled you!"

"What do you mean?" He looked at her, puzzled.

"He *is* a member." She smiled. "Right now!"

Mr Vance rose. "How do you make that out?"

"One of your own rules, dad. A member's family is entitled to the privileges of the club. He or she automatically comes into them."

"Well?" Mr. Vance waited. "I don't see."

"You will in a minute, dad. I'm going to tell you. Grant Seely is my husband!"

DESPITE the fact that her father was a big man, Muriel could have knocked him over at that moment with a feather, even the feather of the tiny quill pen. He stared at her, astounded, speechless. When he recovered the knack of speech he put one hand on the back of the chair to steady himself.

"Are you lying to me, Muriel?"

She smiled again. "A Vance never lies."

"If—If—" Mr. Vance struggled with emotions that were too overwhelming for dignity or reserve. "If this is true—and I hope to God it isn't!—you'll get the worst beating any daughter ever got!" He moved forward and added: "And so will Seely!" forgetting that Grant wasn't anybody's daughter. In fact, he forgot everything on the instant except that the last of three generations of Vances had committed an outrage.

"All right," replied Muriel, confronting him without flinching. "I'm ready to take a beating for Grant. He took one for me once."

Her father halted, surprised.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'll tell you exactly what I mean," she returned quickly. "I'll tell you about a time when a Vance didn't count for much, strange as it may seem." In her eyes fire burned darkly; in her voice was an unmistakable fervor. "You like statistics. Well, here are some you can tabulate. At college, at that coeducational institution where you sent me, there were five hundred girls and three thousand men. Of the five hundred girls there was one Vance. That was me. Of the three thousand men there were thirty Gamma Delts, the finest men in college. For fifty years it had been an unwritten law in the Gamma Delt house, as well as in every other fraternity house, that no man was to associate with a coed. We were beneath their notice. Even I, a Vance. In fact, a Vance wasn't a Vance. She was a coed! I was ostracized as thoroughly as if I were a kitchen mechanic. More thoroughly, in fact—"

"Bloooof!" Mr. Vance made some

sort of an angry, explosive noise. "You never told me that, Muriel."

"Of course not. The only thing to do was to grin and bear it, though at times it made me feel wretched. But of those thirty Gamma Delts I mentioned—the finest men in college—there was one who had the courage to step out with this one Vance I speak of, who liked her well enough to be seen in public with her, to take her to dances and treat her like a human being and an equal—"

"I hope so," interjected Mr. Vance, not suspecting where her words were leading.

"That one Gamma Delt was Grant Seely!"

Mr. Vance made another noise, as if in retraction of the previously expressed hope.

"When he went back to his house after taking me home, that first evening, one of his fraternity brothers met him outside and warned him that a dozen were waiting to beat him up for what he had done. But he went back into the house just the same. He took the beating—and several others took theirs at the same time. An ambulance carried them to the infirmary. Trouble occurred twice more before Grant established the right to walk with me. And that," she concluded, "is why I'm ready to take a beating for him now!"

Mr. Vance hesitated, at a loss for words. Muriel's story had affected him.

"But my dear, my dear," he said at length, "that was college heroics. We're all over that now."

"Yes, but I like to think about it, dad." She smiled at him archly. "A man once fought for me. It's the principle of the thing. You've heard that phrase before, haven't you? As soon as you cool down, I expect you to look at my marriage with Grant in the proper light."

"Never! I'll never do that. Are you really married? Is it too late to stop it? When did it happen?" He banged the arm of his chair agitatedly.

"This afternoon. We got the marriage license just before the bureau closed. And Dr. Hill married us in the parsonage. Grant's office boy was the best man."

Mr. Vance groaned. "Impossible!" he cried, and strode up and down the floor. "Impossible! You might just as well have married a tramp! He only wants you because you've got wealth and position."

"No, no, dad. You're mistaken."

"Then look at that!" Suddenly he whisked a piece of paper out of his pocket and thumped it down on the table in front of her. It was the insolent thing entitled "Chart Devised Under the Extremely Super-Vision of Grant Seely." When Muriel saw it her eyes narrowed. "Read that!" urged her father in an awful voice.

She looked up at him and laughed. "Read it?" she echoed. "I helped write it!"

No feather was needed this time to knock Mr. Vance over. The physical phenomenon followed so swiftly upon Muriel's words as to be almost perfectly synchronized. He dropped weakly into the armchair.

Muriel told him everything—that is, everything she thought was good for him. An embrace also fell in this category. The result was that she stepped to the veranda door and called out into the night: "Come on in, Grant! The worst is over."

Mr. Vance greeted his son-in-law without effusion.

"I don't know what's to come of this, but—" He said no more. He merely held out his hand.

A GREAT many things came of it. One was Mr. Vance's announcement to the membership committee that he withdrew his blackball against Grant. Another was Grant's popularity as a member of the club. Another was his rise as an architect—he built, among other edifices, the new country clubhouse with its pillared portico, attractive wings, and pink umbrellas on the lawn. Another was the revision of the chart he had devised in an idle moment. An addition had to be made to its genealogical descent. The addition was named Vance Seely, after his grandfather.

The Brothers Tevis

Continued from page 13

stood on guard, unless some sort of peace were patched up in good season. Meantime Mrs. Dan suggested to her husband, and all the Caldwells and the Davidsons agreed, that there was just enough sheer spite in Will to drag his brother through the public prints with some outrageous passage in a widely published will, too late for any answer. Optimistic friends on both sides had gone farther. Old Henry Tevis, they suggested, must be broken-hearted in his grave. Why not seize this happy chance to clear things up—effect an old-time understanding?

Grudgingly, on his sickbed, Will Tevis agreed to hold his temper if his brother came to offer peace. As for Dan, in the end it seemed the better part of valor to give way, lest in his own good health he seem unsportsmanlike in having had no stroke to match his brother's. They would meet—and have it out alone. Dan suggested that the room be cleared of its unnecessary women.

IT SEEMED to mark a turning point in Tevis history, that April afternoon when flags of truce appeared on Market Street and a short man well out of breath toiled up forgotten steps to greet a lean and tired brother. In the hall outside Will's door, and on a porch three hundred feet away, two families watched the clock uneasily and waited for the issue. The room was barred. But eager minds could see the picture: Will, wan and earnest on his bed; Dan, ill at ease beside him, tracing with one toe the pattern in a Brussels carpet. There would come a question first. Then Will, or maybe Dan, would plunge straight to the heart of things. What had been festering for twenty years—what, from the distant first, had been the cause of this unfathomable quarrel—would come out like a thorn drawn slowly from a wounded foot. Points of view obscure for many years would be explained; misunderstandings brushed away like bread crumbs from a table. Either that or hot words and a quarrel worse than ever.

Will faced his brother in the sickroom. And what happened no one in the hall or on the porch would have been quite ready to imagine.

Dan was the first to speak. "Tough luck," he said. He was standing at the foot of the bed, and fumbling with the cover. "Sort of caught you unexpected, didn't it?"

Will grunted. "It's those damned steps," he said. "Steep enough to make anybody's heart go like a whistle. I'll never have my hair cut in that place again."

Dan nodded. "That's the trouble with a basement shop. I'd go to Frye's if I was you."

"Frye's all right," acknowledged Will. "Webster's a better barber, though."

"Oh, I ain't sure of that," suggested Dan. "Frye's just as good. In fact, I dare say better."

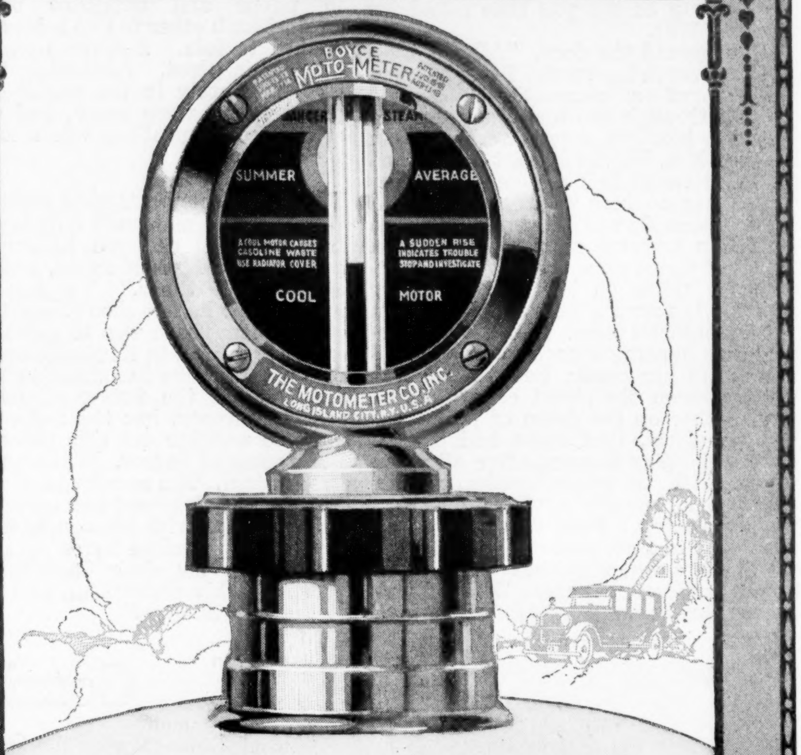
"Better nothing!" Will had his own convictions on that point. "I've been having my hair cut in Webster's place for twenty years—"

"All right, all right," agreed his brother. "Your hair ain't all the hair in town."

"Don't you tell me who's the better barber," Will said warmly. "I'm not asking your advice."

"You wouldn't get it if you did," responded Dan. "Anybody'd be a fool to waste the effort. As long as I can remember, you've been just that stubborn."

"Stubborn? Don't you call me stubborn!" shouted Will, so firmly that the listeners in the hall thought: "Ah, the secret's out!" (*Continued on page 28*)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The Brothers Tevis

Continued from page 27

"I won't take any talk from your sort!" Will hitched himself across the pillow with a muttered "Junk!"

Dan walked to the window, looked out on Market Street, then chose a chair and dragged it to the bedside. For a time he sat there quietly, observing with interest the ice bags on his brother's head.

Will broke the silence. "The missus was telling me—" he said.

"I know," said Dan. "If you're agreeable, I suppose we might as well."

Will nodded. Dan kept rocking. It wasn't five minutes later that he rose to go. "We're friends again, then, Will?"

"As long as it's you that asked for it," said Will.

Dan opened the door. "All right."

Fresh earth lay on the Tevis hatchet.

News of a reconciliation spread swiftly through the town, and for the moment held its interest. Mrs. Dan stopped Mrs. Will in Market Street, and in full view of half a dozen neighbors kissed her on both cheeks. Mrs. Will invited Mrs. Dan to join her study club. Mrs. Dan entertained at bridge, and in a tuft of tissue paper bestowed a guest-of-honor token on her sister. Young Ned Tevis found a new third baseman for his baseball team. Millie Tevis hurried into dancing school and traded secrets with her cousin Bess. Neighbors up and down the street congratulated one another on the dawn of peace, yet felt, somehow, that there had been a let-down. Was it over, after all these years, with no more fireworks than that? And wasn't anybody going to learn the secret? Fred Wiles, who lived next door to Dan, averred he had it on the best authority that there had been a woman in the case. Will had forbidden Dan to have anything to do with her, or Dan had accused Will of stowing her away, or something of the sort. In the whole affair the least display of interest was manifested by the brothers Tevis.

Dan had called on Will a second time, while he was still confined indoors. Will had responded by lending Dan an album which he had no desire to carry up the street. It was tacitly agreed that they would speak cordially when they met in public and withdraw blackballs against each other in two lodges neither wished to join. But the bargain left them uninspired. Something that belonged securely in the center of their lives seemed worn away, and the unacknowledged problem was discovering what it was.

DAN, whose even temper wasn't often ruffled, began to sulk a little with his family. Will declared he doubted if he'd ever be himself again, and talked about "old times." To ask either brother how he felt about the aftermath of this new peace was to court an answer unqualified in its sharpness. Mrs. Dan might trump her sister's clubs and diamonds in the flutter of an unexpected intimacy, but the male Tevises chose to weather out this peace alone.

A fortnight passed. Will was on the street again. The moodiness of the two brothers had deepened measurably. Dan had quarreled with his daughter Millie because he promised her a dress. Will would push his chair back from the table, with his plate filled, and declare he "wasn't hungry."

One evening, on the curbstone, fortune gave the Tevis wheel another twist.

It was the first time these two had faced each other on the street, away from the confining presence of a sickroom. Dan had left his house and started for the corner store, and a cigar. It had been his practice, for twenty years, to march along on his own side of the street until he came to the edge of his brother's property, then cross the street as ostentatiously as possible, to impress upon the members of his brother's household the fact no berth could be too wide for them.

He was halfway across the street from sheer force of habit now, when with a pang of ill-defined regret the thought came home to him that no longer was there any reason for this wide detour. He swung back, it happened, precisely at the moment when his brother Will—whose own part in this time-honored pantomime required that he now be standing with his back turned to the street, to indicate to Dan how little all this troubled him—chose also to remember that the feud was at an end, and turned to meet his brother. Silent, ill at ease, they faced each other; caught red-handed in the act.

Slowly Dan came back across the gravel roadway till he reached the curb. Old Mrs. Dyke, toiling up the far side of the street with a market basket on her arm, would have let it drop and hurried to the scene of action had she dared.

"I'm not afraid of you, Dan Tevis," Will shouted from the sidewalk, "if that's what you mean by spinning around there, in the middle of the street, as if you meant to have a fling at me!"

"Don't stand there and preach at me!" retorted Dan. "I guess I can walk on your sidewalk if I want to."

"You can walk on the sidewalk," Will replied, as if he'd thought it over many times, "but if you step on my grass I'll have the law on you."

"You will, eh? There! I've stepped on your grass. What are you going to do about it?"

"Get off my lawn!"

"You come and put me off."

"That's enough, Dan Tevis! I take back what I said about forgetting."

"You do, eh? If you think—"

"Your family too! I don't want my missus hobnobbing with your wife."

"You couldn't get my wife to look at her. I'll tell her about this. Here! Let go my coat lapel. Take your hands off, Will Tevis, or, by cracky, I'll—"

TWO hours later, when Dan Tevis had told his wife that the truce was at an end, and Will Tevis had gathered his family around him to explain that Dan had gratuitously insulted him within ten feet of his own porch, twilight had fallen over Centerville. Dan Tevis had his daughter on his knee, hunting through a catalogue of dresses. Will Tevis had eaten his first real supper in four weeks, and sent his wife to the pantry for more pie.

It would be war to-morrow. All Market Street would hear the trumpet call. But to-night a strange peace had settled on the brothers Tevis.

Something lost had come back home again.

Coming Through

Continued from page 16

to be much. Ain't nothin' but a fight can clear the air now—I've gone too far. You asked me to do it, an' I done it. Now you want me to back-track, and that ain't so easy. Don't you know it's a damn sight easier to start trouble 'n stop it?"

Reubens was impressed; he recognized the justice of the man's arguments, and he had seen Cahaba—it was rough at best. At present, he judged, it needed only a spark for an explosion. From commanding and threatening, he became almost pleading.

"This means a good deal to us. For reasons that wouldn't interest you, I can't afford to appear in it, but I want the men back at work in a good spirit. If you can put it over, it'll be worth your while. You're their boss. They know you. It shouldn't be hard for you to handle them."

"It will be now. But, as I tell you, I'll do what I can."

With that Reubens had to be content. And— "Like hell I will!" Lawler was thinking as he hurried down the path.

An ominous quiet settled over Cahaba in the succeeding days. Reubens telegraphed his office that he would be away indefinitely. He meant to watch Blackford's fight to the end and help him—and help Alice also if he could.

It was a fight: they read that in Blackford's face, which daily grew thinner and more haggard. They grew accustomed to seeing him in Jim's arms. The negro never left him for a moment, and between the two there grew up a mutual affection.

Jim was wonderfully gentle. He soon found the most comfortable position for "Mist' Blackford." He watched him, learned to anticipate his wants.

Alice watched over him as well as she could, but made no further effort to penetrate his reserve. She knew that between his crippled state and his anxiety about his work he was now so morbidly sensitive that any touch might hurt him. And so she too retired into herself.

Reubens, observing with solicitude, was too wise to interfere. His daughter loved her husband, but of Blackford's feeling he was not so sure. Blackford, his face white, his eyes somber, his bearing taciturn but faultlessly courteous, was an enigma. Once more Reubens paid him the tribute of involuntary admiration. Any man in his condition, shouldering a cruel load and neither whining nor rebelling, would have appealed to Reubens.

Meanwhile within Blackford a certain hopelessness was growing. He found himself more handicapped by his injury than he had reckoned on. He felt chained; he sensed the slackening of his control over the men. They no longer stood in awe of him. His orders were no longer respected.

MUDD came to him about it, mopping a harassed brow. Mudd was sleeping hardly four hours a day, spending all his time at the mine, striving as best he could to fill the place of his chief's activity.

"Boss, I'm gonna kill somebody before this thing's over," he said. "I can feel it comin' on. They're goin' too far. It's Lawler, sure. He's doin' just what the old—what the old man told him. We ain't gettin' out half the coal we should on the day side, and I'm afraid they'll get to my night crew. We gotta do something."

"Hold your horses, John. We're in no shape to meet a strike. Lawler must stay a while longer—then watch me get rid of him. I'll have to have a reason."

Mudd was no longer good-natured. "Let me do it," he growled. "I don't need no reason."

Blackford steadied him and sent him back into the mine with renewed determination. But, try as they might, they could not raise production to seventy-five thousand tons and hold it there. Already there was nearly twenty thousand tons to be made up, and only a little more time.

Then one day the washer was damaged with emery dust in the bearings. Blackford, from Jim Rhodes's arms, investigated. Mudd was awakened and looked it over. He spat savagely. "Lawler again!"

"Yes, and this is the limit." Blackford was desperate. "We can't have this. We'll face the issue now."

Mudd's face lighted and he patted his pocket. "Want me to get him? Me and Big Willie—"

"Not to-night," said Blackford. "I want to try another way first. We both know what's back of it all. I'll see to-night, and to-morrow . . ."

At dinner, his face even paler than usual, he tried his other way.

"Suppose we come to a perfectly frank understanding," he said to Reubens. "I'm aware that you're in my home and at my table, but I feel sure you'll waive all that."

"I don't know what you mean," said Reubens.

Blackford gestured wearily. "What's the use? I know what you came here to do; I even know how you're doing it. You don't believe in leaving your victim anything at all. I'll admit I've given you cause, but I've paid pretty heavily for it. You don't imagine, do you, that I think that mule's performance was an accident?" He chuckled mirthlessly. Alice's eyes widened; so he knew. "The reason I did nothing about it was to avoid involving you. And I felt as if you had some justification even for doing that. But now I don't think you are fair. You promised I should have my chance and you're breaking your word."

All this still without heat. Reubens and Alice sat unstirring. At last the ironmaster spoke: "Suppose I told you I'm keeping my word?"

"I'd find it hard to believe."

"I am, however. For reasons of my own, I decided to let bygones be bygones. I dropped all plans."

"But they're going ahead. The other day the crusher, to-day the washer. Who knows what next? And those weren't legitimate accidents. They were made to happen."

Reubens shook his head helplessly. "I told them they must stop."

"These things are more easily started than stopped."

"That's what Lawler—"

Blackford calmly finished the sentence. "That's what Lawler said, is it?" Again there was a silence. Alice broke down and buried her face in her arms. "I'll make one last appeal to you, Mr. Reubens. If you won't give me a chance, I'm ready to quit. I'll admit that you have beaten me, and go. But on your own showing, you've started something that has got away from you. I don't know whether you want it stopped or not. I can stop it if you do. These men know me. They look to me for their bread, and I can handle them —*but only if you don't interfere*, no matter what I have to do."

"I promise you," Reubens said instantly.

"Thank you. Then it will be stopped." He motioned to Jim Rhodes, who picked him up and carried him out.

"By George!" exclaimed Reubens, looking after him, "I believe it will be!"

"I know it will," said Alice through her tears.

BLACKFORD struck swiftly to right the disorganization at the mine. He no longer faltered with halfway measures. The time had come to fight.

It would be a fight, literal and genuine; he was quite aware of that. He might win or he might lose, but he would not sit idle and see the camp disintegrate. Far from shrinking from strife, he welcomed it. In it, perhaps, his spirit would find peace.

Despite John Mudd's efforts, production had gone steadily down after Blackford's accident, nor had it improved on his return. The men knew he must work through another, and the drive of his rather grim new personality was missing. This was a loss he would have to discount, he told himself; he must teach them that, although he could not walk, he was powerful still.

He had long known that to have a satisfactory condition at the mine, he must get rid of Lawler. He had been waiting until he could do it with least disturbance and greatest effect. Lawler had been at the working so long that he was an institution, and there could be no warning to the men more impressive than his summary dismissal.

Blackford had already made such preparations as he could for a sudden elimination of himself as superintendent. In spite of what Dr. Rawls had told him, he believed that he was likely to die at any time from the injury to his back. He carried this thought with him always. Besides, he knew the dangers of his conflict with the men would be real and grave, and—now that he was virtually tied to a chair—hard to meet.

He had no great anxiety to live, beyond the desire to justify his ambition to Alice, to show her that he could perform as well as dream. That seemed the one thing holding him. His morbidness increased. It did not matter greatly if he did go down, he told himself. Provided he went down fighting, perhaps it would be best. It would save her . . .

Sometimes in the isolation into which he had withdrawn, he wondered why he let himself live on, why he did not solve the puzzle for himself and for her. At such times he would discover some unexpected reserve of strength, some constancy that bade him fight when hope was lost.

He was lonely. His nature had changed, and he no longer felt self-sufficient. He had never realized his pride in his sturdy body until now. He glanced down at his useless legs. If only—

More and more he withdrew into himself. He spoke to Alice and her father when necessary, but the home, as such, knew him no more. Only to Jim Rhodes, of whose silent adoration he had at length taken notice, did he unburden himself. Jim didn't understand; but he said "Yes, suh," at what he thought the proper points, and asked no questions. That helped Blackford.

ONCE resolved on fighting, Blackford shook himself angrily out of his introspection. He motioned Stringfellow to the chair across his desk and carefully settled himself in an easy position.

"Stringfellow, I've been so busy I haven't had time to get acquainted with you. But we must have an understanding. Everyone who isn't for me now is against me, and I shall act accordingly."

Stringfellow leaned forward. "I am for you one hundred per cent."

Blackford raised his eyebrows at such vehemence. "That is what you say and that is how you have done your work, but there are things I'd like to have explained."

"I know it, sir, and I've wanted to explain them. I tried to weeks ago and you wouldn't listen. I know what you are up against. I wanted to help you even before your accident, but I couldn't so long as you were suspicious, and I didn't think you would understand."

"Perhaps I wouldn't have, but I will now. I need all the help I can get. Suppose you tell me the whole story."

"Willingly, sir; anything you want to know."

"Are you friendly with Lawler?"

"He thinks I am."

"And Shackleford?"

"As friendly as he will let me be."

"Then that explains your association with him and Lawler and Galloway."

"It does, but not in the way that you might think. I—I—it isn't Shackleford; it's Miss Shackleford."

Light broke in on Blackford. He remembered Margaret's words. "Oh," he said, "so you are the one who is waiting?"

"Yes, sir. I met her in Birmingham when she was in school. I loved her, and—and she liked me, but she wouldn't marry me and wouldn't tell me why, so I came here to find out. I found Big Shackleford. I saw she was worried about him, and I wanted to do what I could; so I stayed here and tried to keep him out of trouble. He was—he was in with Lawler and Galloway. I didn't trust Lawler, but he did, and I did the best I could. It wasn't—wasn't perfectly square, but when you feel about anyone as I do about her . . . It was for her, you see. Mr. Crosslands gave me a job, and then—and then Mr. Fain came along. He wanted me to keep an eye on things and report to him, and I got to know some of them in the central office. I could warn Shackleford when it was needed. I warned him about you."

"Now you are ready to work with me?"

"I've been that for some time. It's—it's Margaret; she told me how she felt. She asked me to help you, and I've wanted to, but until we could kind of understand each other there wasn't much I could do."

Blackford held out his hand. "I believe you, and I'm glad to accept your help. "You won't have to wait much longer for Margaret. You know that."

"Yes, sir, she told me, and she said we had you to thank for it. I do."

Blackford still held his hand clasped. "You'll be happy," he said. "She's a fine girl, Margaret. And now we can work together for the mine."

"Yes, sir, we can, and I can tell you a lot of things that will come in handy. You remember about them weights. I can tell you about the scale house and Lawler. I've kept quiet about it till now. Maybe I wasn't doing right, but, then, Mr. Fain knew it and he never said anything."

"That will keep for a little while. What do you think is wrong in the mine itself?"

Blackford was testing him and was satisfied with the promptness of his answer: "Lawler."

"I think so too. Send for him, will you?"

Impassively he waited the half hour until Lawler came up from the top house.

"I've decided to make a change, Lawler," he began without preliminaries. "You have not given satisfaction for some time. You know what I have to do here, but you don't seem able to get into it, so I've decided to get someone who can."

Lawler, who had wondered why this blow had not fallen sooner and had been quietly preparing for it, put on an injured air.

"I've done the best I could," he protested. "'Tain't my fault the crusher broke and the—"

"I don't want excuses; I want coal."

"I been unlucky. Things ain't seemed to go right—"

"Exactly, so I'm going to try someone else. Perhaps they'll be lucky. Anyway, I'll try."

"Then there ain't no use arguin' 'bout it," said Lawler with unexpected mildness. "Who do you want me to turn over to?"

"Mudd," answered Blackford, agreeably surprised. He had expected protest. "I'll give you your wages for another month, and you can keep your house until you decide what to do."

LAWLER jumped up, his eyes smoldering. "I ain't workin' for you no more, an' I guess I can say things I couldn't say before!" he burst out. "Keep your damn house and your money too! I don't want nothin' you nor the company gives me. I can get what I want myself, and I'm goin' to do it!"

Blackford looked up imperturbably. "You mean me?"

"Never mind who I mean; you'll find out quick enough!" cried Lawler. "You think you can put me out of a mine I been workin' in ever since it opened. I'll show you. I'll be here a long time—"

"Go to it," said Blackford, not raising his voice. "I know you'll try to make trouble. Shoot. It's your move."

"When I get ready I'll move all right! You'll wish—"

"That will do," interrupted Blackford. "Get out. If that is all you have to say, I'm tired of listening."

Lawler vented a howl of fury and pounded on the desk. "I'll get out when I get good and ready! An' you nor no other damn Yank from up north can come down here and put me out—"

John Mudd and one of his men came in in response to Blackford's buzzer. The superintendent indicated the foreman with a thumb.

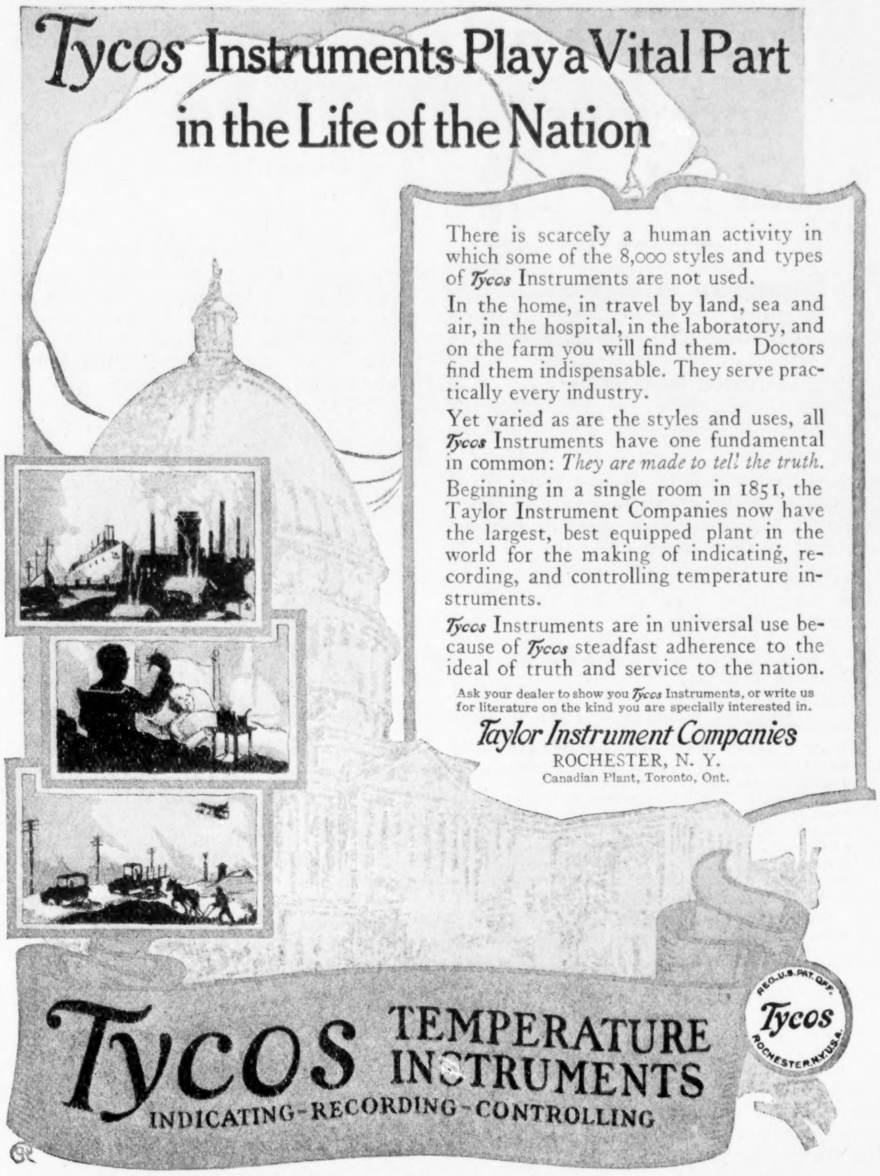
"Throw him out."

"God save the Irish!" whooped Johnny. "I been waitin' a long time for this day. Come here to me."

He collared Lawler, who twisted in his grasp and planted a knee in his stomach. Simultaneously Lawler's fist caught him a glancing blow. He laughed delightedly. The other constable was circling around. "Keep off," he called. "I'll handle this."

It was thus that Cahaba got the news that Lawler was discharged. Miners in the commissary saw the two men reel out of the office, locked in a struggle that smashed a counter; saw Lawler's hand go up with a knife and the butt of Mudd's revolver swinging high.

Then Lawler wilted to the floor, with Mudd standing (*Continued on page 30*)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When did you find your ideal tobacco?

Sooner or later we all choose the perfect smoke partner—

Here is an interesting letter from Mr. Charles H. Bishop of Chicago. It confirms the truth of an old proverb—"better late than never."

We hope that reading it may show some misguided pipe smoker the path to smoke satisfaction.

Chicago, Ill.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

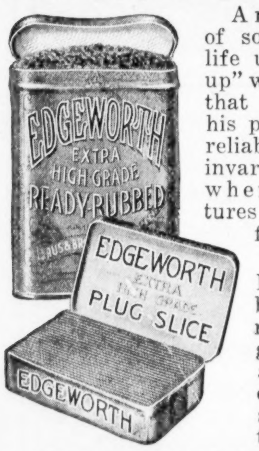
I am glad to write you that I have convinced a man of fifty years' smoking experience that "it's never too late to change." The new convert to Edgeworth is my father-in-law, now approaching seventy. Year after year at Christmas I had bought him, among other things, a large jar of tobacco; but until this year my heart was never wholly in the selection.

But this Christmas I purchased Edgeworth, which he had tried after constant urging on my part—and he's satisfied!

Yours sincerely,
Charles H. Bishop.

We are glad Mr. Bishop induced his father-in-law to try Edgeworth, and we hope that the old gentleman will derive much pleasure and comfort from his pipe for many years to come.

But it seems to us a shame that he didn't become acquainted with Edgeworth many years ago.



A man misses a lot of solid comfort in life until he "hooks up" with the tobacco that is friendly to his palate—the "old reliable" to which he invariably returns whenever he ventures forth into other fields.

We try to make Edgeworth a tobacco that most men will like regardless of age, and the evidence would seem to show that we do.

Of course, we don't hope to suit *every* man's taste, but a great many smokers have found Edgeworth *"just right."*

Why not let us send you a free sample of Edgeworth? Maybe it's just the smoke you've been looking for.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

Your name and address on a postal to Larus & Brother Company, 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you generous samples of Edgeworth with our compliments.

If you care to include your dealer's name and whereabouts we will appreciate the courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Coming Through

Continued from page 29

over him, ready to club him again. But there was no need. All turned their heads as Blackford appeared in the doorway, sitting easily in Jim's arms.

"Throw him out," he repeated, his voice flat.

They dragged Lawler across the commissary floor and dumped him into the street, where presently he picked himself up and staggered away.

Blackford turned back to his desk with a call to Mudd. "All right, John," he said, "it's come, and it's up to you. You're foreman now. We can count on trouble. You know and so do I that Lawler isn't going to take it lying down. The question is, just where will he start in?"

"Only thing to do," said Johnny cheerfully, "is make everything snug and sit tight."

Blackford nodded. "I've got to get coal and I haven't much time to waste. That's your job. I can run everything up here, but I can't go down and get the coal."

"I'll git it if I have to dig it myself with my hands," Johnny reassured him. "I'll go down now and break the news. First thing I'm going to do is change the weighman on them scales. I told you what I found there, and I'm sick of it."

SO FAR as he could, Blackford took Mudd's advice about making everything snug. There was little he could do until he knew from what direction the blow would fall. But next morning, when Jim brought him down, he found that knowledge waiting for him, in the shape of three sullen-looking miners.

"Well, what is it?" he asked them almost before Jim had settled him in his chair.

"My name is Bob Lockwood. This is Tom Griswold and that's Herb Bonner," the biggest of the three began. "We're a committee from the men. Is Mr. Mudd goin' to be foreman in Mr. Lawler's place?"

"He is."

"Then we're authorized by the boys to say that we don't work under him."

"Why?"

"He don't know nothin' 'bout the mine. He don't know how we do things. He ain't been down long, and he don't know how we're fixed. So we're afraid of him."

"Don't you know that the State of Alabama requires every mine foreman to pass an examination and have a certificate? I couldn't make him foreman if he didn't know enough to hold the job."

Lockwood's arms folded stubbornly. "It don't make no difference. We'd ruther work under Mr. Lawler. He knows our ways and we know his'n. Ain't that right, boys?"

There was a rumble of assent. Plainly Lawler had done his work well.

"It isn't suitable for me to have Mr. Lawler right now," Blackford said politely. "I'm sorry you men don't like Mr. Mudd, but you'll have to get along with him the best you can."

Lockwood shook his head. "No, sir, we won't. There ain't none of the boys goin' to work under Mr. Mudd. We ain't goin' to work under no policeman."

Blackford leaned forward and scrutinized them until they shuffled uneasily. "You know the answer to that, don't you? If you won't work under Mr. Mudd, you won't work at all—not here. I'm perfectly willing to meet the men or a committee from them when they have a legitimate complaint about working conditions or wages or matters of concern to them. The selection of executives at this mine does not concern them. I don't recognize their right to have a voice in it. You may go."

He looked after them as they went; it meant a strike. He telephoned Mudd and then began to cast up his own resources. In his nights of sleepless consideration he had provided against every contingency. Let them strike. He had the night shift, and the electricians had made progress in the wiring. If he had to, he could use machines with only a short delay.

He and Mudd sat late that afternoon over plans to meet the strike.

"And she's goin' to be ugly too, boss," Mudd told him. "Better get your folks out of here."

"When is it set for?"

"One of the boys that's goin' out, but will continue on my payroll, said the word has been passed for ten o'clock to-morrow."

"Well, they can't get to the top until we're ready. You can hold the engineers, I suppose?"

"Sure. Every man jack, and the night shift too."

"All right. Jerk them up as fast as they want to come, and then hold them on the top house. I want to talk to them."

With that the conference broke up. Mudd went to post his men as guards. Blackford had sent to Birmingham for more, and they would be in next morning. He already had arms for them.

"Better station a double guard over the dynamite house, and not issue any except to the night crew," he called after Johnny. "We want all the explosives in camp in our own hands—for a while, anyway."

At supper he asked Reubens bluntly: "Don't you want to go home?"

Reubens was startled, and Alice was going to protest, but he forestalled them.

"Now, I didn't mean it that way, and you know it. There's going to be trouble in the camp and it won't be the place for the head of the company. I think you had better go and take Alice with you."

"But what about you?"

"I'll take care of myself. It's a hazard I have to accept, as you know, if I can't control my men. But it's different with you."

"What makes you think trouble is coming, and what is it?"

"I fired Lawler yesterday and then threw him out of my office—or had it done. To-day I got an ultimatum that the men wouldn't work under anyone but Lawler. I understand that they are coming out to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"I'll go down and talk to them."

"You'll be foolish if you try."

"My boy, I've handled much worse things than a strike in a small coal camp. I'll end it very easily. You watch me."

"All right. If you're determined, I can't stop you, I suppose," said Blackford, impatient and weary. These people would not see that they were sitting over a powder keg, and there was no use in attempting to argue with them. "But remember, I won't have Lawler, and I won't let them tell me whom I can hire."

IT WAS Mrs. Lawler, wretched and fearful, who knocked at the residency door. Alice drew her quickly inside, "Why, whatever is the matter?" she asked in concern.

The woman's gaunt face was drawn and her eyes were frantic. "Hit's Joe, Mis' Alice! He's plumb crazy. I don't know what he'll do, and I'm afraid."

"Has anything happened?"

"Joe's been drinkin' and out among the men. They're plannin' something and they'll try and get him to do it. He ain't responsible."

"I'll help you if I can," said Alice gently. "But what do you wish me to do?"

"I don't know," confessed the other. "I just come to you 'cause I didn't know anywheres else to go."

"Suppose we speak to my husband about it."

Mrs. Lawler shivered and drew back. "You speak to him. I'm 'fraid of Mist' Blackford!"

"Afraid of him? Surely not," said Alice. "Come with me."

They found him in the living-room, his head between his hands.

"Warren, here is Mrs. Lawler—who has been so nice to me, you know."

"Good evening, Mrs. Lawler," he said courteously, and questioned Alice with his eyes.

"She is anxious about her husband," she explained.

Involuntarily his face hardened. "Yes?"

Mrs. Lawler broke into speech: "Oh, Mist' Blackford! Please don't blame Joe! He ain't responsible, reelly!"

"Blame him for what?"

"I don't know," said the terrified woman. "I just feel like somethin's goin' to happen. He—he's so different now. I tried to get him to leave Cahaba, but he wouldn't. He says he won't give up the house. I'm afraid of what mought happen to him!"

"You mean me?" She nodded. He smiled mirthlessly. "I'm not very formidable," he said. "I told him he could keep his house until he found something else to do."

"You won't let the comp'ny hurt him?"

"I am the company here, Mrs. Lawler. I'm not your husband's enemy; the remembrance of your kindness to my wife would prevent that in any case. Just get him to go somewhere else as soon as you can. I won't be impatient."

Alice took Mrs. Lawler to the door. "You see!" she said triumphantly. "And you were afraid!"

"Thank you, Mis' Alice. And thank him for me, won't you? I'll do all I kin with Joe."

Going, Mrs. Lawler passed a man and a girl who were coming up the steps. Alice recognized the girl as Margaret Shackleford. The man she correctly assumed to be Margaret's father. It was he who spoke:

"Good evenin', ma'am. Could we see Mr. Blackford for just a second?"

SHE ushered them in to her husband, and again he was surprised. His greeting of Big Shackleford was almost jovial: "Well, well! It took you a long time to return my call! I'm glad to see you. Excuse me for not getting up; you know how it is."

"Sure, keep your seat," rumbled Shackleford, the liberal-minded, and subsided under a dig from his daughter's elbow.

"I will," said Blackford gravely, looking from one to the other. Alice had disappeared.

It was the first time Margaret had seen him since the accident. Her eyes filled.

"Guess you wonder how come I'm over here," said Shackleford, his massive head beginning its slow oscillation.

"Yes, but no matter. I'm glad to see you, anyway."

"I hearn tell of what happened to you and how you was gettin' 'long. Son, I takes off my hat to you. You is all there."

"Thank you. I do the best I can."

"What I come to say is kinda like this: I didn't want you to think I was mixed up in this business. You and me ain't agreed on all kind of things. I allus 'lowed I could do what I pleased with what I made with my two hands. Maybe I'm right, maybe I'm wrong—that was how I felt and feel. But, son, I don't stick nobody in the back. That ain't my way of fightin', no more'n it's yourn. I ain't sayin' I love you nor nothin' like that, but I just ain't built that way."

Blackford warmed to the old fellow. "I never blamed you for my accident," he told him.

"But you did for some of them other things. I warn't no more to blame for them'n I was for that. My girl will tell you so."

"Truly he wasn't, Mr. Blackford," said Margaret. "I thought he was at the time, but I found out the truth."

"Who was, then?" Blackford questioned experimentally. "Do you know?"

"I do," said Shackleford, "but I ain't goin' to tell you. I don't put in with no man and then turn him up. That ain't my way neither. Maybe you think it's funny to hear an old hillbilly talk about things he wouldn't do, but that's where I stand."

He was silent for a moment, then resumed: "I plumb admires the way you been doin' since you was hurt. Son, then's when you find what kind of stuff a man is." He held up the stump of his right wrist. "I been there an' I know how you feel, only yourn's worse nor mine was. It takes good guts to face it like you been doin'. I couldn't bear for a man I kin respect to think I'd do a thing like that."

"I never thought you had," said Blackford. "As for the other things, if you didn't do them—and I accept your word that you didn't—Lawler did."

"I ain't sayin' it was him or it wa'n't him. It wa'n't me, and that's all that's my bisness. I told you once before that folks what go around mindin' other folks' bisness generally gits hurt."

"I want to thank you for coming up to-night. It makes me a whole lot easier. I suppose you know what we are up against down the hill?"

"Yes, I hearn about it. An' I want you to know I ain't had nothin' to do with none of that neither. In fact, me and my girl is gittin' out of this here region in a few days."

"So she told me. I'm glad for her sake."

"Yep, I'm doin' it for her. I never thought 'xackly what I was doin' to her till here lately. I been pretty hard on her."

Alice came into the room. She did so reluctantly, but she could not be so discourteous as not to welcome her husband's guests. She walked in quietly and stood behind Blackford's chair.

"This is Mr. Shackleford," Blackford introduced. "And Miss Shackleford."

"How do you do, ma'am?" said Shackleford, unawed. "Real proud to meet you. I've hearn a lot about you."

"I have about you," Alice smiled at him.

"Then we'd ought to feel like we was already gittin' 'long toward bein' friends."

"Mrs. Blackford and I have met," said Margaret, and Alice inclined her head.

The old man resumed his interrupted talk: "Yes, I never found out how she felt till the other day. She allus thought I'd git in trouble here, an' she never hearn of no trouble 't she didn't worry 'bout me if she didn't know where I was at. The day you was hurt was when I found it out. Seems like she run all the way over here when she hearn the whistle. She was 'feared you an' me had got together. She was pretty scared, an' she wa'n't scared 'bout you neither, though I bin takin' care of myself quite a spell now."

Alice repressed a start. So that had been the explanation of Margaret's fear! And she had condemned Warren unheard, as he had said, and—

Shackleford was still talking. "We're leavin' next week. Margaret, she's goin' to marry your man Stringfellow," he said, garrulous in the friendly atmosphere. "New one on me. Seems she met him when she was in Birmingham in school. Wouldn't marry him long's I was in Possum Valley. When I found that out, I quit. I ain't goin' to do nothin' more but sit in the sun." His eyes twinkled as he added: "I got all the money I need, anyways—"

"Father," interrupted Margaret, "you know you don't mean that. Don't you think we had better be going?"

"Guess so. Guess this is good-by, Mist' Blackford, leastwise for a time till we git settled." Then he went as far as his code of honor would permit. "Watch 'em at the tipple, Mist' Blackford. Well, so long."

"Thank you, I will. Good-by Margaret. If I can help in any way, let me know."

They went out, and Alice turned to her husband. "Oh, Warren," she cried. "I thought—"

"I know exactly what you thought," he said.

(*To be concluded next week*)

This Ford's a Pullman Porter

Continued from page 8

himself, he held a sort of reception at the parlor-car door. A pleasant-faced lady from Bridgeport nodded cordially to him, a white man bound for Winsted waved his hand and called "How are you, sir?" A white Pullman overlord in resplendent new uniform took Ford by the arm and talked over this and that. Men of his own race stepped up to inquire, rather reverently, when they might expect to see "the next piece in the papers" about him.

"OF COURSE I want to get ahead in life," he said in one brief breathing spell. "But I want to get ahead honestly and I don't envy any man—because I don't know how happy or unhappy that man may be. I have carried many of the big men of this country. They are just like other people. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, senior, was just a nice old man. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan just a quiet gentleman. Former Governor Whitman, the same. If some one hadn't told me President Coolidge was on my car, I would never have known it. And they were all as courteous to me as I was to them."

I asked him how his own people reacted to his first public utterance.

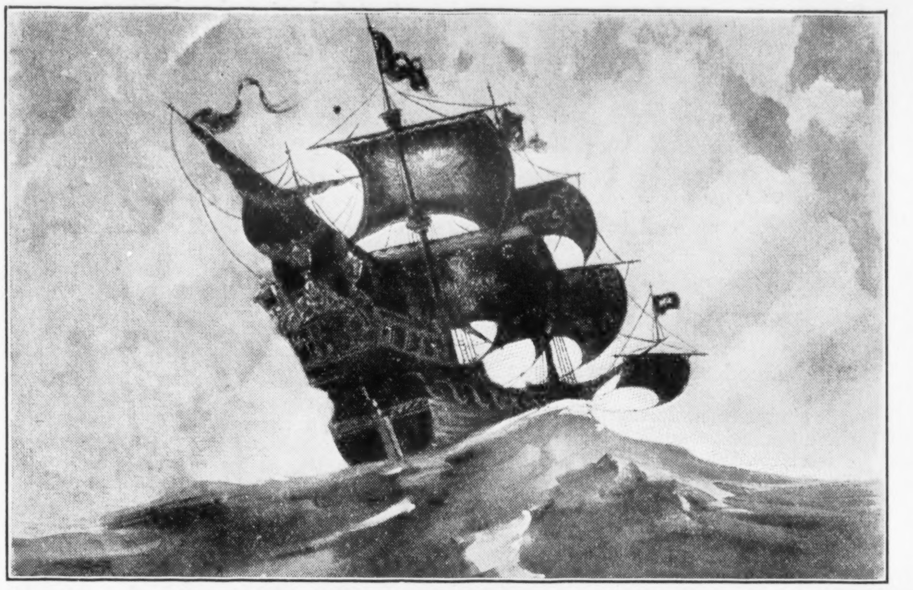
"I've talked to hundreds of my fellow porters since then," he replied. "And I've had hundreds of letters from all over—Pacific Coast, Georgia, and everywhere. Only one person has disagreed with what I said at Dartmouth, that was a fellow porter. He thought I should have fixed a schedule for tips. He is foolish. Some people cannot afford to tip. I am just as courteous to a passenger who does not tip as to one who does."

When I talked with John Baptist Ford he had recently returned from the Pullman company headquarters at Chicago. He had been called there by Vice President and General Manager L. S. Hungerford. He had been the recipient of a good deal of official, and, I gathered, decidedly cordial attention from the Pullman directing heads. At Dartmouth he had been entertained in Dartmouth College Inn and had been the luncheon guest of Professor Keir. He had been received on equal footing by faculty members and students. He had just been invited to broadcast his views on life. But as far as I could see he was still only a rather ordinary Pullman porter, fond of home and family, ambitious for his offspring, proud of his country and his job, believing in the efficacy of religion and education but not believing in trade-unions.

"They asked me at Dartmouth," he explained, "if I thought the Pullman porters should unionize, and I said no. There are a good many reasons for that. The Pullman company does a lot for us in the way of free dormitories at the ends of certain runs, free medical examinations, free insurance, free night schools. What's more, I find that even the railroad union men do not stick together. But that's not the important point. We all give service from top to bottom. Every man, no matter how big or successful he is, must serve someone. He can't get away from it. The more we develop the more we learn that the more we serve the more we get out of life. When we all get to know that, thoroughly, there won't be any need for any trade-unions for the whole human race will be working to serve one another. That's my idea of what you might call one big union."

DURING his career as a Pullman car porter John Baptist Ford has picked up and turned in many evidences of his passengers' carelessness with property. Among the items credited to him are one ring valued at $500; another ring valued at $250; a breastpin valued at $500; a gold watch, valued at $50; and three coats each valued at more than $200. He is the proud possessor of a letter from C. L. Bardo, general manager of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, commending him for stopping a train and preventing a wreck.

He has met all manner of men but never met Henry Ford. I should like to be present when the white Ford and the negro Ford do meet. I think they'll find a good deal in common. I'm sure the great though simple Henry Ford would see much to admire in the ambitious John Baptist Ford.



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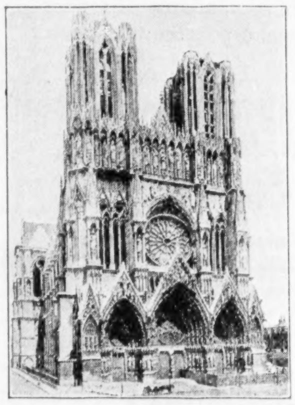

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The Mentor Association
Springfield, Ohio

Trial by Ordeal

Continued from page 7

for that Sylvester shooting yesterday. If it goes much further, I'm in for the fight of my life."

His voice didn't ring as he said it. He turned abruptly and left the apartment as though he were burdened with years of worry.

At the office he found reporters waiting. They wanted to hear him say that he was going to *get* the man who stood behind the murderers of Sylvester. But he sent word that he was too busy with the case to interrupt his work now. Later—perhaps.

For several minutes he sat at his desk, nearly sick with apprehension at the thought of what the day might bring.

Joan, as soon as David had left the apartment, drove out to see Joe Garvin. She found him on the clock green beside the house, enjoying vicariously the golf which his doctor had forbidden, and she repeated to him what David had told her.

"He's off on the wrong foot!" Garvin growled. "Nothing to it! Don't worry. But— Well, you better stop off on your way home and telephone Dave—not from the house, y'understand. Just say to him that Joe wants to see him—in a hurry. Out here at my house."

Half an hour later David O'Ryan answered the summons of Joe Garvin. He had answered like an office boy. That thought crashed into his mind as he stepped over the threshold of old Garvin's study. And then, for the first time in months, his mind became his own possession—clear, forceful, awakened for battle.

"I don't know why you've *sent* for me, Garvin," he said, with an ugly accent in his voice, "but I'll tell you that my mind is made up! I'm going to *get* Zimmerman!"

"No, you're not!" answered Garvin gruffly, and there was an ugliness in his voice to match O'Ryan's. "I sent for you to tell you that you're *not!*"

IN THAT moment of silence, while the older man chewed upon his cigar butt, David O'Ryan had time to wonder how many young and ambitious men had been summoned here to receive their orders. That old fear which he had conquered just a few seconds before touched him again. But he set his jaw—demanded: "And why not?"

"I'll tell you why not," answered Garvin. "You've got a lot of ambition and the gift of gab. And you've got a lot of the actor in your blood. But politically you're a damn' fool. I *sent* for you to tell you so! To tell you that you're going to do as I tell you to do—and lay off Zimmerman! Do you want to know why?"

"Yes!"

Garvin licked his lips nervously. He didn't relish this scene any more than O'Ryan, but he had always prided himself upon knowing when to use a horsewhip and when a lump of sugar worked better. This, he told himself, was a time for the horsewhip.

"Any man knows when he's living beyond his means," continued Garvin. "You know it! Why, damn your soul, Zimmerman's liquor deals have been supporting you!

"Ask your wife about the investments she's been making for the last six months. She didn't know where the profits were coming from—at first she didn't. But she did later. And if you didn't know there was something in the wind, you're a bigger fool than I thought you were!"

Color had left David O'Ryan's face, and, except for his eyes, he was corpselike—a figure caught by death in some unspeakably violent passion. Trapped! Caught in Garvin's maw! They hadn't been able to make him come to terms, and so they had used Joan's weakness against him!

His right hand moved backward so slowly that Garvin, beady eyes staring into his, was not aware of the gesture until it was too late. O'Ryan had drawn a gun.

"I'm going to kill you!" he said slowly, in a voice which had sunk so low that it was scarcely audible.

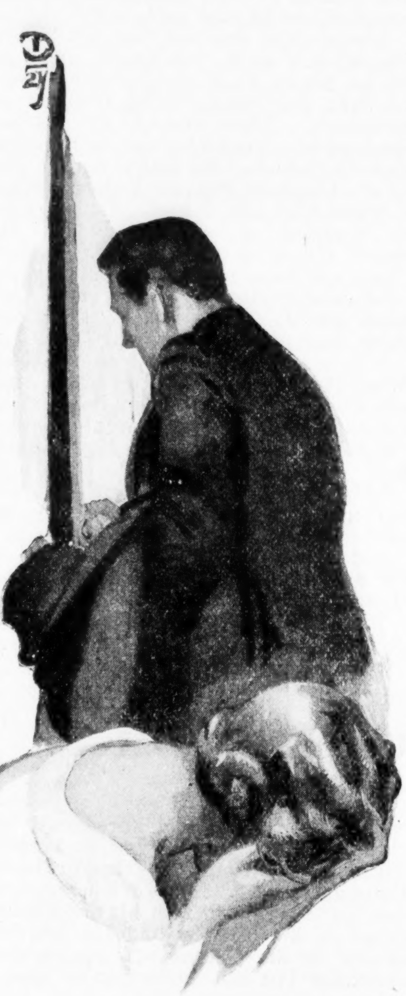
"You'll get . . . what Potter got!"

"No—there's more than one bullet—"

Garvin lost the physical composure that fear had brought to him. "O'Ryan! For God's sake—"

Then Garvin's body slipped down limply to the floor and was quiet, while O'Ryan, in a daze, watched it stupidly, wondering why the gun had made no noise, why it had not jerked in his hand.

Garvin had died of heart failure. . . .



"You've turned traitor upon me—I never want to see you again!" Then he stormed out of the apartment

DAVID O'RYAN paused in his speech before the Winton Commercial Club to wipe away the cold sweat which had burst out upon his forehead.

"Sometimes," he went on blandly, still smiling, "it has just been the 'luck o' the Irish' that has kept me on my feet; and a little bad luck which has swept others off theirs—made of them the unfortunates we call enemies of society."

He scanned the faces before him. "I wonder if most of you older men, whose years have brought wisdom and comfort to you, don't believe—as I have come to believe—that the difference which God can see between the worst of us and the best of us is infinitely small.

"And—I don't mean to be irreverent—it seems to me that God must smile a little sadly when He sees that one so frail as I am, so uncertain of purpose, is trusted by so many better people in that great community which I have the honor to serve. Between their prosecuting attorney and—let us say, a man like Alf Zimmerman, who is now behind the bars waiting his chances of life or death—the difference in God's eyes must be pitifully small!"

His face brightened. "I don't mean to make a show of humility," he told them. "I don't care much for the professionally humble." Then he laughed. "Especially in politicians! But you are my friends—thank Heaven—and not my constituency. Wasn't it Benjamin Franklin"—he appeared to put the question to the elderly principal of the high school where he had studied—"wasn't it Benjamin Franklin who said that he decided to forego pride and be humble, until one day he discovered that he was becoming proud of his humility?"

He chuckled, and they chuckled with him.

He went on with his speech, but his mind was living over again that last scene with Joan. Pride! Senseless, arrogant pride which had heaped upon her all the blame for her folly! And she had committed it for him, to provide fuel for his pride, so that he might have all the panoply of high honor.

He could see himself standing before her, battering her down with his words: "You've sold everything that I held dear—my name, my honor and yours, our future! You've turned traitor upon me—I never want to see you again!"

Then he had stormed out of the apartment, back to his office, where reporters were waiting. "Gentlemen," he said to them, "you can tell the public that David O'Ryan is out to *get* Zimmerman—regardless of what it costs!"

LATER, about the time that Joan's lawyers acquainted him with her plans of going to Paris, he realized that the secret of those investments had died with Garvin. There had been a moment when he would have thrown himself at Joan's feet and begged her to stay—but pride wouldn't let him.

He found himself telling the members of the Winton Commercial Club: "I wish with all my heart I could come back here and settle down among you—to enjoy life with you. Just before we sat down for luncheon, Mr. Raymond said to me: 'I guess this would be pretty tame for you, Dave—we haven't had a murder in seven years.' Seven years! I wonder if any of you know just what it means to be a man hunter, as I am."

He paused thoughtfully, and his mind leaped to Zimmerman and the two heavy-lidded, hard-faced gunmen who had squealed to save their own necks from hanging—and from them to Joan in New York. Joan! Her name almost escaped from his lips.

"True enough—I left Winton because I thought it wasn't big enough for me. But, in the few hours I have been here, I have come to realize that Winton is far bigger than I am, that its friendship is more beautiful than anything I deserve. If it were possible, I would return. Perhaps I shall. I don't know—yet. Mr. Herrick has told you a secret—about the governorship. Now I will tell you another. I am not going to be governor of this state! I have made up my mind to refuse the nomination!

"And, in closing, I ask you—regardless of what you may hear of me, good or ill, in the future—to believe me when I say that this has been the most important day in Dave O'Ryan's life. And I thank you for it."

HE FREED himself as soon as he could from the crowd of men about him, shaking his hand, questioning him, and headed for the telegraph office, where he wrote a message to Joan:

I have been blind. Will you come back home, to Winton, with me? I love you. DAVID.

Alone in his hotel room, David O'Ryan experienced for the first time the anguish of emotions which men have while they wait for the jury to come in. Then, at last, that sealed verdict, in the yellow envelope of the telegraph company.

He read it, and his arms went up in humble thanks.

RADIO
BY
JACK-BINNS

RADIO is as bad as the automobile in its *language.* I mean this both ways. There are so many terrifying names connected with both, yet they refer to simple things. What could be more forbidding than "Radio Frequency Amplification"? What does it mean? Well, radio frequency covers a multitude of waves. It is the title that has been bestowed upon all vibrations that are above the range of the human ear. There are sounds that you can't hear, just as there are colors that you can't see. Of course in radio we are dealing with electric vibrations. Therefore the term "Radio Frequency Amplification" means building up (or magnifying) the intensity of the waves received from the broadcasting stations. This is done before the detector tube transforms them into audible (or audio frequency) waves.

Such form of amplification offers material advantages. This can be readily seen when I point out that the detector tube—within certain limits—delivers four times as great a signal as is put into it, consequently the stronger we make the power we apply to the detector tube, the greater will be its output under the square law. The audible frequencies it delivers can be further amplified to sufficient volume to operate loud speakers.

There are two different methods by which radio frequency amplification can be accomplished. One is by means of the so-called cascade system, where the amplifying tubes are coupled together in stages through transformers; and the other by means of regeneration. In the latter case the detector tube serves two functions: that of detecting, and that of amplifying radio frequencies through the phenomenon of regeneration. This is simply a system of feeding back the energy from the output to the input side of the tube until a point of saturation is reached. Obviously this is limited to the capacity of the vacuum tube that is used as a detector. A tube is like a human being. It can do a certain amount of work and no more. It is folly to try to overwork it.

Theoretically there is no limit to the number of tubes that may be used for radio frequency amplification in the cascade fashion. Practice, however, has shown that three such stages is the maximum that can be satisfactorily employed.

Tuned System's Effect

A CORRESPONDENT in Trenton, N. J., has asked me which is best: transformer coupled radio frequency amplification, or tuned radio frequency amplification. Well, as we say in our most cultured Bowery style, that's some mouthful, isn't it? It shows you, however, that there are two different means of getting such amplification.

Comparison is always a difficult task, but in this case there is no doubt about the superiority of the tuned variety over the fixed transformer type of amplification. This is especially true if proper methods are employed to suppress regeneration, such as in the neutrodyne system. Two such stages will give all the amplification necessary for normal requirements.

The reason for the superiority lies in the fact that each tuned stage acts as a filter. Nothing can go through it other than the frequency to which it is attuned. Thus it offers the highest degree of selectivity—the most desirable quality in a radio receiver. Such a set, however, must be properly designed and correctly wired.

Fixed radio transformers must be designed to pass a whole band of frequencies in order to function properly. Therefore some selecting means must be employed ahead of the first stage to keep out the stations not wanted.

Do not think from what I have said that transformer coupled radio frequency amplification is no good. It has its value, particularly in connection with portable sets. Also it allows the use of loop aerials, and reduces the number of tuning dials. For efficiency, however, it does not come up to the tuned system.

Indoor Loop Aerial

A NEW YORK architect asks a question which is of interest to every fan. In his letter to me he says: "What kind of wire and how much is required for an indoor loop aerial? How do you calculate the length of wire necessary? Will this loop act as standard in conjunction with a three-coil honeycomb regenerative receiver using two-stage audio amplification (W. D. 11 tubes)?"

Wherever you are compelled by circumstances to use an indoor aerial it should follow the same design as an outdoor aerial if the particular conditions will permit. This means that the aerial should be kept in a straight line free from kinks. It should be well insulated at both ends, particularly the end which is not connected to the instrument. It is better to sacrifice length in order to get this condition. As a matter of fact the short aerial will give you greater selectivity in tuning. It is right to use covered wire such as No. 18 annunciator wire, but if the aerial is stretched in a straight line, free and clear of all objects, it is better to use a bare stranded copper wire.

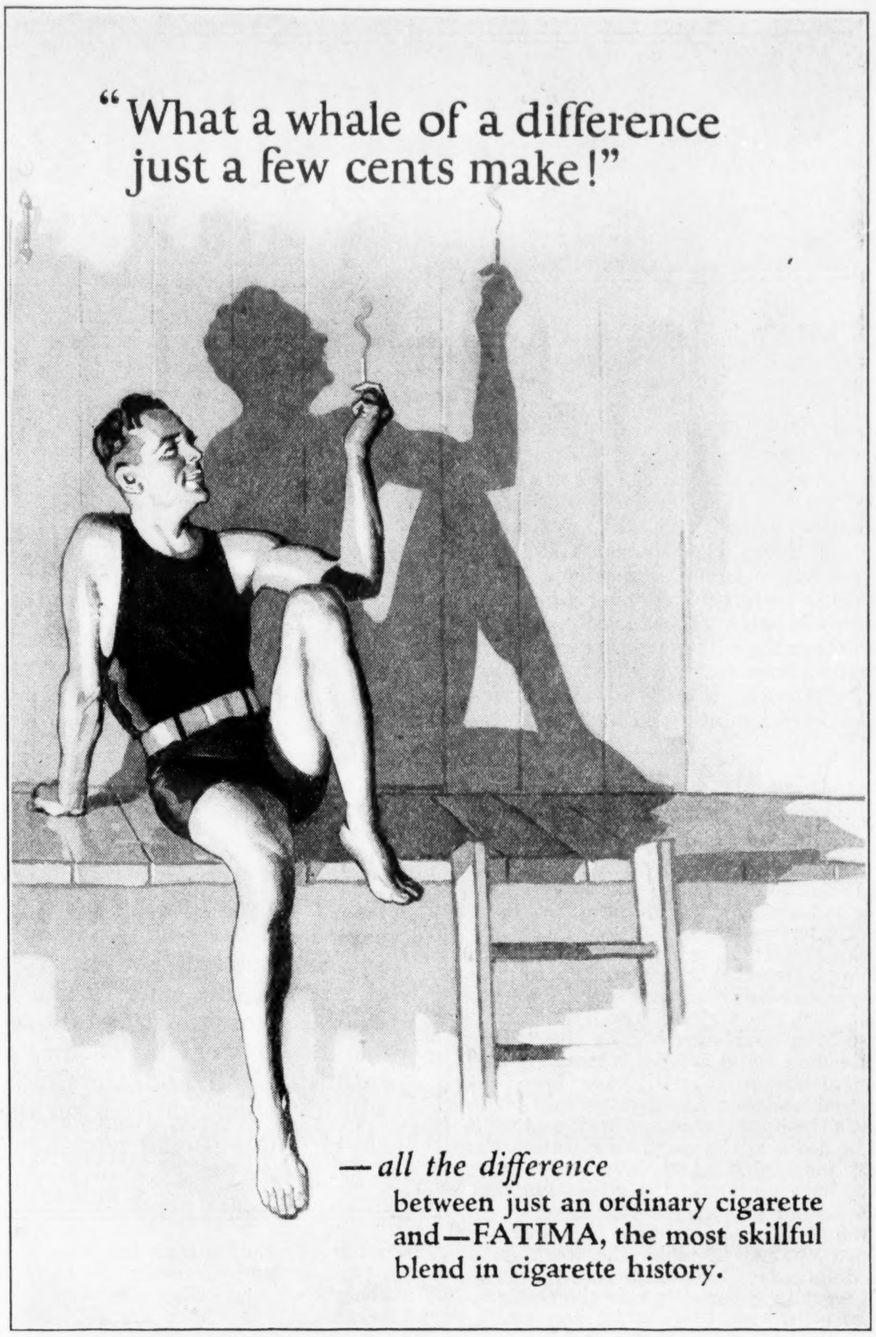
Elementary Talk

A READER in Louisville, Ky., whose initials are C. S., writes me as follows: "We sure do need that radio stuff, but start more at the beginning than your first article of May 10. Which are radio dials? Which are rheostat dials? Which radio and which audio side? We need help from the beginning and are eager to learn."

All right, C. S. I will do my best to help you. Now, let us see. You have a set. It may be homemade or it may be factory built. You can readily see, though, how hard it is to give general advice to fit all of the different types of sets. However, here goes:

The radio dials are those which help you to get the different broadcasting stations. The rheostat dials are those which control the brilliancy of the light inside the vacuum tubes. The amount of brilliancy has a tremendous bearing on the success of your set, as well as on the life of the tubes. You can save money by keeping it as low as is consistent with good results. Besides, you will get clearer music and speech by doing so.

The radio side of your set always consists of coils of wire and condensers. The preceding paragraphs will explain this to a certain extent. The audio side consists of transformers and vacuum tubes. These transformers have an iron core in the shape of a square which goes around the transformer windings. The object of the radio side of your set is to put it into resonance with the radio wave, so that the detector can do its job of picking out the audible waves that accompany it. The audio frequency side takes the latter and increases their volume so that they can be heard in a loud speaker.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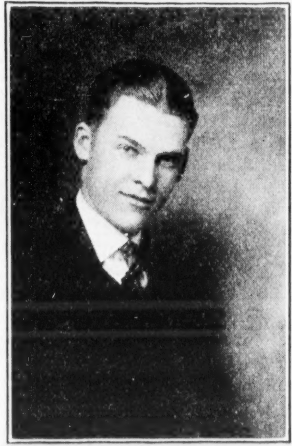

Mr. Russell E. Shirk

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THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

STATING ITS AIMS AND POLICY, Collier's declared for: "The study of productive industry as a source of service to all the people, not as a sole interest of labor, of capital, or of any group or bloc. If service to society be held uppermost, the rewards to the respective factors in productive industry will not be difficult to adjust."

It is especially pleasant to reprint these words in an issue containing as good warrant for them as Whiting Williams's report on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad's Glenwood locomotive shops, where "railway manager and railway man have for more than a year been cooking up so good a dish of practical coöperation that the whole B. & O. system has arranged to sit up to the same table"—a table, needless to add, at which all the people, as far as they have anything to do with the B. & O., are served.

If you are a regular reader, Whiting Williams needs no introduction. He's the industrial executive who decided that the way to find out how industry's problems really looked to labor was to find out—to be a laborer, and became one, and has had a variety of genuine, thorough experience at labor in this country and abroad. What he says of the B. & O. experiment and its promise can be banked on. He admits he went to Glenwood skeptical. He came away enthusiastically certain that, given the ghost of a show, which "depends a lot upon that final boss, the public," the plan will go through—big.

THIS seems to be the day of Mars the war god in the court of the Horizon page. The article, "Would We Do It Again?" by Stanley High, has brought in a considerable number of letters, several from veterans of the A. E. F., that are really striking for their earnestness, intelligence, and candor. Some of the letter-writers differ with Mr. High and they all differ more or less among themselves. Unfortunately we can't print the whole batch. There is only one page and other topics have claims on it. But here, without further introduction, are representative specimens along with other letters relating to war.

Sure, We'd Do It Again

To the Editor of Collier's:

I did my trick in France. I am as thoroughly disgusted with the results and after effects of the war as Mr. High is. But my answer to his question is, "Sure, we would."

Time after time I've been in groups of men who saw service. We have fought the war over and over. We have discussed the way all the service men have been double-crossed by the "Elder Statesmen," and after the grousing and typical dissatisfaction have been expressed someone has always said, "Oh, that's the bunk. Another war, and we'll all be down at the recruiting station the next morning." And invariably there have been nods and the admission that such would probably be the case.

Why? Because in this last war we joined up, not to make the world safe for democracy—not to liberate Belgium. We went in because it was the thing to do. And we would do it all over again, regardless.

True, we've seen ourselves gypped by Congress and by "statesmen" whose interests have been thoroughly selfish. The League of Nations may not have been perfect. But it was a step in the right direction. But we saw that sacrificed on the altar of personal and political hatred. We're disgusted with the old men who make wars and phony promises. We know our own wounds and our dead friends have not put war into the discard.

We think we're rather hard-boiled and cynical. If anyone should address to a crowd of us the old stuff about "My Country, Right or Wrong," we would probably assume a cynical, skeptical smile—but, back in the mind of every one of us is the knowledge that we would "do it again," and for no other reason than the fact that it was the thing to do.

A. G. W., Baltimore, Md.

"A Fust-class Fightin' Man"

To the Editor of Collier's:

This Stanley High, if there is any such person, most certainly qualifies himself for a sharp rebuke. He assumes that youth had to do the fighting in the war, whereas the fact is that five hundred real fighting men can whip ten thousand untrained, conscripted youths. The emphasis on youth was simply one of the political devices of the Wilson administration. Youth never has won wars, and all the heroic battalions of history were composed of mature men who could stand the gaff.

High's next egregious error is his assumption that the United States went in on an idealistic basis. A full-grown citizen of the United States who doesn't know that making "the world safe for democracy" was Wilsonian bunk is a moron. We had the same reason for war that a man has who is hit on the nose and kicked in the belly by another man, and called a coward to boot.

The third egregious blunder of this High person is that he appears not to know that conscription was contrary to precedent and custom among men of Anglo-Saxon ideals, if not blood, whose idea is to let the fighting men do the fighting.

The United States figured that if Germany whipped England and France it would put us in the position of a lone battle, and we preferred to do our fighting while the fighting was good, in which we were wise.

What captain would want Stanley Highs as soldiers? War is for warriors, who are a breed by themselves, and other men either have to learn how to fight or surrender what they have when the fighting men go on the warpath.

These fellows who prattle about abolishing war can't abolish anything. War is and will continue to be a man's game, in which nincompoops have no place. "Would we do it again?" therefore assumes something that never was and never will be. For certainly Americans have always defended themselves, either by defensive or aggressive war. And when a time comes when they will not, America will be a mere rotting polypus.

PAUL THIEMAN, Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Thieman's vehemence is an honest expression of the viewpoint of men of his temperament—and it is by no means a viewpoint without ideas to be respected. Just to keep the record straight: hadn't he better inform himself on the precedents for conscription among Anglo-Saxons, especially Americans, at junctures where enormous armies had suddenly to be raised; and on the average ages of the Frenchmen who stopped Von Kluck, the Englishmen who raided Zeebrugge, the Germans who died before Fort Douaumont, and the Americans (many of them "conscripts," by the way) who went through the Argonne?

He Doesn't Think They Would

To the Editor of Collier's:

I would like to tell you what one veteran of the World War thinks of the situation we are facing to-day, and believes should be done to bring about more desirable conditions. Lest there be any misunderstanding: I was born and raised in New England, have no Red affiliations nor any sympathy with ultra-radical doctrines, no matter who advances them. But like Mr. Quick I do have a mistrust of politicians and their ways. America was founded for the benefit of the people at large, not for the advantage of any political party. And the same thing applies to certain interests. It has been proved beyond doubt that some of these would like to draw us into a war with almost anybody, so that they might profit financially—while others did their fighting for them.

What Stanley High says has my warmest approval. There is an old saying that if a man fools you once it is his fault, but if twice it is yours. Flag-waving, etc., has lost most of its potency. The veterans have long memories and are watching keenly. They propose to analyze any situation carefully before giving it the seal of their approval. If this country was wantonly attacked they would certainly to their part. But that is a remote possibility.

Our way to happiness and prosperity lies through peaceful endeavor, not war. I have studied the eight planks in your platform [Collier's "It Is Our Firm Conviction"] carefully, and think you have covered the ground in a very thorough manner. If in working out ways and means these principles are not allowed to become political footballs, your campaign for progress should have the support of every true American.

WALTER L. CUTTER,
San Bernardino, Cal.

Is Honesty the Best Politics?

Mere post-mortems on the bonus question would be futile. But the prospect of a punishment or an endorsement of the Congress that passed the bonus bill is a matter of very live interest, and gives point to the following:

To the Editor of Collier's:

The Bursum Bill is dead. A graceful gesture has been made toward the veterans of a past century, but their thinning ranks are really not of political moment. Thousands of those remaining will be, next November, too aged and feeble to vote. But the American Legion—ah, that is different! The Bonus Bill triumphantly rode over the President's veto.

I am not presuming to argue the merits of either bill. Probably no one would have been more glad to see both become laws, had it been practicable, than President Coolidge. But on him fell the unpleasant duty of "reckoning with the host," and he met his responsibility squarely. The soundness and courage of his vetoes, contrasting with the questionable sincerity of Congress, command universal admiration. I say this as one of that great class to whom the income tax means very little, also as one whose eighty-year-old mother would have profited by the Bursum Bill.

That any of our disabled veterans of any war, or their dependents, should be allowed to suffer or be in want is indeed a disgrace. To them we owe more than political stage-plays and more bureaus—with more opportunities for graft. Give *them* seven times a bonus. But a wholesale donation to a healthy multitude who were for a short time not unpleasantly camped safe and far from Flanders' fields, is not exactly palatable to a tax-tired nation.

The repertoire exhibited by the Sixty-eighth Congress has certainly been a record-breaker. But it is just possible that its unique record may be remembered in the light of an utterance of old fiery John Randolph of Roanoke. "You shine, young man," he said, pointing his finger at his younger opponent, "but you shine like a rotten mackerel!"

"SON OF A VETERAN," Knoxville, Pa.

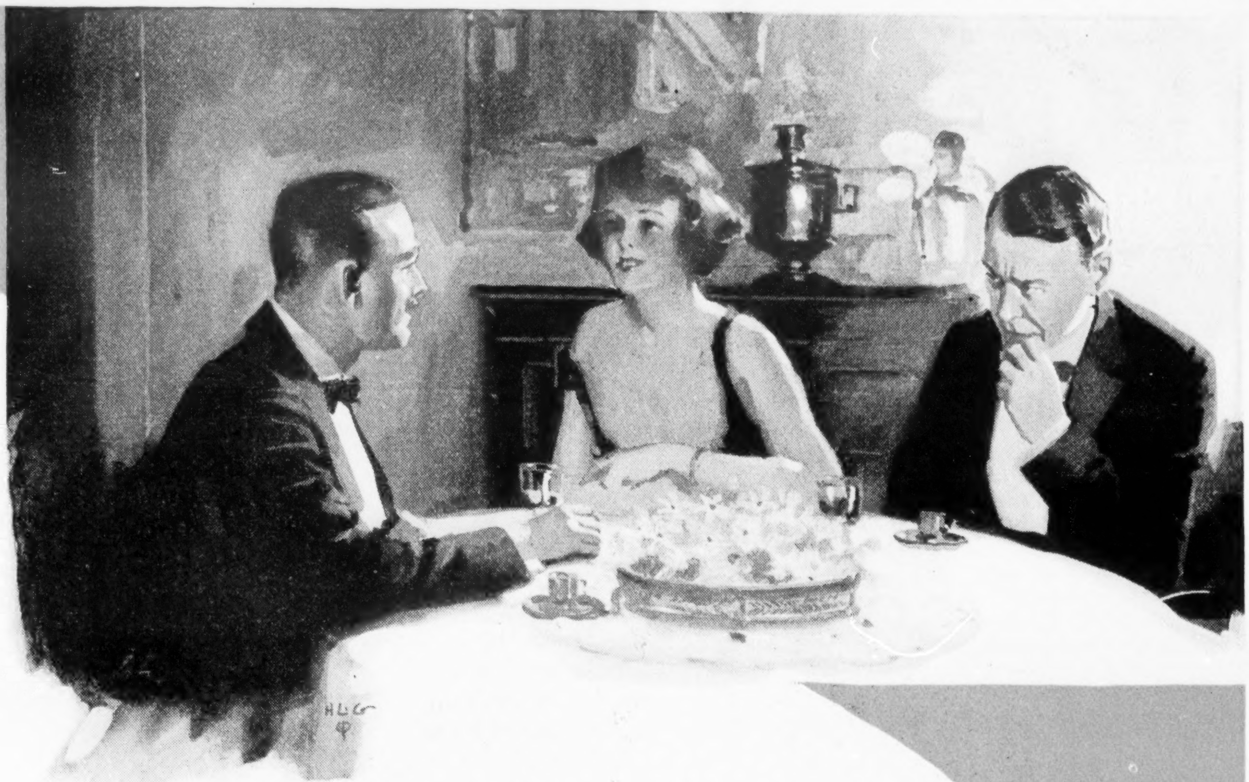
Tommy Turns Critic

Dear Collers, This story comeing Through in your magazine is a good story and I want to tell you I for one am enjoying it very much but You tell me why it doesent show that rich Black Guard Mr Rubens and his Hentch Man Mr Fane in they're true colors, like for exampple it would in a good Movie of the story. That is the trouble with storys in books, this Mr Bethea the writer tells us the facts about this Rubens and his dirty Work and how he is framing the hero and so on but the writer doesent get good and Sore at him and ball him out, and probally at the end Rubens will be made to turn out that he was a Fine man all along and will be happy, insted of going to Jail or meteing some Fate like he decerves. Now in a Movie he would get his good and Plenty at the end and this would show rich Black Guards a lesson not to frame a young Fellow and send people down to Kill him and so on, that is True to life I knew about one case hapening myself.

Why are they all fusing so much about Blackfords the heroes wife she is not much good not Interesting.

Please tell Mr Bethea when he writes the End part to cut loose and soke it to Rubens in the neck. Your reader,

THOS. DINGMAN HATCH (Age 13),
Chicago, Ill.



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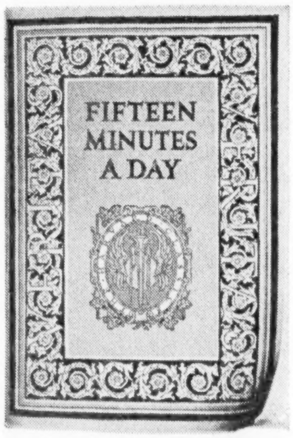

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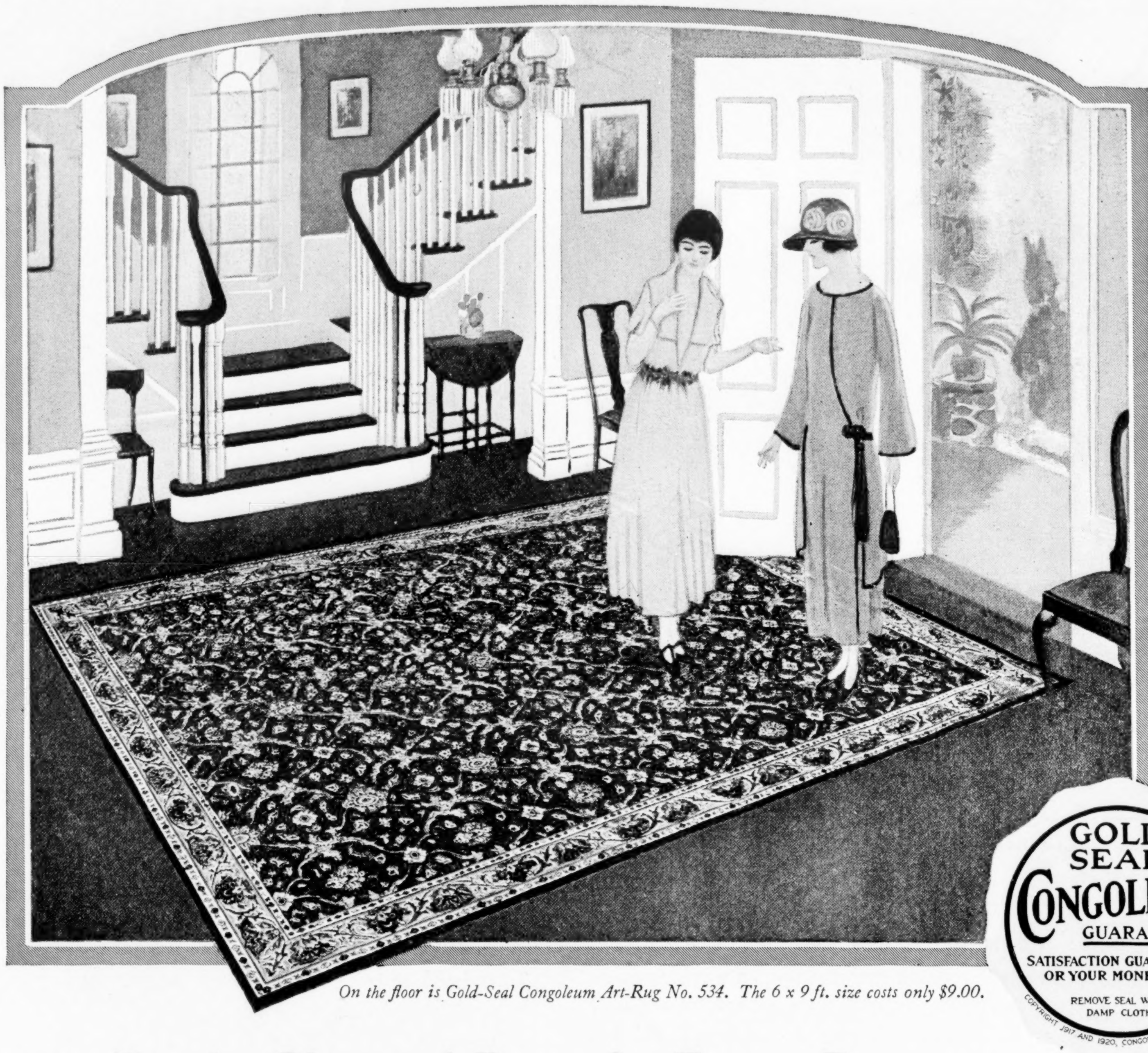

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The smooth surface of Congoleum requires just a few strokes of a damp mop to make it spotless and bright as new. How different from the endless sweeping and beating that woven rugs demand; and how much more sanitary!

With their soft warm colors, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs make every room in the house inviting and homelike. For the entrance hall, living room or dining room, there are rich elaborate designs; for the bedroom, dainty floral effects; and for the kitchen and bathroom, trim blue-and-white and brown-and-white conventional patterns.

These rugs are entirely seamless and never turn up at the edges or corners but cling tight to the floor without fastening of any kind.

In addition to all these desirable features—durability, artistic patterns, ease of cleaning—*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are surprisingly low in price.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00		

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

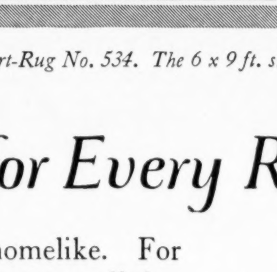
1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .60	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.95
3 feet x 3 feet	1.40	3 feet x 6 feet	2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

There is only one guaranteed, nationally advertised *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. It can be identified by the Gold Seal shown above. Don't fail to look for it when you buy.

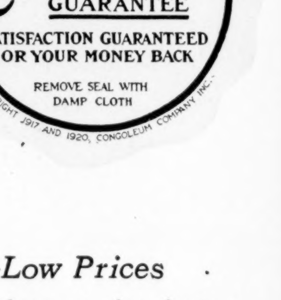
CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro
CONGOLEUM CO. OF CANADA, Ltd. .... Montreal

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 396



Pattern No. 538